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**DE LA SALLE
SERIES OF READERS.**

**THE
HIGHER READER.**



**MONTREAL
50 COTTE STREET.**

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D49d

Entered according to Act of Parliament, in the year of Our Lord,
1887, by

M. M. GRAHAM,

in the office of the Minister of Agriculture and Statistics.

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PREFACE.

IN many schools the HIGHER READER is the last of this SERIES that may be required. Therefore, while studying it, too much stress can not be placed upon the subject-matter of its contents.

Aware of this fact the Compilers have introduced such subject-matter as will tend to develop the mind, cultivate the heart, refine the taste, and give an impetus to the thorough study of our language and its literature.

Therefore, many of the selections are of a nature calculated to favor the development of religious sentiments.

This READER will introduce the pupil to some of our best and most cherished writers. By the assiduous study of their compositions he will learn the wonderful power and vigor and beauty of the English language.

Years of experience have taught the Compilers the very great utility of exercises. These are continued in the present READER, but upon a higher grade. Here the pupil is required to give a literary analysis. This he can do only when the lesson is well understood. Hence we insist strongly upon the literary analysis. After all, of

HIGHER READER.

what benefit would be the simple reading of the selection in prose or poetry, if the pupil did not learn to appreciate the force and beauty of the thoughts contained therein?

A slight examination of the READER is sufficient to show the importance placed upon composition and the culture of literary taste. In most cases, the subject-matter of the composition is the lesson itself, and therefore ample thought is afforded. Pupils have simply to learn how to assimilate the matter, and express it in their own plain simple language.

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INTRODUCTORY.

ORATORY, like poetry, is a gift, and cannot be acquired; the conception of original ideas and the ability to put them rapidly into form is common to both—but as versification is to poetry what elocution is to oratory, both may be improved by study; the versifier becomes in some sense a poet, and the elocutionist an orator. There must, however, always remain a vast gulf between the two, which no mere theoretical knowledge can bridge over.

To be able to speak and read well—that is with a graceful and elegant enunciation of our native tongue—must certainly rank amongst the foremost accomplishments, and the truth of this proposition appears to be generally admitted, and attested by the pleasure that is so universally derived from a just, appropriate, and harmonious delivery; for as language is the medium through which we communicate our thoughts, feelings, and impressions, so the force and power it exerts over us must naturally be considerably modified by the manner in which it is conveyed to us.

To the cultivation of this power the *Art of Elocution* addresses itself, and is defined to be, the just and graceful management of the *Voice, Countenance, and Gesture*.

PRINCIPLES OF ELOCUTION.

ELOCUTION is the utterance or delivery of thought by means of language. GOOD ELOCUTION requires correct articulation, and a proper regard for pronunciation, inflections, emphases, pauses and modulation.

1. **ARTICULATION** is the *distinct* utterance of the oral elements in syllables and words. It properly embraces both the oral elements and the letters which represent them.

1. *Oral Elements* are the sounds which uttered separately or in combination, form syllables and words.

2. *Oral Elements* are produced by different positions of the organs of speech, in connection with the voice and breath.

3. The principal organs of speech are the *lips*, the *teeth*, the *tongue*, and the *palate*.

4. Voice is produced by the action of the breath upon the larynx.

5. Oral Elements are divided into three classes: *eighteen Tonics*, *fifteen Subtonics*, and *ten Atonics*.

6. *Tonics* are pure tones produced by the voice with but slight use of the organs of speech. They are the following:

A, in *fate*, A, in *lāsh*, A, in *fāther*, A, in *baīl*, A, in *fāre*, A, in *pāss*, E, in *shē*, E, in *fēll*, E, in *tērse*, I, in *chīld*, I, in *pīnk*, O, in *fold*, O, in *frōst*, O, in *dō*, U, in *tūbe*, U, in *tūb*, U, in *pūsh*, ou, in *hour*.

7. *Subtonics* are tones produced by the voice, modified by the organs of speech. They are the following:

B, in *bud*, D, in *did*, G, in *riḡ*, J, in *joiner*, L, in *lane*, M, in *mine*, N, in *nine*, NG, in *gang*, R, in *rare*, TH, in *these*, V, in *vice*, W, in *ware*, Y, in *yard*, Z, in *zone*, ZH, in *azure*.

8. *Atonics* are mere breathings, modified by the organs of speech. They are the following:

F, in *fare*, H, in *harm*, K, in *kill*, P, in *pine*, S, in *same*, T, in *retort*, TH, in *thin*, CH, in *march*, SH, in *shame*, WH, in *whole*.

The most essential quality in a speaker being distinctness, not only as regards the pleasure with which he is heard, but also the comfort and convenience of himself, a moderate power of voice being audible at a much greater distance, provided the ARTICULATION is *pure* and *correct*, than would be the case with a much stronger organ if confused or indistinct in its utterance. Defects in this particular are chiefly attributable to a great precipitancy of speech, and are not unfrequently the

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result of careless school repetitions, in which readiness and quickness of utterance are considered often a clever achievement on the part of the pupil, and satisfactory evidence of being perfect by the master. Be this as it may, the result is a bad habit, and the most effectual method of counteracting and removing it, that perhaps can be suggested, is the daily practice of reading aloud either a vocabulary of words or some literary composition, neglecting altogether its construction or sense, and paying attention only to the pronunciation of every syllable, particularly regarding the *vowel sounds* in all their *tonic variety*, and in this manner going through the entire task *slowly and distinctly, much slower indeed than would be necessary if read in the proper manner*. The indistinctness acquired by sacrificing *sense to rapidity* may, by the opposite process, be removed.

RULES IN ARTICULATION.

1. *A*, as the name of a letter, or when an **EMPHATIC** word should always be pronounced **a**.
2. The word *A*, when not emphatic, is marked short, **ă**, though in quality it should be pronounced nearly like *A* as heard in **grass**, **ask**.
3. **THE**, when not emphatic nor immediately followed by a word that commences with a vowel sound, should be pronounced **thă**.
4. *U* preceded by *R*.—When *U* long, as in **tûbe**, or its alphabetic equivalent *ew*, is preceded by *R*, or sound of *sh*, in the same syllable, it has always the sound of *O* in **dô**.
5. *R* may be trilled when immediately followed by a vowel sound in the same syllable. When thus situated in emphatic words, it always should be trilled.

ACCENT is the peculiar force given to one or more syllables of a word.

In many trisyllables and polysyllables, of two syllables accented, one is uttered with greater force than the other. The more forcible accent is called **primary**, and the less forcible, **secondary**; as **hab'it-a-tion**.

EXPRESSION of speech is the utterance of thought, feeling, or passion, with due significance or force. Its general divisions are **Emphasis**, **Inflection**, **Stir**, **Modulation**, **Monotone**, **Personation**, and **Pauses**.

Expression the soul of elocution. By its ever-varying and delicate combinations, and its magic and irresistible power, it wins—and the listless ear stoops with expectation; the vacant eye burns with unwonted fire; the dormant passions are aroused, and all the tender and powerful sympathies of the soul are called to vigorous exercise.

EMPHASIS is the peculiar force given to one or more words of a sentence. It is both *absolute* and *antithetic*.

1. *Absolute Emphasis* is that which is used when words are peculiarly significant, or important in meaning.

2. *Antithetic Emphasis* is that which is used when words contrast, or point out a difference.

RULES IN EMPHASIS

1. Words and phrases peculiarly significant, or important in meaning are *emphatic*.

2. Words and phrases that contrast, or point out a difference, are *emphatic*.

3. The repetition of an *emphatic* word or phrase usually requires an increased force of utterance.

4. A succession of important words or phrases usually requires a gradual increase of *emphatic* force, though *emphasis* sometimes falls on the last word of a series only.

II. INFLECTION is the bend or slide of the voice, used in reading or speaking.

Inflection or the *slide*, is properly a part of *emphasis*. It is the greater rise or fall of the voice that occurs on the accented or heavy syllable of an *emphatic* word.

1. The *rising inflection* is the movement of the voice from a lower to a higher tone.

2. The *falling inflection* is the movement of the voice from a higher to a lower tone.

3. The *circumflex* indicates the union of the rising and falling inflections on the same word.—All words not requiring the falling inflection or circumflex are uttered with a slight rise at the end.

MONOTONE is the enunciation of successive words in the same tone of voice. Absolute monotone, however, should always be avoided.

i. Questions that can be answered by *yes* or *no* take the rising inflection; those that can not, usually take the falling inflection.

ii. In addressing, the rising inflection denotes familiarity; the falling inflection denotes formality or reverence.

My pretty boy', has your father a grindstone'?

Mr. President': The uneasy desire to augment our territory has depraved the moral sense.

iii. The rising inflection belongs to the softer passions. It follows expressions of pity, grief, or fear.

Oh my son, Absalom'! my son', my son. Absalom'!

Would God I had died for thee', Absalom', my son', my son'!

iv. The falling inflection belongs to the sterner passions. It follows expressions of anger, hatred, revenge.

Avaunt'! and quit my sight'! let the earth hide thee'!

v. The rising inflection is used after a concession; after sentences expressive of that which is doubtful, weak, or trifling, and after answers which express indifference.

Which way shall we go? I am not particular'.

vi. The falling inflection follows expressions of reproach, defiance, or contempt.

Slave, do thy office'! Strike', as I struck the foe'!

Strike', as I would have struck the tyrants'!

Strike deep as my curse'! Strike', and but once'!

vii. The *circumflex* is used to express surprise, irony, contempt, sarcasm, scorn; and in expressions having a double meaning, or used in a peculiar sense.

My father's trades? oh, really, that's too bad?

My father, sir, did never stoop so low,—

He was a gentleman, I'd have you know.

If thou dost slander' her, and

Torture' me—never' pray' more'.

viii. The peculiar intonation of unimportant phrases or clauses is often called **SLUR**. It is the subdued movement of the voice which renders those parts less expressive to the ear, and brings out the emphatic words and phrases in strong relief.

For the discerning intellect of man,
 When wedded to the goodly universe
 In love and holy passion, should find these
 A simple produce of the common day.

MODULATION.

III. **MODULATION** consists of those variations which give expression to the emotions prompted by the subject. *Tones* are modulated in four ways: they are varied in *pitch, force, quantity, and quality*.

PITCH.—See *Introductory to the INTERMEDIATE READER*.

VOICE.

IV. **VOICE** is sound produced by the passage of the air through the larynx and cavities of the mouth and nose.

An analysis of the human voice exhibits six essential elements, namely: **FORM, QUALITY, FORCE, STRESS, PITCH, and MOVEMENT**.

1. *Form of voice* is the manner in which the sound is sent forth from the vocal organs.

This must be either **EFFUSIVE, EXPULSIVE, or EXPLOSIVE**, as every sound, whether produced by the vocal organs or by any other means, must be in one of these forms.

i. *Effusive* is that form of the voice in which the sound issues from the organs in a tranquil manner, without abruptness either in the beginning or ending.

The breath is not sent forth by any forcible effort, but is gently effused into the surrounding air.

To acquire control of this form of voice, *inhale a large volume of air before uttering each sound*. In the formation of the sound give

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out sufficient breath to produce the required tone. Repeat each of the elements, continuing the sound as long as you can sustain breath.

ii. The *effusive* is the appropriate form of voice for the expression of pathos, solemnity, sublimity, grandeur, reverence, adoration, devotion, awe, amazement, of a quick and tranquil character.

PATHOS.—We watched her breathing through the night,

Her breathing soft and low.

As in her breast the wave of life

Kept heaving to and fro.—*Hood.*

SOLEMNITY.—When all thy mercies, O my God,

My rising soul surveys,

Transported with the view, I'm lost

In wonder, love and praise.—*Hood.*

REVERENCE AND ADORATION.—These are the glorious works, Parent of Good,

Almighty! Thine this universal frame

Thus wondrous fair, Thyself how wondrous then

Unspcakable: who sitt'st above these heavens

Midst these thy lowest works.—*Milton*

AWE AND AMAZEMENT.—

Now o'er the one half world

Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse

The curtain'd sleeps; now witchcraft celebrates

Pale Hecate's offerings; and wither'd murder,

Alarmed by his sentinel, the wolf,

Whose howl's his watch, thus, with his stealthy pace,

Toward his design moves like a ghost.—*Shakespeare.*

The *effusive* gives a softness and smoothness to the tone, which, in the expression of pathos, solemnity, devotion, and reverence, produce one of the most pleasing effects in delivery, calling out at once all the purer and nobler feelings, and fitting the mind for the contemplation of the higher and holier scenes, while the absence of this property of utterance renders the reading of the most sublime passages in prayer and praise harsh and unpleasant.

iii. The *expulsive* is that form of the voice in which the sound is emitted from the organs in an abrupt and forcible manner.

The breath, by a vigorous inward and upward action of the abdominal muscles, is sent forth from the lungs to the vocal organs, where it is converted into an expulsive sound.

To acquire control of this form of voice great care should be taken while practising the exercises to maintain a vigorous play of the abdominal, dorsal and intercostal muscles, to keep the head erect, and the shoulders well back.

iv. The *explosive* is that form of voice in which the sound bursts forth instantaneously from the organs.

It resembles in suddenness the crack of a pistol or the report of a rifle.

The *explosive* is the appropriate form for the expression of JOY, GLADNESS, INTENSE PASSION, as ANGER, SCORN, HATRED, REVENGE, the SUDDEN CRY OF TERROR and ALARM, and the SHOUT OF COURAGE and DEFIANCE.

ANGER AND DEFIANCE.—And if thou said'st I am not poor
To any lord in Scotland here.
Lowland or highland, far or near.
Lord Angus, thou hast lied.—*Scott.*

SCORN.—I loathe you with my bosom
I scorn you with mine eye;
I'll taunt you with my latest breath,
And fight you till I die.—*Potten.*

COURAGE.—Stand! the ground's your own, my braves:
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots sell?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on you bristling steel!
Ask it, he who will.—*Pierpont.*

2. *Quality of voice* is the purity or impurity of the tone. The different qualities are PURE TONE, OROTUND, ASPIRATE, PECTORAL, GUTTURAL, ORAL and NASAL.

See Introductory to the INTERMEDIATE READER.

3. *Force* is the degree of intensity with which the sound is sent forth from the vocal organs.

Force may, for convenience, be divided into *Subdued*, *Moderate*, *Energetic*, and *Impassioned*.

i. *Subdued* is that degree of force which ranges from the slightest sound that can be uttered in *Pure Tone* to the milder tones of ordinary conversation.

It is the degree of force, in connection with the *Pure Tone*, *Effusive Form*, appropriate for the expression of *pathetic, solemn, serious, and tranquil thought*.

ii. *Moderate force* is the degree of intensity heard in the ordinary conversational tones. It is the appropriate force, combined with Pure Tone, Expulsive Form, for the utterance of *narrative, descriptive, didactic, and unemotional thought*; with the Orotund, Effusive Form, for the utterance of *sublimity, reverence, and devotion*; and with the Orotund, Expulsive Form, for the *introduction to orations, speeches, and oratorical sermons*.

iii. *Energetic force* is that degree of intensity heard in earnest, excited conversation. It is the force of the voice, combined with Pure Tone, Expulsive and Explosive Forms, for the expression of *joy, gladness, mirth*; with the Orotund, Expulsive and Explosive Forms, for the delivery of *senatorial, political, judicial speeches, orations and sermons of an oratorical character*; with the Orotund, Effusive Form, for the utterance of *profound sublimity, grandeur and adoration*.

iv. *Impassioned force* is the degree of intensity heard in the expression of *violent and impetuous emotion*. Combined with Pure Tone, Effusive and Expulsive Forms, *Impassioned* is the degree of force appropriate for *calling and commanding*; with Pure Tone, Explosive Form, the expression of *ecstatic joy and gladness*. With the Orotund, Expulsive and Explosive Forms, it is employed in the ut-

terance of rousing and exciting *appeals*; with the Aspirate, Pectoral and Guttural, Expulsive and Explosive, in the expression of *anger, threatening, scorn, defiance, revenge, and the like.*

4. *Cadence* is that dropping of the voice at the close of the sentence, which indicates that the sense is complete.

This is done by dropping the voice on the last three syllables, either in the discrete or concrete movement, at least three full tones lower than that which prevailed in the body of the sentence.

The note to which the cadence falls, and the space through which it descends, will depend on the emotion of the sentiment.

In strong emotion the cadence is both abrupt and low, in gentle emotion it is gradual and moderate, while on unemotional thought it is slight.

No element of utterance more demands the watchful attention of the living Teacher, or is more difficult for the pupil to acquire from books, than that of cadence.

Perfect command of Cadence is a rare accomplishment. It is one of the distinguishing marks of excellence in the cultivated reader.

5. *PAUSES.*—See *Introductory to the INTERMEDIATE READER.*

GESTURE.

ACTION OR GESTURE embraces all that part of delivery which addresses itself to the *Eye*, as distinguished from the *Voice*, or that part which appeals to the *Ear*. Considered as a just and elegant adaptation of every part of the body to the nature and import of the sentiment expressed, action has always been regarded as one of the most essential parts of Oratory.

Its power, as Cicero observes, is much greater than that of words.

Demosthenese regarded ACTION as the first, second, and third qualification of an orator. It is the language of nature in the strictest sense, and makes its way to the heart without the utterance of a single word.

The true end of ACTION is not to exhibit the body and limbs, but to give power to the utterance; not to exhibit grace, but to convey explanation.

A judicious management of the eyes, in awakening and ensuring a continued attention, deserves notice. They should be neither wandering nor altogether fixed or staring, but generally gentle and moderate in their motions, and directed in turn to different portions of the audience, as if engaging each in common discourse.

In considering the movements of the arms and hands it should be well understood that to ensure a graceful action, all **ANGULARITY** must be strictly avoided; and, therefore, this rule can not be too carefully impressed upon the mind, namely: That all motion must proceed from the **SHOULDER**, and not from the extremity of the **FINGERS**, and that the **ELBOW** should never be suffered to incline to the body; nor should the **HANDS** assume a rigid and constrained appearance in the disposition of the **FINGERS**, by being held **OPEN** and **FLAT**, as if about to administer a sound "box on the ear," or spread abroad like a bunch of radishes, or crookedly contracted like the claws of a crab; but moderately opened, let the index or first finger, lightly press the middle one, the other two inclining gently inward towards the palm. This must, of course, be understood as referring to the hands in a *state of repose*; and when used in a temperate and unimpassioned address they contribute to that simplicity and grace—and, at the same time, dignity—that should at all times characterize the movements and bearing of the orator.

QUALITIES OF GESTURE.

The **QUALITIES** on which the excellence of Gesture depend are **SIMPLICITY PROPRIETY, PRECISION, ENERGY, BOLDNESS, VARIETY, GRACE, MAGNIFICENCE.**

1. **SIMPLICITY OF GESTURE** is perfectly free and unaffected, and appears to be the natural result of the situation and sentiments of the speaker, presenting evidence neither of studied variety nor of reserve. Its opposite is **AFFECTATION**.

2. **PROPRIETY OF GESTURE** always indicates some obvious connection between the sentiment and the action. It implies the use of such Gestures as are best suited to illustrate or express the sentiment, and thus often calls into use the significant Gestures. The opposite of this is **SOLECISM** in Gesture, implying the recurrence of false, contradictory, or unsuitable gestures.

3. **PRECISION OF GESTURE** arises from the just preparation, the due force, and the correct timing of the action. The stroke of the Gesture must not only fall on the emphatic syllable, but its force must exactly suit the character of the senti-

ment and the speaker. This gives the same effect to action that neatness of articulation does to speech. The opposites are gestures which distract the attention, while they neither enforce nor illustrate the sentiment. Such are most of those which consist in a mere waving of the arm, while the stroke of the gesture is wanting.

4. **ENERGY OF GESTURE** consists in the firmness and decision of the whole action, and these depend very materially on the precision with which the stroke of the gesture is made to support the voice in marking the emphasis. Let bad habits be overcome, and a ready command of all the elements of gesture be acquired, then will energy of gesture be the necessary result of a clear head and a warm heart. Its opposites are **FEEBLENESS** and **INDECISION**.

5. **BOLDNESS OF GESTURES** is exhibited in striking but unexpected positions, movements and transitions. It is the offspring of a daring self-confidence, which ventures to hazard any action which it is conceived may either illustrate or enforce. The courage thus to execute is valuable only when under the guidance of **GOOD TASTE**. The opposite of this is **TAMENESS** which hazards nothing, is distrustful of its powers, and produces no great effect.

9. **VARIETY OF GESTURES** consists in the adapting of gestures to the condition and ever-varying sentiment of the speaker, so as to avoid a too frequent recurrence of the same gesture, or the same set of gestures. It is opposed both to **SAMENESS of gesture** and to **MECHANICAL VARIETY**.

7. **GRACE OF GESTURE** is the result of all other perfections, arising from a dignified self-possession of mind, and the power of personal exertion practised into facility after the best modes and according to the truest taste. This usually, therefore, depends more on art than on nature, and has more to do with pleasing the fancy than with producing conviction. It suggests not a single movement, but simply preserves the gestures employed for other purposes from all awkwardness. The opposites of this are **AWKWARDNESS**, **VULGARITY** or **RUSTICITY**.

8. **MAGNIFICENCE OF GESTURE** is secured by perfect freedom of movement. The arm moves from the shoulder, and the hand is carried through an ample space. The head moves freely, the body is erect, and the step is free and firm. Opposed to these are **CONTRACTED gestures**, **CONSTRAINED motions**, **SHORT STEPS** and **DOUBTFUL** and **TIMID movements**.

POETRY.

POETRY is the expression of the beautiful by means of language.

By the beautiful is here signified everything that produces pleasure in the mind that contemplates it.

VERSE, though it can not be said to be the indispensable form of the language of poetry, may, when we consider the masterpieces of the great authors, be styled its ordinary manner of expression.

The end of poetry is by presenting us with the beautiful, to excite in us sentiments of pleasure, and thereby to raise us to the contemplation and love of God, "the First and only Fair."

The language of Poetry is in general *brief*, frequently suggesting more than what is expressed. In addition to this, many antiquated words and idioms, as well as irregularities of syntactical construction are allowed, which are altogether inadmissible in good Prose. The peculiar metre and euphony of the verse may sometimes require a deviation from the ordinary grammatical arrangement, but the employment of antiquated idioms will mostly depend on the poet's own choice for this mode of expression.

The application of certain words in Poetry, contrary to the ordinary rules of Grammar, is called **POETICAL LICENSE**.

POETRY differs in its construction from Prose, chiefly in requiring a more measured arrangement of words, called *versification*; and in admitting a peculiar license in the application of them.

Poetry is of two kinds, namely: **RHYME** and **BLANK VERSE**.

Rhyme is a term applied to verses that terminate in syllables of the same sound; as

Indulge the true ambition to excel
In that best art,—the art of living well.

In *Blank Verse* the final syllables do not rhyme.

A **VERSE** is a certain number of syllables, so disposed as to form one line of poetry.

A **FOOT** is a portion of a verse, consisting of two or more syllables.

A **COUPLET** or **DISTICH** consists of two lines or verses; a *triplet* of three.

A **STANZA** or **STAVE** is a combination of several verses, varying in number according to the poet's fancy, and constituting a regular division of a poem or song.

SCANNING, in English, is dividing a verse into its several feet, in order to ascertain whether their position is agreeable to the rule of metre.

METRE or **MEASURE** is the number of poetical feet which a verse contains.

In English, every *accented* syllable is considered *long*, every *unaccented* syllable *short*.

All feet used in English poetry consist either of *two* or *three* syllables, and are reducible to eight kinds: four of two syllables, and four of three, as follows:—

DISSYLLABLE.

1. An Iambus (— —); as, de-fend.
2. A Trochee (— —); as, no-ble.
3. A Spondee (— —); as, Vain Mān.
4. A Pyrrhic (— —); as, on a (hill).

TRISYLLABLE.

5. A Dactyl (— — —); as, virtuous.
6. An Amphibrach (— — —); as, contentment.
7. An Anapest (— — —); as, Intercede.
8. A Tribach (— — —); as, (nu) merable.

The CÆSURA of *division*, is the PAUSE which takes place in a verse, and divides it into two parts; as—

The dumb shall sing | the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting | like the bounding roe.

ENGLISH VERSE may be divided into three classes, denominated, from the feet of which they principally consist, the IAMBIC, TROCHAIC, and ANAPÆSTIC.

Iambic Verse is adapted to serious and elevated subjects, and has every *second*, *fourth*, and other *even* syllables accented. It is of various lengths.

The *First* form, capable of being extended through any number of verses, consists of *four* Iambuses or *eight* syllables; as—

The way | was long | the wind | was cold, |
The min|stre|l was | in|fir|m | and old. |

The *Second* form, used either with or without rhyme, and commonly called the *Heroic* measure, is the most dignified of English verse, and is well adapted to subjects of an elevated character. It consist of *five* Iambuses or ten syllables; as—

Ah, then, | what hon|est tri|umph flush'd | my breast ! |
This truth | once known. | To bless | is to | be blest ! |

Sometimes a line of *six feet*, or twelve syllables, called an *Alexandrian* verse, is introduced at the close of an heroic stanza; as—

When lucre lures him, or ambition stings,
Shall nev|er know | the source | whence re|al gran|deur springs |

The *Third* form of Iambic verse consists of *seven* Iambuses, formerly written in one line; as—

Thou didst | Ō migh|ty God ! | exist | ere time | began | its race. |

This kind of measure, commonly used in psalms and hymns, is now broken into verses containing alternately four and three feet; as—

Thou didst, | Ō migh|ty God | exist |
Ere time | began | its race ; |
Before | the am|ple el | ements |
Fill'd up | the void | of space. |

Other forms of Iambic verse are, for the sake of variety, occasionally introduced into stanzas, but which are too short to constitute of themselves an entire ode or song.

TROCHAIC VERSE.—*Trochaic* Verse is adapted to lively, cheerful subjects, and has the *first, third*, and other *odd* syllables accented. It comprises verses of various lengths: those which are the most commonly used are the following:—

1. Of *three* Trochees ; or of three and an additional syllable ; as—

When our | hearts are | mourning. |
Vital | spark of | heav'nly | flame, |
Quit on | quit this | mortal | frame.

2. Of *four* Trochees ; as—

Round us, | roars the | tempest louder.

3. Of *six* Trochees ; as—

On a | mountain, | stretch'd be | neath a | hoary | willow, |
Lay a | shepherd | swain, and | view'd the | rolling | billow. |

ANAPÆSTIC VERSE.—The *first* form of *Anapaestic* verse, sometimes introduced into odes to arouse the attention, consists either of *two* Anapaests, or of two and an unaccented syllable ; as—

But his cour | age 'gan fall, |
For no arts | could avail. |
Or, Then his cour | age 'gan fall | him,
For no arts | could avail | him.

The *second* form, much used both in solemn and in cheerful subjects, consist of *three* Anapæsts; as—

Ō ye woods, | spread your brānch | es āpāce, |
To your deēp | est recess | es I flȳ; |
I would hīde | with the beasts | of the chase |
I would vān | ish from ēve | ry ēye. |

Sometimes a syllable is *omitted* in the first foot; as—

Ōh! hād | I the wings | of a dōve |
How soon | would I taste | you āgāin. |

The *third* form consists of *four* Anapæsts; as—

Māy I gov | ern mȳ pās | sions with āb | solute sway, |
and grow wī | ser and bet | ter as līfe | wears āway. |

Sometimes a syllable is *omitted* in the first foot; as—

Thī night | and the land | scape īs love | ly nō mōre.
I mōurn; | but, ye wood | lands, I mōurn | nōt fōr you.

The preceding are the different kinds of the *principal* feet in their simple forms. They are capable of numerous variations, by the intermixture of those feet with one another, and by the admission of *secondary* feet such as the *Spondee*, *Pyrrhic*, and *Dactyl*.

The Pyrrhic with the Iambic; as,
And to | the dead | mȳ wīl | īng soul | shall go |
The Trochee with the Iambic; as,
Tyrant, | and slave | those nāmes | of hāte | and fear |
The Iambic with the Anapæst; as,
Mȳ sor | rows I then | might assuage. |

TO CHANGE POETRY INTO PROSE.

This Exercise may comprise two operations:—

1. The Change of Poetry into Prose;
2. Critical remarks on the Poem.

CHANGE OF THE POETICAL SELECTION INTO PROSE.—1. In rend-

ering the Poetical Extract into correct Prose, it must be observed, that every sentence in Poetry will require a corresponding one in Prose.

2. As much as possible, the exact *meaning* and *spirit* of the original must be retained.

3. *Poetical terms* and *idioms* must be carefully excluded, and appropriate prose constructions substituted in their place.

4. Regard must be had to accuracy of *Punctuation*, and a skilful connection of the sentences.

CRITICAL REMARKS.—These will consist of such observations as may reasonably be expected from pupils of average ability, whose attention has been directed to subjects of this kind. Whether a full discussion of every particular comprised under the following heads, or only a selection of one or two may be deemed the preferable mode, must depend on the discretion of the Teacher.

1. An *Analysis*, or, if too difficult, a brief *Enumeration* of the leading topics, sentiments, or incidents contained in the Lesson; with remarks on their practical tendency, or the justness of the Author's reasonings.

2. Observations on the suitableness of any *Figure of Speech* introduced.

3. Observations on the appositeness and significance of the *Epi-
thets*.

4. *Underline* whatever instances of *Poetical License* may occur.

PHONIC CHART.

VOWELS.

a	as	in	lake	ə	as	in	what	ō	as	in	bōx
ā	"	"	āt	ē	"	"	bē	ū	"	"	ūse
ā	"	"	fār	ē	"	"	lēt	ū	"	"	ūp
ā	"	"	gāl	ī	"	"	Ice	û	"	"	fûr
ā	"	"	eāre	ī	"	"	In	ōō	"	"	tōō
ā	"	"	āsk	ō	"	"	sō	ōō	"	"	lōōk

DIPHTHONGS.

oi, oy (unmarked), as in oil, boy
ou, ow " " " out, now

CONSONANTS.

b	as	in	bād	m	as	in	mē	y	as	in	yēs
d	"	"	dō	n	"	"	nō	z	"	"	frōze
f	"	"	fōx	p	"	"	pūt	ng	"	"	sīng
g	"	"	gō	r	"	"	rāt	ch	"	"	chīek
h	"	"	hē	s	"	"	sō	sh	"	"	shē
j	"	"	jūst	t	"	"	tōō	th	"	"	thīnk
k	"	"	kīte	v	"	"	vēry	th	"	"	thē
l	"	"	lēg	w	"	"	wē	wh	(hw),	whāc	

EQUIVALENTS.

VOWELS.

ə	like	ō	as	in	what	ə, ʊ	like	ōō	as	in	to, rule
ē	"	ā	"	"	whēre	ó	"	û	"	"	eōme
e	"	a	"	"	thēy	ó	"	ə	"	"	fōr
ē	"	û	"	"	hēr	ʊ, ɔ	"	ōō	"	"	pūt, equld
ī	"	û	"	"	gīri	ȳ	"	ī	"	"	bȳ
ī	"	ē	"	"	polīce	ȳ	"	ī	"	"	kīt/ty

CONSONANTS.

ç	like	s	as	in	rāce	n	like	ng	as	in	think
c	"	k	"	"	cāt	z	"	z	"	"	hāg
ç	"	j	"	"	cāge	ks	"	ks, or gz	"	"	bōx, exist

in böx
 " üse
 " üp
 " fûr
 " töö
 " löök

oy
 now

in yës
 " fröze
 " sîng
 " chîek
 " shë
 " thînk
 " thë
 (hw) whæt

in to, rule
 " eöme
 " fôr
 " put,equld
 " by
 " klit'y

in think
 " häs
 " böx,exist

THE

HIGHER READER.

MY LOST YOUTH.

1. OFTEN I think of the beautiful town
 That is seated by the sea :
 Often in thought go up and down
 The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
 And my youth comes back to me.
 And a verse of a Lapland song
 Is haunting my memory still.
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts"

He muses
 and conjures
 up his native
 town. He
 recalls his
 youth.

2. I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,
 And catch, in sudden gleams,
 The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,
 The Islands that were the Hesperides¹
 Of all my boyish dreams.
 And the burden of that old song,
 It murmurs and whispers still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

He describes
 his youthful
 dreams.

3. I remember the black wharves and the ships,
 And the sea-tides tossing free ;

Recollection
 of early im-
 pressions.

And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea.

And the voice of that wayward song
Is singing and saying still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

4. I remember the bulwarks by the shore
And the fort upon the hill ;
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,
The drum-beat repeated o'er and o'er,
And the bugle wild and shrill.
And the music of that old song
Throbs in my memory still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Remem-
brance of the
fortifications
of the old
to m

5. I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thunder'd o'er the tide !
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died.
And the sound of that mournful song
Goes through me, with a thrill :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Thoughts of
the brave
captains who
fought for
home and
liberty.

6. I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's woods :
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighborhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still :
" A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Deering's
woods and
early associa-
tions.

I remember the gleams and glooms that dark
 Across the school-boy's brain ;
 The song and the silence in the heart,
 That in part are prophecies, and in part
 Are longing wild and vain.
 And the voice of that fitful song
 Sings on and is never still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Day-dreams
 of a school-
 boy recalled.

8. There are things of which I may not speak ;
 There are dreams that cannot die ;
 There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
 And bring a pallor into the cheek,
 And a mist before the eye.
 And the words of that fatal song
 Come over me like a chill :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

The secrets
 which the
 youthful
 heart con-
 cealed.

9. Strange to me now are the forms that I meet
 When I visit the dear old town ;
 But the native air is pure and sweet,
 And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,
 As they balance up and down,
 Are singing the beautiful song,
 Are sighing and whispering still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Changes oc-
 cur in his na-
 tive town.

10. And Deering's woods are fresh and fair,
 And with joy that is almost pain
 My heart goes back to wander there,
 And among the dreams of the days that were,
 I find my lost youth again.
 And the strange and beautiful song,
 The graves are repeating it still :
 " A boy's will is the wind's will,

In his day-
 dreams he
 wanders back
 to Deering's
 woods and
 finds his lost
 youth.

Remem-
 brance of the
 fortifications
 of the old
 town

Thoughts of
 the brave
 captains who
 fought for
 home and
 liberty.

Deering's
 woods and
 early associa-
 tions.

And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Henry Wordsworth Longfellow.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.

PERSONAGES.—Who is represented as the speaker in the selection?

TIME AND PLACE.—When and where is the poet represented as speaking?

- WORDS AND ACTIONS.**—1. Where is the scene laid? What does he think?
2. What sees he in the second stanza?
 3. What recollections has he related in the third stanza?
 4. What relates he in the fourth stanza?
 5. What does he remember in the fifth stanza?
 6. What is present to his mind in the sixth stanza?
 7. What recollections recounts he in the seventh stanza?
 8. What are the things he does not tell?
 9. Of what changes does he speak in the ninth stanza?

RESULT.—What does he at last find again?

MORAL.—What lessons are taught?

Questions.—Where is Lapland? What do you know of the inhabitants? What have you to say of the seasons of Lapland? Repeat the words of the Lapland song. What is their meaning? Where are the Hesperides? Mention some celebrated naval engagements and admirals. What does the author mean by the breezy dome of groves? Explain 'comes back with a Sabbath sound.' What are the wild and vain longings of a school-boy? What sort of thoughts make the strong heart weak? What is the idea conveyed by 'the trees o'ershadow each well-known street'? What do you know of Longfellow? What is it that attracts the reader of Evangeline? Give some lines, on this subject, from other poems you have read.

Require the pupil to write this poem in prose.

BEETHOVEN'S MOONLIGHT SONATA.

so-nā' tá, *n.*, a kind of musical composition.

fi-nā' lē, *n.*, the end of a piece of music.

in-völ' un-ta-ri-ly, *adv.*, without choice ; without intending.

rēv' er-ent-ly, *adv.*, with fear, mingled with respect.

ag-i-tā' to, *in music*, hurried ; trembling.

im-pūl' sive, *a.*, sudden, unexpected.

im'pro-viſe, *v. i.*, to play something without preparation.

in'fi-ni-ty-ly, *adv.*, without bounds in limits.

grō-tēſque', *adj.*, wildly formed ; ludicrous.

com-pās-sion-a-tē-ly, *adv.*, with kindness, pity, or sympathy.

ēlf' in, *adj.*, intricate ; relating to elves.

In'ter-lūde, *n.*, a short piece of music.

It happened at Bonn. One moonlight winter's evening I called upon Beethoven ; for I wished him to take a walk, and afterward sup with me. In passing through some dark, narrow street, he suddenly paused. "Hush !" he said, "what sound is that ? It is from my Sonata in F². Hark ! how well it is played !"

It was a little, mean dwelling, and we paused outside and listened. The player went on ; but, in the midst of the finale, there was a sudden break ; then the voice of sobbing. "I can not play any more. It is so beautiful ; it is utterly beyond my power to do it justice. O, what would I not give to go to the concert at Cologne !"

"Ah ! my sister," said her companion ; "why create regrets when there is no remedy ? We can scarcely pay our rent."

"You are right, and yet I wish for once in my life to hear some really good music. But it is of no use."

Beethoven looked at me. "Let us go in," he said.

"Go in !" I exclaimed ; "what can we go in for ?"

"I will play to her," he said, in an excited tone. "Here is feeling—genius—understanding! I will play to her, and she will understand it."

And, before I could prevent him, his hand was upon the door. It opened and we entered.

A pale young man was sitting by the table, making shoes; and near him, leaning sorrowfully upon an old-fashioned piano, sat a young girl, with a profusion of light hair falling over her face. Both were cleanly but very poorly dressed, and both started and turned toward us as we entered.

"Pardon me," said Beethoven, but I heard music and was tempted to enter. I am a musician."

The girl blushed, and the young man looked grave and somewhat annoyed.

"I—I also overheard something of what you said," continued my friend. "You wish to hear—that is, you would like—that is—shall I play for you?"

There was something so odd in the whole affair, and something so comical and pleasant in the manner of the speaker, that the spell was broken in a moment, and all smiled involuntarily.

"Thank you," said the shoemaker; "but our piano is so wretched, and we have no music."

"No music!" echoed my friend; "how, then, does the young lady—" He paused, and colored; for, as he looked in the girl's face, he saw that she was blind. "I—I entreat your pardon," he stammered. "I had not perceived before. Then you play by ear? But where do you hear the music, since you frequent no concerts?"

"We lived at Bruhl for two years, and while there, I used to hear a lady practising near us. During the summer evenings, her windows were generally open, and I walked to and fro outside to listen to her."

She seemed so shy that Beethoven said no more, but seated himself quietly before the piano and began to play. He had no sooner struck the first chord than I knew what would follow—how grand he would be that night. And I was not mistaken. Never, during all the years I knew him, did I hear him play as he then played to that blind girl and her brother. He seemed to be inspired; and, from the instant when his fingers began to wander along the keys, the very tone of the instrument seemed to grow sweeter and more equal.

The brother and sister were silent with wonder and rapture. The former laid aside his work; the latter, with her head bent slightly forward, and her hands pressed tightly over her breast, crouched down near the end of the piano, as if fearful lest even the beating of her heart should break the flow of those magical, sweet sounds. It was as if we were all bound in a strange dream, and only feared to awake.

Suddenly the flame of the single candle wavered, sank, flickered, and went out. Beethoven paused, and I threw open the shutters, admitting a flood of brilliant moonlight. The room was almost as light as before, the moon's rays falling strongest upon the piano and player. But the chain of his ideas seemed to have been broken by the accident. His head dropped upon his breast; his hands rested upon his knees; he seemed absorbed in deep thought. He remained thus for some time. At length

the young shoemaker rose and approached him eagerly and reverently.

"Wonderful man!" he said, in a low tone. "Who and what are you?"

"Listen!" said Beethoven, and he played the opening bars of the Sonata in F. A cry of delight and recognition burst from them both, and exclaiming. "Then you are Beethoven!" they covered his hands with tears and kisses.

He rose to go, but we held him back with entreaties. "Play to us once more—only once more!"

He suffered himself to be led back to the instrument. The moon shone brightly in through the window, and lighted up his glorious, rugged head and massive figure. "I will improvise a sonata to the moonlight!" said he, looking up thoughtfully to the sky and stars. Then his hands dropped on the keys, and he began playing a sad and infinitely lovely movement, which crept gently over the instrument, like the calm flow of moonlight over the dark earth.

This was followed by a wild, elfin passage in triple time—a sort of grotesque interlude, like the dance of sprites upon the lawn. Then came a swift *agitato* finale—a breathless, hurrying, trembling movement, descriptive of flight, and uncertainty, and vague impulsive terror, which carried us away on its rustling wings, and left us all in emotion and wonder.

"Farewell to you!" said Beethoven, pushing back his chair, and turning toward the door—"farewell to you!"

"You will come again?" asked they, in one breath.

He paused and looked compassionately, almost tenderly, at the face of the blind girl.

"Yes, yes," he said hurriedly, "I will come again, and give the young lady some lessons! Farewell! I will come again!"

Their looks followed us in silence more eloquent than words till we were out of sight.

"Let us make haste back," said Beethoven, "that I may write out that sonata while I can yet remember it."

We did so, and he sat over it until long past day-dawn. And this was the origin of that Moonlight Sonata with which we are all so fondly acquainted.

Questions.—What is the subject of the lesson? Where is Bonn? Cologne? For what is the city of Cologne noted? Bonn? What particularly strikes you in conduct of Beethoven? What is the action of the blind girl? Why did he call his sonata the "Moonlight Sonata"? What is a sprite? What effect has music on man?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the lesson. Let him introduce what he has learned concerning Mozart and the influence of music

HYMN OF ST. FRANCIS.

mon' aeh ism, n., pertaining to the state of monks; a monastic life.

men' di-sant, adj., one who lives on the charity of the faithful.

håunts, n., a place to which one frequently resorts.

mün' dān, adj., belonging to the world; worldly.

rhythm, n., the percussions and remissions of voice on words or syllables.

gēn' ius, n., a particular natural talent or aptitude of mind for a particular study.

In the beginning of the thirteenth century there appeared

in Italy, to the north of Rome, in the beautiful Umbrian country at the foot of the Apennines, a figure of the most magical power and charm—St Francis. His century is, I think, the most interesting in the history of Christianity after its primitive age; and one of the chief figures, perhaps the very chief, to which this interest attaches itself, is St. Francis. He founded the most popular body of ministers of religion that has ever existed in the Church.

He transformed monachism by uprooting the stationary monk, delivering him from the bondage of property, and sending him, as a mendicant friar, to be a stranger and sojourner, not in the wilderness, but in the most crowded haunts of men, to console them and to do them good. This popular instinct of his, is at the bottom of his famous marriage with poverty. Poverty and suffering are the condition of the people, the multitude, the immense majority of mankind; and it was toward this people that his soul yearned. "He listens," it was said of him, "to those to whom God Himself seems not to listen."

So in return, as no other man he was listened to. When an Umbrian town or village heard of his approach, the whole population went out in joyful procession to meet him, with green boughs, flags, music, and songs of gladness. The master who began with but two disciples, could, in his own lifetime, (and he died at forty-four), collect to keep Whitsuntide with him, in presence of an immense multitude, five thousand of his Minorites. He found fulfilment to his prophetic cry: "I hear in my ears the sound of the tongues of all the nations who shall come unto us—Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, Englishmen.

The Lord will make of us a great people, even unto the ends of the earth."

Prose could not satisfy this ardent soul, and he made poetry. Latin was too learned for this simple, popular nature, and he composed in his mother-tongue, in Italian. The beginnings of the mundane poetry of the Italians are in Sicily, at the court of kings; the beginnings of their religious poetry are in Umbria, with St. Francis. His are the humble upper waters of a mighty stream; at the beginning of the thirteenth century³ it is St. Francis; at the end, Dante. St. Francis' *Canticle of the Sun*, *Canticle of the Creatures*, (the poem goes by both names), is designed for popular use; artless in language, irregular in rhythm, it matches with the child-like genius that produced it and the simple natures that loved and repeated it:

O Lord God! most high, omnipotent, and gracious! To Thee belong praise, glory, honor, and all benediction! All things do refer to Thee. No man is worthy to name Thee.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for all Thy creatures; especially for our brother, the sun, who brings us the day and who brings us the light; fair is he, and shining with a very great splendor: O Lord, he signifies to us, Thee!

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our sisters, the moon and the stars, the which Thou hast set clear and lovely in heaven.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our brothers, the winds, and for air and clouds, calms and all weather by the which Thou upholdest life in all creatures.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our sister, the water,

who is very serviceable unto us, and lowly, and precious, and pure.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our brother, the fire, through whom Thou givest us light in the darkness: and he is bright, and pleasant, and very mighty, and strong.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our mother, the earth, the which doth sustain and nourish us, and bringeth forth divers fruits, and flowers of many colors, and grass.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for all those who pardon one another for Thy love's sake, and who endure weakness and tribulation; blessed are they who peaceably shall endure; for Thou, O Most Highest, shalt give them a crown.

Praise be to Thee, O my Lord, for our sister, the death of the body, from whom no man escapeth. Alas! for such as die in mortal sin. Blessed are they who, in the hour of death, are found living in conformity to Thy most holy will for the second death shall have no power to do them harm.

All creatures, praise ye and bless ye the Lord, and give thanks unto Him, and serve Him with all humility.

It is natural that man should take pleasure in his senses. It is natural, also, that he should take refuge in his heart and imagination from his misery. When one thinks what human life is for the vast majority of mankind, its needful toils and conflicts, how little of a feast for their senses it can possibly be, one understands the charm for them of a refuge offered in the heart and imagination.

and precious,

brother, the
the darkness:
mighty, and

mother, the
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The poetry of St. Francis' hymn, is poetry treating the world according to the heart and imagination. It takes the world by its inward, symbolical side. It admits the whole world, rough and smooth, painful and pleasure-giving, all alike, but all transfigured by the power of aspiritual emotion, all brought under a law of super-sensual love, having its seat in the soul. It can thus even say, "Praised be my Lord for *our sister, the death of the body.*"

Matthew Arnold.

Questions.—What is it that marks the thirteenth century? Where is Italy? What kind of government? Where is Rome? What do you know of it? What rank did it hold among ancient nations? Why does it continue to hold that rank to-day? Describe the course of the Apennines? Who was that central figure of the thirteenth century? Why is he usually called St. Francis of Assisi? What do you know of his early life? How did he transform monachism? What does the author mean by saying "his famous marriage with poverty"? What poverty is here implied? What do you mean by Whitsuntide? Who are minorites? In what language did St. Francis write his hymn and why? Who was Dante? How does he address God? What does he say of the sun? The moon? The winds and clouds? The water and fire? For whom else does he praise God? Upon whom does he call to praise God? What is the author's opinion of the poetry of St. Francis?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the Hymn of St. Francis. Let him also give some particulars of the life of this seraphic saint.



The soul, of origin divine,
God's glorious image, freed clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine.

A star of day.—*Montgomery.*

SCENE IN GETHSEMANE.

1. THE moon was shining yet. The Orient's brow,
Set with the morning-star, was not yet dim ;
And the deep silence which subdues the breath
Like a strong feeling, hung upon the world
As sleep upon the pulses of a child.
'T was the last watch of night. Gethsemane,
With its bathed leaves of silver, seem'd dissolved
In visible stillness, and as Jesus' voice,
With its bewildering sweetness, met the ear
Of His disciples, it vibrated on
Like the first whispers in a silent world.
2. They came on slowly. Heaviness oppress'd
The Saviour's heart, and when the kindnesses
Of his deep love were pour'd, he felt the need
Of near communion, for his gift of strength
Was wasted by the spirit's weariness.
He left them there, and went a little on,
And in the depth of that hushed silentness,
Alone with God, he fell upon his face,
And as his heart was broken with rush
Of his surpassing agony and death.
3. Wrung to him from a dying universe,
Was mightier than the Son of Man could bear,
He gave his sorrows way—and in the deep
Prostration of his soul, breathed out the prayer,
" Father, if it be possible with thee,
Let this cup pass from me." Oh, how a word,
Like the forced drops before the fountain breaks,
Stilleth the human agony !
The Saviour felt its quiet in His soul ;
4. And though his strength was weakness, and the light
Which led him on till now was sorely dim,

The first part is a suggestive description of the night. The second part speaks of the bewildering sweetness of Jesus' voice.

Jesus in His extreme sadness seeks consolation, but finds the disciples asleep. He returns to His prayer and falls into His agony.

In his utter abandonment He sighs forth a prayer to His Father. He is however ready to submit to the Eternal Decree.

He receives new strength.

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He breathed a new submission—"Not my will,
But thine be done, oh Father!" As he spoke,
Voices were heard in Heaven, and music stole
Out from the chambers of the vaulted sky,
As if the stars were swept like instruments.

from His
prayer, and
an angel is
sent to con-
sole Him.

The first
part is a
suggestive
description
of the night.
The second
part speaks
of the bewil-
dering
sweetness of
Jesus' voice.

5. No cloud was visible, but radiant wings
Were coming with a silvery rush to earth,
And as the Saviour rose, a glorious one,
With an illumined forehead, and the light
Whose fountain is the mystery of God,
Encalm'd within his eye, bow'd down to him,
And nerved him with a ministry of strength.

He rises
from His
prayer a glo-
rious Sav-
iour, His
forehead
illumined,
and he is
nerved with
a ministry
of strength.

Jesus in His
extreme
sadness
seeks conso-
lation, but
finds the
disciples
asleep. He
returns to
His prayer
and falls
into His
agony.

6. It was enough—and with his godlike brow
Re-written of his Father's messenger,
With meekness, whose divinity is more
Than power and glory, he return'd again
To his disciples, and awaked their sleep,
For "he that should betray him was at hand."

With meek-
ness and re-
signation,
He ad-
vances to-
ward His
disciples
and awakes
them, warn-
ing them of
the traitor's
approach.

Nathaniel P. Willis.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.

PERSONAGES.—Who is represented in this poem?

TIME AND PLACE.—Where and when?

WORDS AND ACTIONS.—1. Where is the scene laid and how is it described?

2. What is heard in the stillness of the awful night?

3. What does He seek in His loneliness?

4. Does He receive the consolation and why not?

5. What follows?

6. What are the effects of His prayer?

7. What follows the second prayer of submission to God's will?

In his utter
abandon-
ment He
sighs forth
a prayer to
His Father.
He is how-
ever ready
to submit to
the Eternal
Decree.

right He receives
new
strength.

8. Does He receive renewed strength from the angel's consolation?

RESULT.—What is the consequence and how does He come forth from His prayer?

MORAL.—What are the several lessons taught by our loving Saviour, by the sleep of the disciples, and the action of the traitor?

Questions.—Where is Gethsemane? When did He go there to pray? What passed before His mental vision that so oppressed Him? What was the awful effect? Why did He seek consolation? Was He not God? Did He suffer as God? Did not our Lord warn His disciples? Do you remember the words? Who were the three disciples He took with Him into the garden? Why? Where was the traitor during this time? Explain the full meaning of this line: 'As sleep upon the pulses of a child.' This line: 'Like the first whispers in a silent world.' What is the metre of the poem? Scan the first stanza.

Require the pupil to write a composition on the Prayer of Jesus in the Garden, embellishing it by introducing some of the verses of this poem.

JOAN OF ARC.

in-gu' gu-ra-ted, v. t., to introduce into an office with solemnity; to invest with an office in a formal manner.

in-volve, v. t., to imply; to comprise; to connect

pa-tri-ot' ic, adj., full of patriotism; actuated by the love of our country.

eör' o-nets, n., a crown.

trāns' i-to-ry, adj., passing without continuance; fleeting.

a-e' ri-al, adj., belonging to the air or atmosphere.

wrāth, n., violent anger; indignation; the just punishment of an offense or crime.

jēqp' ārd, v. t., to hazard; to put in danger; to expose to loss or injury.

ār-ti-si' cial, adj., artful contrivance; an artful or ingenious device.

What is to be thought of her? What is to be thought of the poor shepherd-girl⁴ from the hills and forests of Lorraine that—like the Hebrew shepherd boy⁵ from the hills and forests of Judea⁶—rose suddenly out of the quiet, out of the safety, out of the religious inspiration, rooted in deep pastoral solitudes, to a station in the van of armies and to the more perilous station at the right hand of kings?

The Hebrew boy inaugurated his patriotic mission by an *act*, by a victorious act, such as no man could deny. But so did the girl of Lorraine, if we read her story as it was read by those who saw her nearest. Adverse armies bore witness to the boy as no pretender; but so they did to the gentle girl.

Judged by the voices of all who saw them from a station of good-will, both were found true and loyal to any promises involved in their first acts. Enemies it was that made the difference between their subsequent fortunes. The boy rose to a splendor and a noonday prosperity, both personal and public, that rang through the records of his people, and became a byword amongst his posterity for a thousand years, until the sceptre was departing from Juda.

The poor, forsaken girl, on the contrary, drank not herself from that cup of rest which she had secured for France. She never sang the songs that rose in her native Domremy,⁷ as echoes to the departing steps of invaders. She mingled not in the festal dances of Vaucouleurs,⁸ which celebrated in rapture the redemption of France. No! for her voice was then silent. No! for her feet were dust.

Pure, innocent, noble-hearted girl ! whom, from earliest youth, ever I believed in as full of truth and self-sacrifice, this was amongst the strongest pledges for *thy* side, that never once—no, not for a moment of weakness—didst thou revel in the vision of coronets and honor from man. Coronets for thee ?

Oh, no ! Honors, if they come when all is over, are for those that share thy blood.

Daughter of Domremy, when the gratitude of thy king shall awaken, thou wilt be sleeping the sleep of the dead. Call her, King of France,⁹ but she will not hear thee ! When the thunders of universal France, as even yet may happen, shall proclaim the grandeur of the poor shepherd-girl that gave up all for her country, thine ear, young shepherd-girl, will have been deaf for five centuries.

To suffer and to do ! that was thy portion in this life. To do ! never for thyself, always for others. To suffer ! never in the persons of generous champions, always in thy own. That was thy destiny ; and never for a moment was it hidden from thyself. " Life," thou saidst, " is short, and the sleep which is in the grave so long. Let me use that life, so transitory, for the glory of those heavenly dreams destined to comfort the sleep which is so long."

Pure from every suspicion of even a visionary self-interest, even as she was pure in senses more obvious, never once did this holy child, as regarded herself, relax from her belief in the darkness that was traveling to meet her. She might not prefigure the very manner of her death ; she saw not in vision, perhaps the aerial altitude of the fiery scaffold, the spectators without end,

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on every road, pouring into Rouen as to a coronation, the surging smoke, the volleying flames, the hostile faces all around, the pitying eye that lurked but here and there until nature and imperishable truth broke loose from artificial restraints—these might not be apparent through the mists of the hurrying future; but the voice that called her to death—that she heard forever.

Great was the throne of France, even in those days, and great was he that sat upon it; but well Joan knew that not the throne, nor he that sat upon it, was for her; but, on the contrary, that she was for them; not she by them, but they by her, should rise from the dust. Gorgeous were the lilies of France, and for centuries had they the privilege to spread their beauty over land and sea, until in another century, the wrath of God and man combined to wither them; but well Joan knew—early at Domremy she had read that bitter truth—that the lilies of France would decorate no garland for her. Flower nor bud, bell nor blossom, would ever bloom for her.

Having placed the king on his throne, it was her fortune henceforward to be thwarted. More than one military plan was entered upon which she did not approve. Too well she felt that the end was nigh at hand. Still she continued to jeopard her person in battle as before; severe wounds had not taught her caution; and at length she was made prisoner by the Burgundians, and finally given up to the English.

The object now was to vitiate the coronation of Charles the Seventh as the work of a witch, and for this end Joan was tried for sorcery. She resolutely defended herself from the absurd accusation. Never from the

foundations of the earth was there such a trial as this, if it were laid open in all its beauty of defense and all its malignity of attack.

O child of France! shepherdess, peasant girl! trodden under foot by all around thee, how I honor thy flashing intellect, quick as the lightning and as true to its mark, that ran before France and laggard Europe by many a century, confounding the malice of the insnarer and making dumb the oracles of falsehood! "Would you examine me as a witness against myself?" was the question by which many times she defied their arts. The result of this trial was the condemnation of Joan to be burnt alive.

Woman, sister! there are some things which you do not execute as well as your brother, man—no, nor ever will. Yet, sister, woman, cheerfully and with the love that burns in depths of admiration, I acknowledge that you can do one thing as well as the best of men—you can die grandly! On the 20th of May, 1431, being then about nineteen years of age, Joan of Arc underwent her martyrdom. She was conducted before mid-day guarded by eight hundred spearmen, to a platform of prodigious height, constructed of wooden billets, supported by occasional walls of lath and plaster, and traversed by hollow spaces in every direction for the creation of air-currents.

With an undaunted soul, but a meek and saintly demeanor, the maiden encountered her terrible fate. The executioner had been directed to apply his torch from below. He did so. The fiery smoke rose upward in bil-

lowing
side.

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lowing volumes. A monk was then standing at Joan's side.

Wrapt up in his sublime office, he saw not the danger, but still persisted in his prayers. Even then, when the last enemy was racing up the fiery stairs to seize her, even at that moment did the noblest of girls think only for him—the one friend that would not forsake her—and not for herself, bidding him with her last breath to care for his own preservation, but to leave her to God.

"Go down," she said; "lift up the cross before me, that I may see it dying, and speak to me pious words to the end." Her last audible word was the name of Jesus. A soldier who had sworn to throw a fagot on the pile turned away, a penitent for life, on hearing her last prayer to her Saviour. He had seen, he said, a white dove soar to heaven from the ashes where the brave girl had stood.

Thomas de Quincey.

Questions.—What do you know of the heroine of Lorraine? What is her name in History? Can you relate the history of David? Who was the heroine of Beauvais? Where is Judea? Domremy? What do you know concerning the excellent character of Joan of Arc? What does the author say of the gratitude of the King she placed upon the throne of France? How does the author describe her disposition and intention? What is said concerning the lilies of France? What was her fortune after having placed King Charles VII. upon the throne? What accusation was brought against her and how did she act? Give the apostrophe, which the author addresses to her. What was the result of the trial? How did she face that cruel and unjust death? What are the feeling and disinterested words she addressed to the monk who attended her? What were her last words and what effect did they produce upon one of her determined enemies? Who are the heroines of the Church to-day? Of Canada?

Require the pupil to write a short composition on Joan of Arc, introducing by way of contrast the facts given in the notes.

NATURE.

- măn'i-fold, *adj.*, many in number ; numerous ; of diverse kinds.
 a-nă'l'o-ô-y, *n.*, an agreement between things in some circumstances of effects, when the things are otherwise quite different.
 in-ăn'i-mate, *adj.*, void of animation or life.
 călms, *n.*, stillness ; quiet ; freedom from motion, agitation.
 buô-yant, *adj.*, floating ; light.
 phe-nôm'e-nă, *n.*, an appearance ; anything visible ; whatever is discovered to exist.
 per-tûr-ba'-bîl'i-ty, *n.*, capacity for change.
 vêrt'i-gô, *n.*, giddiness ; dizziness or swimming of the head.
 in-stînet'îv-a-ly, *adv.*, by force of instinct ; by natural impulse.
 shăd'ôw-y, *adj.*, full of shade ; dark ; gloomy.
 chăsm, *n.*, a cleft ; a fissure ; a void space ; vanity.
 târnș, *n.*, a mountain lake ; a pool ; a boy ; a marsh.

The diverse aspects of nature, like the manifold meanings of art, are so many voices which penetrate the heart and speak to the intelligence. Everything in the visible world—the world which we see and hear—expresses the heart's thought or responds thereto. It is the old story in another language ; for nature, too, is what the fall of man has made it. Its scenes and effects have a mysterious analogy with the dispositions we bear within—both with those we would resist and those whose triumph we would secure.

The result of this connection is that this inanimate, insensible nature is not without its effects on us—that our moral impressions depend upon it, and it does us good or

harm according to the page which arrests our intention; in this great book of nature we find ourselves modified. By turns it strengthens or seduces us, troubles or calms; causes to circulate in our veins the pure air of the mountains with its swift and buoyant life, or the perfumed breezes of the valley with their perfidious softness. We yield to the influence of the phenomena which it displays in our sight.

Thus its grand perturbability unsettles us; a terrible fatality seems to urge us toward the yawning chasm. The rocks, piled and jagged, like petrified tempests, remind us of other terrible and lasting ravages. Vertigo seizes us on steep and lofty heights; and a close and narrow horizon fatigues the eye, which requires space as the soul requires a future. The sublime majesty of the ocean, or the Alps, transports us, gives us glimpses of other heavens beyond the clouds; yet soon the need of rest, even from admiration, forces itself upon us.

In consequence of its reaction, when urged by a longing for strength and peace, we fly the foaming, hurrying torrent—the running stream which makes us dream too much—the river which flows into the distance. Instinctively, and as if to assure the free possession of ourselves, we pause on the shore of those peaceful lakes—those wonderful sheets whose aspect, at once solemn and serene, raises the tone of our meditations. In such a tranquil and harmonious mood, nothing appeals or responds to us more perfectly than those shadowy turns hidden in the recesses of the mountains, whose glassy surface is another azure sky.

What thought and feeling does it not awaken,—that

solitary, remote, silent, nameless lake ! Pure limpid waters in a verdant cup,—a single glance takes in their charming unity. Living, but restrained within limits which they cannot pass, they seem like wisdom reconciled to necessity. Ask the lake the secret of its deep inner life, and it answers by the rich vegetation of its border. Life and its blessings are everywhere on its banks, and in its bosom : danger, nowhere. The wave upon its surface stirs not the golden sands of its bed ; it hides no ruins, for it has seen no shipwreck.

Sophia S. Swetchine.

Questions.—What do you remark of the aspects of nature ? What is understood by the term nature in this lesson ? What is the mysterious analogy mentioned ? What is analogy ? What is the result of this connection ? What shall we find in this book of nature ? What are its effects ? How does its grand perturbability effect us ? How do the ocean and the Alps move us ? What do we on the shores of peaceful lakes ? How is it that we live in restrained limits ? Give the concluding words about the lake. Where are the Alps ? What great monastery is built on the Alps ? Why ? Do you know any instances of the hospitality of the monks of that monastery ? Can you situate the Alps ? Mention the countries or country through which the Alps extend. What mountains in Asia compare favorably with them ? What celebrated generals crossed the Alps ?

Require the pupil to write a descriptive Letter of Nature, pointing out such spots as are remarkable for their beauty, grandeur, or sublimity. Let him point out such favored places in Canada.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.—*Gray.*

MAN—THE NOBLE.

1. Honor and shame from no condition rise,
 Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
 Fortune to men has some small difference made—
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
 The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned ;

Neither
wealth nor
position
makes the
man. 'Man
is a man for
a' that'.

2. What differ more, you say, than crown and cowl ?
 I'll tell you, friend—*a* wise man and a fool !
 You'll find, if once the monarch act the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
 The rest is all but leather or prunella !

Nobility of
character,
goodness of
heart, and
true wis-
dom consti-
tute real
worth. 'All
that glitters
is not gold.'

3. Look next on greatness ; say, where greatness lies ;
 Where, but among the heroes and the wise !
 Heroes are much the same, it is agreed,
 From Macedonia's¹⁰ madman to the Swede ; 11
 The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
 Or make an enemy of all mankind.

Disinterest-
edness of
purpose,
purity of
intention,
integrity
and fidelity,
toward God
and man,
constitute
true great-
ness.

4. Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave ;
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or, failing, smiles in exile and in chains :

The true
heroes con-
temns
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ceits, honors
virtue, and
applauds
the good.

Swetchine.

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ture, pointing
grandeur, or
madness.

Gray.

Like good Annelius,¹² let him reign, or bleed,
Like Socrates,¹³ that man is great indeed.

He suffers
for God and
country.

5. What's fame? a fancied life in other's breath—
A thing beyond us even before our death.
All that we know of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes and friends.
To all beside, as much an empty shade,
An Eugene¹⁴ living, as a Caesar¹⁵ dead;
Alike, or when, or where, they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon,¹⁶ or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man 's the noblest work of God!

All things
are transi-
tory; all
honors
short-lived.
The glory
of the world
illusory;
eternity a
reality. He
who work-
ed, having
an ultimate
end in view,
is the only
true hero
worthy our
esteem and
admiration.

Alexander Pope.

LITERARY ANALYSIS.

PERSONAGES.—Who is the person represented as speaking?

TIME AND PLACE.—When and where is he represented as speaking?

- WORDS AND ACTIONS.—1. Does the counsel given refer to any particular station in life?
2. Who are the persons contrasted in the first stanza?
3. Of what actions does he speak in the second stanza? And of what persons?
4. What says he in the third stanza concerning greatness? Heroes?
5. What actions are mentioned in the fourth stanza? Who is mentioned?
6. What is fame? What does he say of it?

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8. Draw
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his point

He suffers
for God and
country.

All things
are transi-
tory; all
honors
short-lived.
The glory
of the world
illusory;
eternity a
reality. He
who work-
ed, having
an ultimate
end in view,
is the only
true hero
worthy our
esteem and
admiration.

RESULT.—What conclusion is arrived at after considering honor and shame and glory, and greatness and fame?

MORAL.—What are the excellent lessons inculcated?

Questions.—Who is the writer of this poem? Does fortune, honor, or reputation change the individual? In what sense is it to be interpreted? What are the contrasts mentioned? In what do crown and cowl differ? What does the poet wish to insinuate? What is true greatness? Why were the heroes of old not really great? In what sense were they great? Were these heroes selfish? How can you show it? Do the actions of these men truly discover them? Must we simply judge them by their actions? Why not? How does he define fame? Why does he call fame a shade? What is antithesis? Can you mention several antitheses given in this poem? Can you explain how a wit's a feather, and a chief a rod? How do you explain the first line? The eleventh line? What is the meaning of fellow in the same line? Show how an honest man is the noblest work of God. Who was the Macedonia's madman? What do you know of him? What do you know concerning the Swede? Aurelius? Socrates? Eugene? Caesar? The Rubicon? What is the proverb that originated in the crossing of that river? Explain its full meaning.

Require the pupil to write a composition on Man, according to the following subdivisions: 1. Whence came man; 2. Creatures were created, but they did not receive a rational soul; 3. Show how man is above the brute creation; 4. Show that man is what he is; that neither fortune, station, nor reputation can change him in the sight of God; 5. Show that he only is a true hero who tends to develop harmoniously his intellectual and moral faculties, and conscientiously and faithfully performs his duties toward God, himself, and his fellow-being; 6. Show that heroes of this world are mere shadows to the heroes of the Church; 7. Show that the ascendancy over men by virtue and learning exceeds the glory of an Alexander, a Hannibal, a Caesar, a Eugene, Charles XII., or a Napoleon; 8. Draw your conclusion.

Let the pupil make use of such lines of the poem as will illustrate his point in question.

MALIBRAN AND PIERRE.

pūb'lish-er, n., one who sends a book or writing into the world.

lūx'u-ry, n., anything delightful to the senses.

myr'i-ad. adj., a very great number.

dēignād, v, t., condescended.

In a humble room, in one of the poorest streets of London, little Pierre, a fatherless French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still, at times, he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew nothing would be so grateful to his poor, sick mother as a good, sweet orange—and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own,—one he had composed with air and words; for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and looking out, saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibran would sing that night in public.

"If I could only go," thought little Pierre; and then, pausing a moment, he clasped his hands. His eyes lighted with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed down his yellow curls, and taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

* * *

"Who did you say is waiting for me?" said the lady to her servant. "I am already worn with company."

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"It is only a very pretty little boy with yellow curls, who says if he can see you he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Well, let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile; "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm, and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and bowing, said: "I come to see you because my mother is very sick, and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought that if you would only sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, perhaps some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The excellent woman rose from the seat,—very tall and stately she was,—took the little roll from his hand, and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked; my dear child? And the words?—"Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked, after a few moments of thought.

"O yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness,—"but I could not leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening; and here is a crown, with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is also one of my tickets; come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Pierre could scarcely realize his good fortune. He bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of what had happened.

When evening came, and Pierre was admitted to the concert-hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so grand a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds and rustling of silks, bewildered his eyes and brain.

At last she came, and the child sat with his eyes riveted upon her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited. The band—the whole band struck up a little plaintive melody; he knew it, and clapped his hands for joy. And, O, how she sung it! It was so simple, so mournful, so soul-subduing — many a bright eye dimmed with tears; and naught could be heard but the touching words of that little song—O, so touching!

Pierre walked home as if he were walking on the air. What cared he for money now? The greatest singer, in all Europe had sung his little song, and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day, he was frightened at a visit from Madame Malibran. She laid her hand on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman, said: "Your little boy, madam, has brought you a fortune. I was offered, this morning, by the best publisher in London, three hundred pounds for his little song; and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madam, thank God that your son has a gift from Heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As to Pierre—always mindful of Him who

watches over the tried and tempted—he knelt down by his mother's bedside and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessing on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer even more tender-hearted; and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood by her bed, smoothed her pillow, and lightened her last moments by his undying affection, was the little Pierre of former days,—now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.

All honor to those great hearts, who, from their high station, send down bounty to the widow, and the fatherless child.

Anonymous.

Questions.—What is the subject of this narration? Who was Madame Malibran? Describe the condition of little Pierre's mother. How did Pierre chance to come in contact with the great singer? How was he received? What were the simple words of the child? How did she answer them? Describe Pierre's feeling in the concert-hall. What thoughts occurred to him? What was the effect produced by singing the simple, plaintive melody? Can you tell any thing of the visit of Madame Malibran to Pierre? Who sat by her bedside when she was dying? How many characters enter into this little narration? Can you give the character of the great singer? Of little Pierre? What lessons are taught us by both?

Require the pupil to write a letter to a distant friend, relating the principal points of this little history, dwelling chiefly upon the moral side of the given facts.

How'er it be, it seems to me

'Tis only noble to be good :

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood.—*Tennyson.*

FACTS ABOUT ANTS.—I.

- ehlo' ro-fórmed, *v. t.*, rendered insensible to pain by chloroform.
 an-tén' nâe, *n.*, feelers of insects.
 ât' ti-tûdâs, *n.*, positions.
 spi' ral, *a.*, winding.
 in' dî-vîd' ū-al, *n.*, one man; a single one.
 eom-mū' ni-cate, *v. t.*, to make known; associate with.
 eon-dēmned', *v. t.*, sentenced to punishment.
 re-sist' ançâ, *n.*, opposition.
 eom-mū' ni-ty, *n.*, a collection of persons having common rights.
 in' va-lîd, *n.*, feeble; weak; infirm.

The behavior of ants toward one another differs much, according to circumstances—whether, for instance, they are alone, or supported by friends. An ant which would run away in the first case, will defend itself bravely in the second.

On one occasion, several ants belonging to one of my nests were feeding on some honey, spread on a slip of glass. One of them had got thoroughly entangled in it. I took her and put her down just in front of another individual belonging to the same nest, and close by I placed a drop of honey.

The ant devoted herself to the honey and entirely neglected her friend, whom she left to perish. I then chloroformed one, and put her on the board among her friends. Several touched her, but while I watched them for two or three hours, none took any particular notice of her.

On the other hand, I have only on one occasion seen a living ant expelled from her nest. I observed once an

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ant carrying another belonging to the same community away from the nest. The condemned ant made a very feeble resistance.

The first ant carried her burden hither and thither for sometime, evidently trying to get away from the nest, which was enclosed by a barrier of fur. After watching for some time, I provided the ant with a paper bridge, up which she immediately went, dropped her victim on the far side, and returned home. Could this have been a case in which an aged or invalid ant was being expelled from the nest?

In order to test the affection of ants belonging to the same nest for one another I made the following experiments. I took six ants from one of my nests and imprisoned them in a bottle, one end of which was covered with a layer of muslin. I then put the muslin close to the door of the nest. The muslin was of open texture, the meshes, however, being sufficiently small to prevent the ants from escaping. They could not only see one another, but could also communicate freely with their antennæ.

We now watched to see whether the prisoners would be tended or fed by their friends. We could not see, however, that the least notice was taken of them. The experiment, nevertheless, was less conclusive than could be wished, because they might have been fed at night, or at some time when we were not looking. It struck me, therefore, that it would be interesting to treat some strangers also in the same manner.

Accordingly, I put two ants from one of my nests into a

bottle, the end of which was tied up with muslin, as described, and laid it down close to the nest. In a second bottle I put two ants from another nest of the same species. The ants which were at liberty took no notice of the bottle containing their imprisoned friends. The strangers in the other bottle, on the contrary, excited them considerably.

The whole day, one, two, or more ants stood sentry, as it were, over the bottle. In the evening no less than twelve were collected around it—a larger number than usually came out of the nest at any one time. The whole of the next two days, in the same way, there were several ants round the bottle containing the strangers; while, as far as we could see, no notice whatever was taken of the friends.

Seven days after, the ants had eaten through the muslin and effected an entrance. We did not chance to be on the spot at the moment; but as I found two ants lying dead—one in the bottle and one just outside—I think that there can be no doubt that the strangers were put to death. The friends throughout were quite neglected.

In one of my nests, was an ant without antennæ. Never having previously met with such a case, I watched her with great interest; but she never appeared to leave the nest. At length, one day, I found her wandering about in an aimless sort of manner, and apparently not knowing her way at all. After a while she fell in with some specimens of the little yellow ant, that directly attacked her.

I at once set myself to separate them; but owing either to the wounds she had received from her enemies, or to

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my rough though well-meant handling, or to both, she was evidently much wounded, and lay helplessly on the ground. After some time another ant from her nest came by. She examined the poor sufferer carefully, then picked her up gently and carried her away into the nest. It would have been difficult for any one who witnessed this scene to have denied to this ant the possession of humane feelings.

Again, on another occasion, I perceived a poor ant lying on her back and quite unable to move. The legs were in cramped attitudes, and the two antennæ rolled up in spirals. She was, of course, altogether unable to feed herself. After this I kept my eyes on her. Several times I tried uncovering the part of the nest where she was. The other ants soon carried her into the shaded parts.

One day the ants were all out of the nest, probably for fresh air, and had collected together in a corner of the box; they had not, however, forgotten her, but had carried her with them. I took off the glass lid of the box, and after a while they returned as usual to the nest, taking her in again. The next day she was still alive, but shortly afterward, notwithstanding all their care, she died.

At the present time I have two other ants perfectly crippled in a similar manner, so that they are quite unable to move; but they have been tended and fed by their companions, the one for five, the other for four months.

Questions.—What is an ant? What do you remark of the behavior of ants? What fact is related about the ants and the honey? What of the exiled or expelled ant? How did the first act? What experiment was made to test the affection of ants? What was the result

of the observations? What was the experiment resorted to? What was the action of the ants? Describe the observations made. What about the ant with an antennæ? What effect had separation? What fact was observed on another occasion? Give a description of it.

Let the pupil write a letter to his friend describing some of these facts. Let him recite the lesson in his own language.

FACTS ABOUT ANTS.—II.

Is' o-lat-ed, *v. t.*, placed by itself; alone.

de-vəl' opəd, *v. t.*, formed by natural growth; matured.

lār' vae, *n.*, insects which have first left the egg.

mōat, *n.*, a ditch.

mōld, *n.*, soft earth.

eāp' il-la-ry, *adj.*, fine, like a hair.

im-mērsəd', *v. t.*, dipped into.

at-trāe' tion, *n.*, the act of drawing toward.

mīn' i-mīza, *v. t.*, to reduce to the smallest amount

expē' di-ent, *n.*, means; proper.

In' ter-pōsə', *v. t.*, to put between; to interfere.

I have made a number of experiments on the power of smell possessed by ants. I dipped camel's-hair into peppermint-water,¹⁷ essence of cloves,¹⁸ lavender-water,¹⁹ and other strong scents, and suspended them about a quarter of an inch above the strips of paper along which the ants were passing in the experiments before recorded.

Under these circumstances, while some of the ants passed on without taking any notice, others stopped when they came close to the pencil, and evidently perceiving the smell, turned back. Soon, however, they returned and passed the scented pencil. After doing this two or three times, they generally took no further notice of the scent.

This experiment left no doubt on my mind; still, to make the matter even more clear, I experimented with ants placed on an isolated strip of paper. Over the paper, and at such a distance as almost, but not quite, to touch any ant which passed under it, I again suspended a camel's-hair brush dipped in lavender-water, essence of cloves, and other scents.

In these experiments the results were very marked; and no one who watched the behavior of the ants, under these circumstances, could have the slightest doubt as to their power of smell.

I then took a large queen ant and fastened her on a board by a thread. When she had become quiet, I tried her with some tuning-forks, but they did not disturb her in the least. I then advanced a feather very quietly, so as almost to touch first one, and then the other of the antennæ, which, however, did not move.

I then dipped the pencil in essence of musk and tried again; the antenna was slowly drawn back. I then repeated the same with the other antenna. If I touched the antenna, the ant started away apparently smarting. I then experimented with essence of lavender, and with a second ant. The results were the same as before.

Many of my other experiments point to the same conclusion; and, in fact, there can be no doubt whatever that in ants the sense of smell is highly developed.

In order to test the intelligence of ants, it has always seemed to me that there was no better way than to ascertain some object which they would clearly desire, and then to interpose some obstacle which a little ingenuity would enable them to overcome. I therefore placed some

larvæ in a cup, which I put on a slip of glass surrounded by water, but accessible to the ants by only one pathway, in which was a bridge consisting of a strip of paper two-thirds of an inch long and one-third of an inch wide.

Having then put a black ant from one of my nests near these larvæ she began carrying them off, and by degrees a number of friends came to help her. I then, when about twenty-five ants were so engaged, moved the little paper bridge slightly, so as to leave a chasm just so wide that the ants could not reach across. They came and tried hard to do so; but it did not occur to them to try the paper bridge, though the distance was only about one-third of an inch, and they might easily have done so. After trying for about a quarter of an hour, they gave up the attempt and returned home. This I repeated several times.

Then thinking that paper was a substance to which they were not accustomed, I tried the same with a bit of straw one inch long and one-eighth of an inch wide. The result was the same. I repeated this more than once.

Again, I suspended some honey over a nest of yellow ants, at a height of about half an inch, and accessible only by a paper bridge more than ten feet long. Under the glass I then placed a small heap of earth. The ants soon swarmed over the earth on to the glass, and began feeding on the honey. I then removed a little of the earth, so that there was an interval of about one-third of an inch between the glass and the earth; but though the distance was so small, they would not jump down, but preferred to go down by the long bridge.

They tried in vain to stretch up from the earth to the glass, which, however, was just out of their reach, though

they could touch it with their antennæ; but it did not occur to them to heap the earth up a little, though if they had moved only half a dozen particles, they would have secured for themselves direct access to the food. At length, they gave up all attempts to reach up to the glass, and went around by the paper bridge. I left the arrangement for several weeks, but they continued to go round by the long paper bridge.

Again I varied the experiment as follows: having left a nest without food for a short time, I placed some honey on a small piece of wood, surrounded by a little moot of glycerine ²⁰ half an inch wide and about one-tenth of an inch in depth. Over this moot I then placed a paper bridge, one end of which rested on some fine mold. I then put an ant to the honey, and soon a little crowd was collected round it.

I then removed the paper bridge; the ants could not cross the glycerine, they came to the edge and walked round and round, but were unable to get across, nor did it occur to them to make a bridge or bank of the mold which I had placed as conveniently for them. I was the more surprised at this, on account of the ingenuity with which they avail themselves of earth for constructing their nests.

For instance, wishing, if possible, to avoid the trouble of frequently moistening the earth in my nests, I supplied one of my communities with a frame containing, instead of earth a piece of linen, one portion of which projected beyond the frame and was immersed in water. The linen, then sucked up the water by capillary attraction and thus the air in the frames was kept moist.

The ants approved of this arrangement and took up their quarters in the frame. To minimize evaporation, I usually closed the frame all round, leaving only one or two small openings for the ants; but, in this case, I left the outer side of the frame open.

The ants, however, did not like being thus exposed; they therefore brought earth from some small distance, and built up a regular wall along the open side, blocking up the space between the upper and lower plates of glass, and leaving one or two small openings for themselves. This struck me as very ingenious. The same expedient was, moreover, repeated under similar circumstances by the slaves belonging to my nest of Amazon ants.

Sir John Lubbock.

Question.—What experiments did he make to test their sense of smell? Can you describe the action of the ants? What other experiments did he make to be certain? Can you give the results of these experiments? What did he do with a large queen? How did the ant act toward the essence of musk? How did he test their intelligence? What are larvae? How did the black ant behave toward the larvae? How did the experimenter act? What did he do with the yellow ants? Describe the action of the ants? How did he vary the experiment? To what did he resort to keep the earth constantly moist? Did the ants accept it? Did the ants object to the outer frame being opened? What was the action on the part of the ants? What is glycerine? Lavender-water? The essence of musk? Peppermint-water? What lessons are taught us by the ants?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the Ants, taking whatever impressed him most in the lesson.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.—*Shakespeare.*

ST. PETER'S AT ROME.

1. But lo! the dome—the vast and wondrous dome,
To which Diana's mighty marvel was a cell—
Christ's mighty shrine above his martyr's tomb!
I have beheld the Ephesian's miracle—
Its columns strew the wilderness, and dwell
The hyæna and the jackal in their shade;
I have beheld Sophia's bright roofs swell
Their glittering mass i' the sun, and have survey'd
Its sanctuary the while the usurping Moslem pray'd.
2. But thou, of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to thee—
Worthiest of God, the holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled,
Of a sublimer aspect? Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength, and Beauty, all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship undefiled.
3. Enter: its grandeur overwhelms thee not;
And why? it is not lessen'd; but thy mind,
Expanded by the genius of the spot,
Has grown colossal, and can only find
A fit abode wherein appear enshrined
Thy hopes of immortality; and thou
Shalt one day, if found worthy, so defined,
See thy God face to face, as thou dost now
His Holy of Holies, nor be blasted by his brow.
4. Thou movest, but increasing with the distance,
Like climbing some great Alp, which still doth rise,
Deceived by its gigantic elegance;
Vastness which grows—but grows to harmonize—

The exceeding grandeur, splendor, and wonder of St. Peter's Dome, and its surpassing greatness over Diana's Ephesian's temples and over the basilica of St. Sophia.

Since the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem, there is none worthier and more beautiful than St. Peter's at Rome.

The interior of St. Peter's exerts a magical influence over mind and heart, inspiring holy and supernatural aspirations.

Its marvellous greatness, its wonderful harmony, its surpassing richness.

All musical in its immensities ;
 Rich marbles—richer painting—shrines were flame
 The lamps of gold, and haughty dome which vies
 In air with Earth's chief structures, though their frame
 Sits on the firm-set ground—and this the clouds must
 claim.

ness and
 beauty tend
 to expand
 the soul.

5. Thou seest not all ; but piecemeal thou must break,
 To separate contemplation the great whole ;
 And as the ocean many bays will make,
 That task the eye—so here condense thy soul
 To more immediate objects, and control
 Thy thoughts, until the mind hath got by heart
 Its eloquent proportions, and unroll
 In mighty graduations, part by part,
 The glory which at once upon thee did not dark.

The vast-
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 edifice, can
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 intricate,
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6. Not by its faults—but thine : Our outward sense
 Is but of gradual grasp—and as it is
 That what we have of feeling most intense
 Outstrips our faint expression ; even so this
 Outshining and o'erwhelming edifice
 Fools our fond gaze, and greatest of the great
 Defies at first our Nature's littleness,
 Till, growing with its growth, we thus dilate
 Our spirits to the size of that we contemplate.

Should we
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 sublime.

George Gordon, Lord Byron.

Question.—What is the subject of this lesson ? Where is St Peter's ? Who was the architect of this celebrated cathedral ? What Popes undertook its construction ? In what does its greatness consist ? What is said of the temples of Diana and of the Ephesians ? What is said of Solomon's or Zion's Temple ? Can you give a description of it ? What other great Temple is mentioned ? Where is it and what do you know of it ? Who was its architect ? What great cathedral is in Canada ? But what is it that so peculiarly strikes the visitor to St. Peter's ? To what is the wonderful height and magnitude compared ? How

does the grandeur impress the mind? Why can not the mind grasp its grand proportions at once? What are the aspirations excited in the soul at the sight of its beauty and harmony? What is the purpose of the great Temple?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the subject of the poem, taking each stanza for a paragraph. Let him introduce judiciously several verses of the poem, in order to embellish it.

WHAT SAY THE WILD WAVES?

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a glow went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city, and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-colored rings about the

ness and
beauty tend
to expand
the soul.

The vast-
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ful details.

Should we
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St Peter's?
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St. Peter's?
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candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was the swift and rapid river. He felt forced sometimes, to try and stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on, resistless, he cried out; but a word from Florence, who was always by his side, restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured! he saw—the high church towers rising up in the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river, glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below. The servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, “I am better. I am a good deal better, thank you! Tell papa so.”

By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and repassing; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and weary sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this was in his sleeping or waking moments—of that rushing river. “Why will it never stop, Floy?” he would sometimes ask her. “It is bearing me away, I think!”

But Floy could always soothe and re-assure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

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"You are always watching me, Flor. Let me watch you, now!" They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he could recline the while she lay beside him; bending forwards oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him.

Thus the flush of the day, in its heat and light would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble down stairs, and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centred in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed, for Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms, and died. And he could not forget it now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid.

The people around him changed as unaccountably as on that first night at Doctor Blimber's—except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been Sir Parker Peps was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs. Pipekin dosing in an easy chair, often changed to Miss Tox, or his aunt; and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next without emotion. But this figure, with its head upon its hand, returned so often and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn, never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began

to wander languidly, if it were real, and in the night time saw it sitting there, with fear.

"F'ry!" he said, "what is that?"

"Where, dearest?"

"There, at the foot of the bed,"

"There's nothing there, except papa,"

The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said: "My own boy! don't you know me?"

Paul looked it in the face, and thought: was this his father? But the face so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain, and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the bed, and went out at the door.

II.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark, dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him. Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful every day; but whether they were many days or few, appeared of little moment now to this gentle boy.

One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying—for even he her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had

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ever seen his mother? for he could not remember whether they told him yes or no, the river running very fast and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling, why?"

"Did I never see any kind face, like mamma's looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"

He asked incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

"Oh, yes, dear!"

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's, often!"

"And where is my old nurse," said Paul. "Is she dead, too? Floy, are we all dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room for an instant—longer perhaps, but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colorless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much.

"Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!"

"She is not here, darling! she shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy!"

Paul closed his eyes with these words, and fell asleep.

When he awoke the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro; then he said, "Floy, is it to-morrow? Is she come?"

Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him when

he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. Here was no grey mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

“And who is this? Is this my old nurse?” said the child, regarding with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger could have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman could have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman could have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity,

“Floy, this is a good, kind face!” said Paul, “I am glad to see it again. Don’t go away, old nurse! Stay here!”

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

“Who was that! who said ‘Walter’!” he asked, looking around. “Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should like to see him very much.”

Nobody replied directly; but his father soon said to Susan, “Call him back, then; let him come up.” After a short pause of expectation, during which he had looked

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with smiling interest and wonder on his nurse, and saw that she had forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favorite with Paul and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hands, and said, "Good-by!"

"Good-by, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipekin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-by."

For an instant Paul gazed at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire, "Ah, yes," he said, placidly, "good-by! Walter, dear, good-by!"—turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. "Where is papa?"

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek before the words had parted from his lips.

"Remember Walter, dear papa," he whispered, looking in his face. "Remember Walter. I was fond of Walter!" The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried "good-by!" to Walter once again.

"Now lay me down," he said, "and Floy, come close to me and let me see you."

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. Then the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks

were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on." And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank?

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you, Floy! I know her by the face! but tell them that the print upon the stairs at school is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room.

The old, old fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will rest unchanged until our race has run its course, and the side firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion,—Death!

Oh! thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! and look as, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift rivers bear us to the ocean!

Charles Dickens.

Questions.—What is the interesting and feeling history? Can you describe Paul as he lay upon his dying bed? What thought was constantly recurring to his mind? Who was the consoling angel? What figure did he see at the foot of his bed? What was the action of this figure? Did Paul seem to recognize him? Who was Floy; could it be an abbreviation of Florence? What happened when he awakened the following morning? Did he seem to recognize any one? Can you give the little dialogue that took place between brother

and sister? What was the action of the old nurse? Give the description of the nurse and her action. Whose name did he hear? Give an account of what happened between the two. Can you give the words relating to the parting scene between father and child? Describe the affectionate parting that took place between brother and sister. What is the old fashion referred to? What characters enter into this history? What do you know of Florence? Can you give an idea of the deep, heart-felt pain of the father? What do you notice in the action of the father as he left the room, apparently not recognized by Paul? What effect have words repeated in the same sentence? Can you give instances similar to those given in the lesson?

Require the pupil to write a composition on this subject.

Note.—The beautiful song "What are the wild waves saying?" by Samuel Glover, owes its origin to this affecting history. This history is taken from "Dombey and Son."

A NIGHT IN THE FOREST OF AMERICA.

glîm' mer-ing, n., a faint beaming light; a faint view.

lû' mîn-a-ry, n., a body that gives light, but chiefly one of the celestial orbs.

zōnās, n., a girdle; a division of the earth, with respect to temperature of different latitudes.

e-lās-tîç' i-ty, n., the inherent property in bodies by which they recover their former figure or state after external pressure, tension, or distortion.

glîs' tan-ing, p. pr., shining; emitting rays of light.

con-stêl-la' tions, n., a cluster, assemblage or groups, of fixed stars.

sa-vân' na, n., an extensive open plain or meadow, or a plain destitute of trees.

I had wandered one evening in the woods, at some distance from the cataract of Niagara, when soon the last glimmering of daylight disappeared, and I enjoyed, in all its loneliness, the beauteous prospect of night amid the deserts of the New World. An hour after sunset, the moon appeared above the trees in the opposite part of the heavens. A balmy breeze, which the queen of night had brought with her from the east, seemed to precede her in the forest, like her perfumed breath.

The lonely luminary slowly ascended in the firmament, now peacefully pursuing her azure course, and now reposing on groups of clouds, which resembled the summits of lofty, snow covered mountains. These clouds, by the contraction and expansion of their vapory forms, rolled themselves into transparent zones of white satin, scattering in airy masses of foam, or forming in the heavens brilliant beds of down so lovely to the eye that you would have imagined you felt their softness and elasticity.

The scenery on the earth was not less enchanting: the soft and bluish beams of the moon darted through the intervals between the trees, and threw streams of light into the midst of the profound darkness. The river that glided at my feet was not in the wood, and now reappeared, glistening with the constellations of night, which were reflected on its bosom. In a vast plain beyond this stream, the radiance of the moon reposed quietly on the verdure. Birch-trees, scattered here and there in the savannas and agitated by the breeze, formed shadowy islands, which floated on a motionless sea of light.

Near me, all was silence and repose, save the fall of some leaf, the transient rustling of a sudden breath of

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wind, or the hooting of the owl; but at a distance was heard, at intervals, the solemn roar of the Falls of Niagara, which, in the stillness of the night, was prolonged from desert to desert, and died away among the solitary forests.

The grandeur, the astonishing solemnity of this scene, cannot be expressed in language; nor can the most delightful nights of Europe afford any idea of it. In vain does imagination attempt to soar in our cultivated fields; it everywhere meets with the habitations of men; but in those wild regions the mind loves to penetrate into an ocean of forests, to hover round the abysses of cataracts, to meditate on the banks of lakes and rivers, and, as it were, *to find itself alone with God.*

Rene Francis Auguste, Viscount de Chateaubriand.

Questions.—Where is the scene of this writing laid? Describe the scenery. What were his impressions? What is said of the grandeur and astonishing sublimity of this scene? What is sublimity? What constitutes the sublime? Is the author correct in calling the scene sublime and why? Why did he not content himself with calling it grand or beautiful? What moral sentiments were suggested? What does this tend to prove?

Require the pupil to write a composition, making each paragraph the basis of his subdivisions.—Let the pupil write an analysis of the lesson.

Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers;
But error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.—*Bryant.*

DEATH OF ABSALOM.

1. The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curl'd
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream; the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds, and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And lean'd, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashion'd for a happier world!
2. King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With its faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shores of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bow'd his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,

And the poor common words of courtesy
 Are such an empty mockery—how much
 The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
 He pray'd for Israel—and his voice went up
 Strongly and fervently. He pray'd for those
 Whose love had been his shield—and his deep tones
 Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—
 For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
 The proud, bright being, who had burst away
 In all his princely beauty, to defy
 The heart that cherish'd him—for him he pour'd
 In agony that would not be controll'd,
 Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
 Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * *

3. The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
 Was straighten'd for the grave; and, as the folds
 Sank to the still proportions, they betray'd
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls
 Were floating round the tassels as they sway'd
 To the admitted air, as glossy now
 As when, in hours of gentle dalliance, bathing
 The snowy fingers of Judea's daughters.
 His helm was at his feet; his banner, soil'd
 With trailing through Jerusalem, was laid,
 Reversed beside him; and the jewell'd hilt,
 Whose diamonds lit the passage of his blade,
 Rested like mockery, on his cover'd brow.
 The soldiers of the king trod to and fro,
 Glad in the garb of battle; and their chief,

The mighty Joab, stood beside the bier,
 And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
 As if he fear'd the slumberer might stir.
 A slow step startled him. He grasp'd his blade
 As if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
 Of David enter'd, and gave command.
 In a low tone, to his few followers,
 And left him with his dead. The king stood still
 Till the last echo died; then, throwing off
 The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
 The pall from the still features of his child,
 He bow'd his head upon him, and broke forth
 In the resistless eloquence of woe:

4. "Alas! my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
 Thou, who wert made so beautiful fair!
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb!
 My proud boy, Absalom!
5. "Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
 As to my bosom I have tried to press thee!
 How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
 Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,
 And hear thy sweet '*my father!*' from these dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom!
6. "But death is on thee. I shall hear the gush
 Of music, and the voices of the young;
 And life will pass me in the mantling blush,

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And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

7. "And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

8. "And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up;—
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee;—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
May God have call'd thee, like a wanderer, home,
My lost boy, Absalom!"

9. He cover'd up his face, and bow'd himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasp'd
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as if strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently—and left him there—
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.

Nathaniel P. Willis.

Questions.—Who was Absalom? Can you give me the description of night as contained in the first stanza? What is or are its prevailing ideas? Can you point out any ideas that are in his poem "Gethsemane"? In what does the similarity consist? Can you briefly

mention the description of David? What are the different feelings portrayed? Do you find that there is here a similarity of ideas as in the other poem? Can you compare them? Give his description of Absalom? Who are the guards? Can you recite David's lament over his son? What is it that particularly strikes you in this lament? Describe his action after the lament. Who was David? Joab? What was the cause of Absalom's death? What gave rise to the rebellion of Absalom? What recollections have you of the biblical account concerning it? What was the conduct of David when he heard of his son's death? In what metre is the poem written? What figure is contained in "The waters slept"? What is a figure? Is it a figure of rhetoric or of etymology? Why did you call it blank verse? Mention at least three great masters of blank verse. Did I understand you to say that blank verse belongs peculiarly to the English language? And why?

Require the pupil to write the marginal notes, as in the foregoing poems; 2. Require him to write a literary analysis after the examples given; 3. Require him to write out the leading ideas in his own language, embellishing it by verses from the poem.

LAND AND SEA-BREEZES.

dīs' si-pat-ed, *v. t.*, driven away; scattered.
 rēq' ui-šīta, *adj.*, necessary; needful to have.
 māg' ni-tūda, *n.*, size; importance.
 re-vēr' ber-ā-ting, *p.pr.*, echoing.
 suḡ-ḡest' īva, *adj.*, full of thought.
 rā-di-ā' tion, *n.*, the casting off of waves of heat.
 mīt' i-gāt-ed, *v. t.*, lessened.
 in-vīg' or-ā-ting, *adj.*, refreshing.

The inhabitants of the sea-shore in tropical countries wait every morning with impatience for the coming of the sea-breeze. It usually sets in about ten o'clock. Then

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the sultry heat of the oppressive morning is dissipated, and there is a delightful freshness in the air, which seems to give new life to all for their daily labors.

About sunset, there is again another calm. The sea-breeze is now over, and in a short time the land-breeze sets in. This alternation of the land and sea-breezes—a wind from the sea by day, and from the land by night—is so regular in tropical countries, that it is looked for by the people with as much confidence as the rising and setting of the sun.

In extra-tropical* countries, especially those on the polar side of the trade-winds, these breezes blow only in summer and autumn; for then only is the heat of the sun sufficiently intense to produce the requisite amount of lightness in the air over the land. This depends in a measure also, upon the character of the land upon which the sea-breeze blows; for when the surface is arid and the soil barren the heating power of the sun is exerted with most effect. In such cases the sea-breezes amount to a gale of wind.

In the summer of the southern hemisphere, the sea-breeze is more powerfully developed at Valparaiso than at any other place to which my services afloat have led me.

Here regularly in the afternoon, at this season, the sea-breeze blows furiously; pebbles are torn up from the walks and whirled about the streets; people seek shelter; business is interrupted, and all communication from the shipping to the shore is cut off.

(a) Extra-tropical countries means those lying outside of, or beyond, the tropics.

Suddenly, the winds and the sea, as if they had again heard the voice of rebuke, are hushed, and there is a great calm and the lull that follows is delightful. The sky is without a cloud, and the atmosphere is wonderfully transparent; the Andes seem to draw near; the climate, always mild and soft, becomes now doubly sweet by the contrast.

In the southern summer, this change takes place day after day with the utmost regularity; and yet the calm always seems to surprise one, and to come before one has had time to realize that the furious sea-wind could so soon be hushed. Presently the stars begin to peep out; timidly at first, as if to see if the elements here below have ceased their strife, and whether the scene on earth be such as they, from their bright spheres aloft, may shed their sweet influence upon.

Alone in the night-watch, after the sea-breeze has sunk to rest, I have stood on the deck under those beautiful skies, gazing, admiring, wondering. I have seen there, above the horizon at the same time, and shining with a splendor unknown to northern latitudes, every star of the first magnitude—save only six—that is contained in the catalogue of the one hundred principal fixed stars of astronomers.

There lies the city on the sea-shore, wrapped in sleep. The sky looks solid, like a vault of steel set with diamonds. The stillness below is in harmony with the silence above; and one almost fears to speak lest the harsh sound of the human voice, reverberating through those vaulted "chambers of the south," should wake up echo, and drown the music that fills the soul.

Within the tropics, the land and sea-breezes are more gentle; and though the night scenes there are not as suggestive as those just described, yet they are exceedingly lovely and delightful. The oppressive heat of the sun is mitigated, and the climate of the sea-shore is made both refreshing and healthful, by the alternation of those winds which invariably come from the cooler places—from the sea, which is the cooler by day, and from the land, which is the cooler by night.

About ten in the morning, the heat of the sun has played upon the land with sufficient intensity to raise the temperature above that of the water. A portion of this heat being imported to the air above it, causes it to rise; when the air, first from the beach then from the sea, to the distance of several miles, begins to flow in with a most delightful and invigorating freshness.

When a fire is kindled on the earth, we may see, if we observe the motes²¹ floating in the air of the room, that those nearest to the chimney are the first to feel the draught, and to obey it—they are drawn into the flame. The circle of inflowing air is gradually enlarged, until it is scarcely perceived in the remote parts of the room. Now, the land is the hearth; the rays of the sun, the fire; and the sea, with its cool and calm air, the room: and thus we have at our firesides the sea-breeze in miniature.

When the sun goes down, the fire ceases; then the dry land commences to give off its surplus heat by radiation, so that by dew-fall it and the air above it are cooled below the sea temperature. The atmosphere on the land



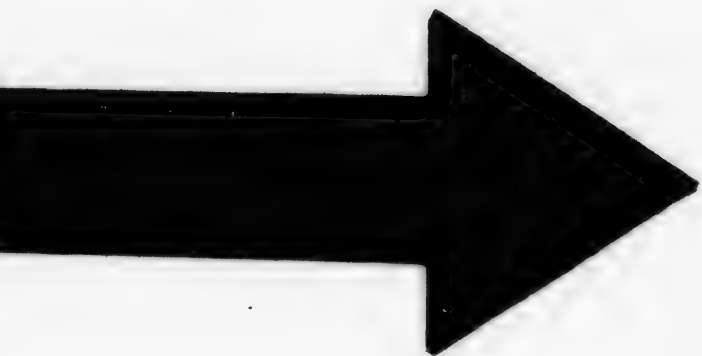
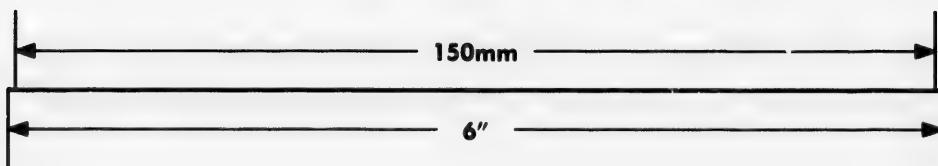
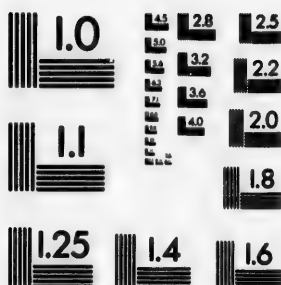
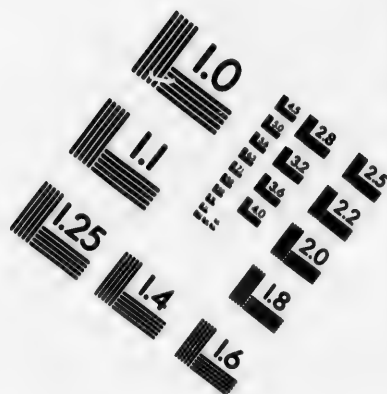
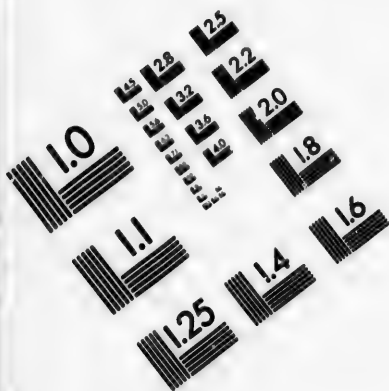


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thus becomes heavier than that on the sea, consequently, there is a wind seaward, which we call the land-breeze.

Lieut. Matthew F. Maury.

Questions.—What is the subject-matter of the lesson? What are tropical countries? What are extra-tropical countries? What is the habit of the inhabitants of tropical countries? When does the sea-breeze begin? When the calm? When do the inhabitants of polar climates experience the sea-breeze? What do you know of the sea-breeze at Valparaiso? Where is Valparaiso? Give the author's description of a calm. When does the change referred to in the lesson take place in southern countries? Recite his words about the appearance of stars. Can you relate his experience when he was night watch? What are stars of the first magnitude? Give his description of a city sleeping? Where are the sea and land-breezes most gentle? How do you account for it? What is the comparison made at the conclusion of the lesson? Can you explain it?

Require the pupil to select six points for an analysis of the subject: "A Visit to the sea-side."

Let the pupil relate the lesson in his own language.

THE COYOTE.²²

āl' le-go-ry, n., a figurative discourse; a parable feet.

ve-lōç' i-pēdā, n., a vehicle moved by the impulse given by the rider's feet.

in-çēnsəd', v. i., enraged; provoked.

fraud' fūl, adj., deceitful, treacherous.

fīērçā' ly, adv., furiously, barbarously.

a-pōl' o-çiz-ing, p. adj., excusing; vindicating.

frēn' zy, n., distraction of mind.

Ig-nōblā, adj., mean, low.

serāw' ny, adj., meagre, wasted.

The coyote of the farther deserts is a long, slim, sick, and long-looking skeleton with a gray wolf-skin stretched over it, a tolerably bushy tail that for ever sags down with a despairing expression of forsakenness and misery, a furtive and evil eye, and a long, sharp face, with slightly lifted lip and exposed teeth.

He has a general slinking expression all over. The coyote is a living, breathing allegory of want. He is always hungry. He is always poor, out of luck, and friendless. The meanest creatures despise him, and even the fleas would desert him for a velocipede. He is so spiritless and cowardly that even while his exposed teeth are pretending a threat, the rest of his face is apologizing for it. And he is so homely, so scrawney, and ribby, and coarse-haired, and pitiful!

When he sees you he lifts his lips and lets a flash of his teeth out, and then turns a little out of the course he was pursuing, depresses his head a bit, and strikes a long, soft-footed trot through the sage-bush, glancing over his shoulder at you from time to time, till he is about out of easy pistol-range, and then he stops and takes a deliberate survey of you. He will trot fifty yards, and stop again; another fifty, and stop again; and, finally, the gray of his gliding body blends with the gray of the sage-bush, and he disappears.

But, if you start a swift-footed dog after him, you will enjoy it ever so much—especially if it is a dog that has a good opinion of himself, and has been brought up to think that he knows something about speed. The coyote will go swinging gently off on that deceitful trot of his, and every little while he will smile a fraudulent smile over his

shoulder that will fill that dog entirely full of encouragement and worldly ambition, and make him lay his head still lower to the ground, and stretch his neck farther to the front, and pant more fiercely, and move his furious legs with a yet wilder frenzy, and leave a broader and broader and higher and denser cloud of desert sand smoking behind, and marking his long wake across the level plain!

All this time the dog is only a short twenty feet behind the coyote, and, to save the life of him, he can not understand why it is that he can not get perceptibly closer; and he begins to get aggravated, and it makes him madder and madder to see how gently the coyote glides along, and never pants or sweats, or ceases to smile; and he grows still more and more incensed to see how shamefully he has been taken in by an entire stranger, and what an ignoble swindle that long, calm, soft-footed trot is.

And next the dog notices that he is getting fagged, and that the coyote actually has to slacken speed a little, to keep from running away from him. And then that town-dog is mad in earnest, and he begins to strain, and weep, and swear, and paw the sand higher than ever, and reach for the coyote with concentrated and desperate energy

This spurt finds him six feet behind the gliding enemy, and two miles from his friends. And then, in the instant that a wild new hope is lighting up his face, the coyote turns and smiles blandly upon him once more, and with a something about it which seems to say:

"Well, I shall have to tear myself away from you, but—business is busines, and it will not do for me to be

fooling along this way all day." And forthwith there is a rushing sound, and the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere; and behold, that dog is solitary and alone in the midst of a vast solitude!

Mark Twain.

Questions.—Give the description of the Coyote. Give the author's estimate of him. Can you describe the tricks? Give the account of the chase. What is the dismay of the dog? How is the dog taken in? In what does the humor consist? Why is it a humorous piece? What is humor? Can you mention any other humorous writer?

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

am-bās' sà-dors, *in.*, a minister of the highest rank employed by courts to transact business.

leagued, *v. i.*, to unite as princes or states, for mutual aid or defence; to confederate.

ins' man, *n.*, a man of the same race or family.

d's-miss' al, *n.*, removed from office; discharge.

dée-o-ra' tions, *n.*, ornament; embellishment.

elüs' tered, *pp.*, collected into a cluster or crowd.

prānç'ing, *adj.*, springing or bounding, as of a high-spirited horse.

re-sound-ed, *v. i.*, to be echoed; to be sent back, as sound.

Harold was crowned king of England on the very day of the Confessor's funeral. He had good need to be quick about it. When the news reached Norman William, hunting in his park at Rouen, he dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles to council, and presently sent ambassadors to Harold, calling on him to keep his oath and resign the crown. Harold would do no such

thing. The barons of France leagued together round Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely to distribute English wealth and English lands among them. Some writers tell us that Edward the Confessor had made a will, appointing Duke William of Normandy his successor. It is not unlikely, as William was his kinsman, being the grandson of that Richard of Normandy, the Confessor's uncle, who had received long ago, with such kindness, his nephews and their mother, when they fled from England to escape the cruel Danes.

King Harold had a rebel brother in Flanders, who was a vassal of Harold Hardrada, king of Norway. This brother and the Norwegian king, joining their forces against England, with Duke William's help, won a fight, in which the English were commanded by two nobles, and then besieged York. Harold, who was waiting for the Normans on the coast of Hastings, with his army, marched to Stanford Bridge, upon the river Derwent, to give them instant battle.

He found them drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round this circle at a distance to survey it, he saw a brave figure on horseback, in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled and threw him.

"Who is that man who has fallen?" Harold asked of one of his captains.

"The king of Norway," he replied.

"He is a tall and stately king," said Harold; "but his end is near."

He added, in a little while, "Go yonder to my brother, and tell him if he withdraw his troops he shall be earl of Northumberland, and rich and powerful in England."

The captain rode away and gave the message.

"What will he give to my friend, the king of Norway?" asked the brother.

"Seven feet of earth for a grave," replied the captain.

"No more?" returned the brother, with a smile.

"The king of Norway being a tall man, perhaps a little more," replied the captain.

"Ride back," said the brother, "and tell King Harold to make ready for the fight."

He did so very soon. And such a fight King Harold led against that force, that his brother, the Norwegian king, and every chief of note in all their host, except the Norwegian king's son Olave, to whom he gave honorable dismissal, were left dead upon the field. The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at the feast, in the midst of all his company, a stir was heard at the doors, and, messengers, all covered with mire from riding far and fast through broken ground, came hurrying in to report that the Normans had landed in England.

The intelligence was true. They had been tossed about by contrary winds, and some of their ships had been wrecked. A part of their own shore, to which they have been driven back, was strewn with Norman bodies. But they had once more made sail, led by the duke's own galley, a present from his wife, upon the prow whereof the

figure of a golden boy stood pointing toward England. By day, the banner of three lions of Normandy, the divers-colored sails, the gilded vanes, the many decorations of this gorgeous ship, had glittered in the sun and sunny water; by night, a light had sparkled like a star at her masthead; and now, encamped near Hastings, with their leader lying in the old Roman castle of Pevensey, the English retiring in all directions, the land for miles around scorched and smoking, fired and pillaged, was the whole Norman power, hopeful and strong on English ground.

Harold broke up the feast and hurried to London. Within a week his army was ready. He sent out spies to ascertain the Norman strength.

William took them, caused them to be led through the whole camp, and then dismissed.

"The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not bearded on the upper lip as we English are, but are shorn. They are priests."

"My men," replied Harold, with a laugh, "will find those priests good soldiers."

"The Saxons," reported Duke William's outposts of Norman soldiers, who were instructed to retire as King Harold's army advanced, "rush on us through their pillaged country with the fury of madmen."

"Let them come, and come soon," said Duke William.

Some proposals for reconciliation were made, but were soon abandoned. In the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the Normans and

the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called (in remembrance of them) Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose.

There in the faint light, were the English on a hill ; a wood behind them ; in their midst the royal banner, representing a fighting warrior woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones ; beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers, clustered the whole English army—every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle-ax.

On an opposite hill, in three lines—archers, foot-soldiers, horsemen—was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle-cry, " God help us ! " burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle-cry, " God's rood ! holy rood ! " The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight, who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this knight's hand. Another English knight rode out, and he fell too. But then a third rode out, and killed the Norman. This was in the first beginning of the fight. It soon raged elsewhere.

The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the Nor-

man horsemen rode against them, with their battle-axes they cut men and horses down.

The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage. As they turned again to face the English, some of the Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely.

The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

"Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of English, firm as rocks, around their king. Shoot upward Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces."

The sun rose high, and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps and heaps of dead men lay strawn—a dreadful spectacle—all over the ground. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armor had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal

banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded king. The king received a mortal wound, and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

Oh, what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when lights were shining in the tents of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell—and he and his knights were carousing within—and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro without, sought for the corpse of Harold among the piles of dead—and the banner, with its warrior worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled in blood—and the three Norman lions kept watch over the field!

Charles Dickens.

Questions.—Where is Hastings? Who was "the Confessor"? What claim had the Norman, Duke William, to the crown of England? Who was Harold? Did he have any right to the throne? Where did the battle take place? Who espoused the cause of William? What was the fate of the King of Norway? Where is Norway? Can you give any idea of the contest? What was the observation of the spies? Who are spies? Which is the animated paragraph in the lesson? Which the most touching? Give a description of Duke William's boat. Who were the Danes? Whence came the Normans? Explain the meaning of "God's rood! holy rood."

Require the pupil to write a composition on the Battle of Hastings.

He that filches from me my good name,
 Robs me of that which not enriches him,
 And makes me poor indeed.—*Shakespeare.*

YOUTH AND AGE.

Verse, a breeze mid blossoms straying,
 Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
 Both were mine! Life went a maying^a
 With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
 When I was young!

When I was young?—Ah, woful when!
 Ah! for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
 This breathing house not built with hands,
 This body that does me grievous wrong,^b
 O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
 How lightly then it flashed along:—
 Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
 On winding lakes and rivers wide,
 That ask no aid of sail or oar,
 That fear no spite of wind or tide!
 Nought cared this body for wind or weather
 When Youth and I liv'd in't together.

Flowers are lovely. Love is flower-like;
 Friendship is a sheltering tree;
 O! the joys that came down shower-like,
 Of Friendships, Love, and Liberty,

Ere I was old.

Ere I was old?—Ah, woful Ere,
 Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
 O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
 Tis known, that Thou and I were one,

(a) Life was for time a scene of enjoyment.

(b) They cause much pain and is a sad obstruction to his mind. He was suffering more or less from bodily suffering.

I'll think it but a fond conceit—
 It cannot be that thou art gone !
 Thy vesper-bell hath not yet toll'd :—
 And thou wert aye a master bold !
 What strange disguise hast now put on,
 To make believe that thou art gone !
 I see these locks in silvery slips,
 This drooping gait, this altered size :
 But spring tide blossoms on thy lips,
 And tears take sunshine from thine eyes !
 Life is but thought : so think I will
 That Youth and I are house-mates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve !
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old :
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismiss ;
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

Samuel T. Coleridge.

Questions.—What is the subject-matter of this poem? How would you explain the opening line? How do you explain 'woful when'? What is the meaning of 'this breathing house not built with hands'? Can you explain the line following? What is the meaning of 'trim skiffs, unknown of yore'? Why 'unknown of yore'? Can you recite

the lines that refer to trim skiffs? Why is Love flower-like? What means the line following? Why 'woful Ere'? What is the meaning of 'fond conceits'? What is the vesper-bell? Can you explain the last part of the second stanza? Why should life be to us a grief when bereft of hope? What are the leading thoughts of this poem? Scan the first five lines and state what measure or metre.

Require the pupil to write marginal notes containing the principal ideas of each stanza, and let him make a literary analysis of the poem. Let him instance six figures of rhetoric, defining each, and developing them according to the rules.

A SCENE FROM CALLISTA.

Two men make their appearance about two hours before sunset, and demand admittance to Callista. The jailor asks if they are not two Greeks, her brother and the rhetorician, who had visited her before. The junior of the strangers drops a purse heavy with coin into his lap, and passes on with his companion. When the mind is intent on great subjects as aims, heat and cold, hunger and thirst, lose their power of enfeebling it; thus, perhaps, we must account for the remarkable energy now displayed both by the two ecclesiastics and by Callista herself.

She, too, thought it was the unwelcome philosopher come again: she gave a start and a cry of delight when she saw it was Cæcilius. "My father," she said, "I want to be a Christian, if I may; He came to save the lost sheep. I have learnt such things from this book—let me give it to you while I can. I am not long for this

world. Give me Him who spoke so kindly to that woman. Take from me my load of sin, and then I will gladly go." She knelt at his feet, and gave the roll of parchment into his hand. "Rise and sit," he answered, "let us think calmly over the matter."

"I am ready," she insisted. "Deny me not my wish when time is so urgent,—if I may have it."—"Sit down calmly," he said again, "I am not refusing you, but I wish to know about you." He could hardly keep from tears of pain, or of joy, or of both, when he saw the great change which trial had wrought in her. What touched him most was the utter disappearance of that majesty of mien which once was hers, a gift so beautiful, so unsuitable to fallen man. There was instead a frank humility, a simplicity without concealment, an unresisting meekness, which seemed as if it would enable her, if trampled on, to smile and to kiss the feet that insulted her. She had lost every vestige of what the world worships under the titles of proper pride and self-respect. Callista was now living, not in the thought of herself, but of Another.

"God has been very good to you," he continued; "but in the volume you have returned to me He bids us reckon the charges. Can you drink of His chalice? Recollect what is before you." She still continued kneeling, with a touching earnestness of face and demeanor, and with her hands crossed upon her breast. "I have reckoned," she replied, "heaven and hell: I prefer heaven."—"You are on earth," said Cæcilius, "not in heaven or hell. You must bear the pangs of earth before you drink the blessedness of heaven."—"He has given me the firm purpose," she said, "to gain heaven,

to escape hell ; and He will give me, too, the power. "—
" Ah, Callista ! " he answered, in a voice broken with
distress, " you know not what you will have to bear if
you join yourself to Him. "—" He has done great things
for me already ; I am wonderfully changed ; I am not
what I was. He will do more still. "

" Alas, my child ! " said Cæcilius ; " that feeble frame,
ah ! how will it bear the strong iron, or the keen flame,
or the ruthless beast ? My child, what do *I* feel, who am
free, thus handing you over to be the sport of the evil
one ? "—" Father, I have chosen Him, " she answered,
" not hastily, but on deliberation. I believe Him most
absolutely. Keep me not from Him ; give Him to me,
if I may ask it ; give me my Love. " Presently she add-
ed, " I have never forgotten those words of yours since
you used them, '*My Love is crucified.*' " She began
again, " I will be a Christian : give me my place among
them. Give me my place at the feet of Jesus, Son of
Mary, my God. I wish to love Him. I think I can love
Him. Make me His. "

" He has loved you from eternity, " said Cæcilius, " and
therefore you are now beginning to love Him. " She cov-
ered her eyes with her hands, and remained in profound
meditation. " I am very sinful, very ignorant, " she said
at length ; " but one thing I know, that there is but One
to love in the world, and I wish to love Him. I sur-
render myself to Him, if He will take me, and He shall
teach me about Himself. "—" The angry multitude, their
fierce voices, the brutal executioner, the prison, the tor-
ture, the slow, painful death. " . . . He was speaking,
not to her, but to himself. She was calm, in spite of her

fervor, but he could not contain himself. His heart melted within him; he felt like Abraham, lifting up his hand to slay his child.

"Time passes," she said; "what may happen? You may be discovered. But, perhaps," she added, suddenly changing her tone, "it is a matter of long initiation. Woe is me!"—"We must gird ourselves to the work, Victor," he said to his deacon who was with him. Cæcilius fell back and sat down, and Victor came forward. He formally instructed her so far as the circumstances allowed. Nor for baptism only, but for confirmation and Holy Eucharist; for Cæcilius determined to give her all three sacraments at once. It was a sight for angels to look down upon, and they did, when the poor child, rich in this world's gifts, but poor in those of eternity, knelt down to receive that sacred stream upon her brow, which fell upon her with almost sensible sweetness, and suddenly produced a serenity different in kind from any thing she had ever before even had the power of conceiving.

The bishop gave confirmation, and then the viaticum. It was her first and last communion; in a few days she renewed it, or rather completed it, under the very Face and Form of Him whom she now believed without seeing. "Farewell, my dearest of children," said Cæcilius, "till the hour when we both meet before the throne of God. A few sharp pangs, which you can count and measure, and all will be well. You will be carried through joyously, and like a conqueror. I knew it. You could face the prospect before you were a Christian, and you will be equal to the actual trial now that you are.

"Never fear me, father," she said, in a clear, low voice. The bishop and his deacon left the prison.

Cardinal Newman.

Questions.—Who is the subject of this lesson? Who was she? Why was she in prison? From the reading of the subject-matter, what would you judge her to be? Was she a Christian? Mention the names of her visitors and state their position? How did they gain entrance? Describe the manner in which Callista received them? What was her sole request? What change was noticeable in her? What favor did she ask? To whom did she vow eternal allegiance? What answer gave she to the mention of executions, trials, and the like? What did Cæcilius at length do? Who instructed her? What sacraments did she receive? How many sacraments can be received but once? And why? What is the meaning of Viaticum? What change did the sacraments effect in her? What is a sacrament? What is the form and matter of the three sacraments she received? What were her parting words? What lesson does this conversion teach us?

Require the pupil to write the lesson in his own language.

Let him place the diacritical marks over the following words: demeanor, ruthless, executioner, surrender, parchment, simplicity, mien, unsuitable. Define each.

Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to shoot;
To pour the fresh instruction o'er the mind,
To breathe the enlivening spirit, and to fix
The generous purpose in the glowing breast.—*Thomson.*

DE LA SALLE AND JAMES II.²³

tý-ran'nic-al, *adj.*, pertaining to a tyrant; suiting a tyrant; unjustly severe in government.

hōs-pi-tal'i-ty, *n.*, a kind and generous liberality toward strangers.

stēad'fast, *adj.*, fast fixed; firm; resolute; constant.

re-ċip'i-ents, *n.*, a receiver; a person or thing that receives.

dis-cre'tion, *n.*, prudence, or knowledge and prudence.

ēm-phat-ic, *adj.*, forcible; strong; impressive.

char'ac-ter-izēd, *v. t.*, to give a character; to describe by peculiar qualities.

sys'tem-ā-tizēd, *v. t.*, to reduce to system or regular method.

in-ēs'ti-ma-ble, *adj.*, being above all price; that can not be estimated.

mag-nan'i-mōus, *adj.*, great of mind; disinterested; elevated in soul or sentiment.

Soon after the disastrous battle of the Boyne, which was fought on the 12th of July, 1690, James the Second,²⁴ of England, in utter despair of recovering his crown, secretly embarked in an ordinary fishing smack, and sought refuge in France. Louis the Fourteenth, surnamed the Great, who was monarch of France at the time, received his unfortunate brother king with open arms, and surrounded him with every attention which a generous heart and a delicate sensibility could devise. The conduct of the French king on this occasion won for him golden opinions, and even those historians who have given the least favorable view of his character admit that the thoughtful and courteous manner in which Louis the Fourteenth, extended hospitality to the last of the Stuarts will reflect no less credit on his reputation than the splendid victories with which his name is inseparably entwined.

The misfortunes of the fallen monarch of England involved in their wake the best and most loyal of his adherents. During many years, every out-bound ship bore from the shores of Ireland and England faithful and devoted followers of the dethroned prince, who were eager to share his exile as they had been to draw their swords in defence of his crown. Among these was a band of distinguished young Irishmen, to the number of fifty, who could not brook the tyrannical and bigoted rule which the new king, William the Third, Prince of Orange, exercised over their ill-fated country. Attached as they were to the waning fortunes of the Stuart family, and passionately fond of their native land, neither loyalty nor patriotism could induce them to tarry long in a country where the commonest rights of humanity were denied them, and where, especially, their holy religion had been rigorously proscribed.

Accordingly, in the year 1698, these fifty young gentlemen bade farewell to their beloved homes and sailed for the shores of France. On their arrival they repaired to Paris, and, in the palace of St. Germain, where James held court, renewed the expression of their undying fealty and attachment to the fortunes of the Stuart family. Pleased as James II. was to receive these assurances of devotion from fifty young men of gallant bearing and gentle birth, he felt that a new burden had been placed upon his shoulders. Bereft of crown and patrimony himself, and dependent in all things on the generous bounty of a foreign prince, who had befriended him in his hour of bitter need, he felt he had no means of procuring for them the education which befitted their

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rank and prospects. The heroic services their father had rendered in his cause, the numerous sacrifices they had made for him, the unflinching courage they had exhibited on many a hard-fought field, and their steadfast adherence to his adverse fortunes, were so many considerations impelling the exiled king to strain every nerve in the interests of his youthful companions in misfortune.

When Louis the Fourteenth perceived the embarrassment of his royal guest, he hastened to his relief, and took upon himself the charge of providing for the support and education of the youthful strangers, couching the favor in such shape that the fugitive king felt that no additional obligation had been placed upon him. Louis assured his guest that the opportunity of educating for the service of the state and the army, young gentlemen whose fathers had so often distinguished themselves by their heroism and their exalted sense of duty and honor, was a privilege of which he was proud and for which the country would one day thank him. Thus truly great souls, when conferring favors, try to enhance their effect by diminishing the sense of obligation in those who are the recipients of them.

Louis communicated to the Archbishop of Paris the design he had conceived of making suitable provision for the young Irishmen, and besought him to adopt the measures requisite for that end. His Eminence the Cardinal de Noailles,²⁵ anxious to divide the responsibility of the task, summoned to his counsel Father de la Chetardie,²⁶ a man of great learning, discretion, and piety. At once Father de la Chetardie suggested the Ven. de la Salle as the fittest person to be entrusted with

the fulfilment of a service both difficult and delicate, in a manner which would prove satisfactory to the king. The choice was highly pleasing to the archbishop, who had already learned to set the greatest value on the piety and wisdom of this venerable man. In courtesy, however, to the Ven. de la Salle, and fearing lest his manifold engagements would prevent him from undertaking fresh obligations, the archbishop, after having stated to him the wishes of the king, told him what Father de la Chetardie had suggested.

The communication was like a beam of light direct from heaven, and the holy man was thankful that Providence had deigned to afford him the opportunity of giving emphatic expression to the scope and purport of the undertaking to which he had lent the labor of his life. Though the abounding charity of his heart had inclined him from the outset to the education of the poorer classes and to the establishment of charity schools, it was far from his purpose to confine his labors within those limits; he had determined that the benefits of a Christian education should, so far as he could accomplish it, be enjoyed by all classes; and he was convinced that in many cases the children of the wealthy and distinguished in life stood fully as much in need of his benevolent ministrations as those of the daily toiler in the field and on the highway. He had already given proof of his intention in these respects by the establishment of normal schools throughout France, and hailed the present opportunity as a Providential sanction of his design.

University education in France still retained the defects

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of mediæval times ; for although it had produced many profound scholars, it was, nevertheless, characterized by a certain incompleteness of method. It was the desire and aim of the Ven. de la Salle to introduce this much-needed method into the details of education, and to systematize its general workings. Rigid adherence to approved method, alike in elementary instruction and in the regions of mathematics, the physical sciences, and philosophy, became the distinguishing feature of the educational system which originated in the normal schools of the Brothers of the Christian Schools, and insured its speedy and permanent success. Thus it is evident that the purpose of bestowing on all classes of society the inestimable blessings of education, based upon religion and morality, is a distinguishing feature of the Christian Brotherhood, having its root in the example and oft-expressed wish of the Ven. de la Salle himself.

When, therefore, the project of Louis the Fourteenth was mentioned, the Brothers did not hesitate to lend their co-operation, and a newly-acquired house was set apart for the accommodation of the young Irishmen. The French monarch had taken so lively an interest in the welfare of his foreign wards, that he recommended them over his own signature to the venerable Founder, and felt entirely satisfied that his magnanimous conduct toward the gallant young friends of a crownless monarch would find its highest expression in the zealous conduct of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

The Ven. de la Salle and his Brothers spared no efforts in advancing the spiritual and intellectual progress of the young men who had been thus unexpectedly confided to

their charge, and sought to do justice to the confidence which his Majesty Louis the Fourteenth had reposed in them by educating those sons of a sorrowing land as Christians and gentlemen, loyal alike to their God, their country, and to honor. Father de la Chetardie often visited the distinguished exiles, and conferred with the Ven. de la Salle on all matters pertaining to their moral and mental advancement. Nor did James the Second forget those whose fathers, having staked all their worldly possessions in defence of his rights, were now reaping the reward of their noble and disinterested services in the Christian education of their sons. He watched over their daily progress in letters and religion with the fond solicitude of a father, and missed no opportunity of contributing to their comfort and welfare.

The particulars of one visit which he paid to his little Irish colony, in company with the Archbishop of Paris and several distinguished French and Irish officers, have reached us, and afford gratifying evidence of the genuine goodness of heart which had made James the Second beloved by all the poor of the realm when he was simply Duke of York. He addressed to each one of those young men whose sires had been his faithful retainers in dark and stormy days, words of encouragement and thanks, pointed out to them the grand prospect which the munificence of Louis the Fourteenth and the enlightened zeal of the Brothers of the Christian Schools had opened to them, and expressed the hope that at a future day they might have the opportunity of redressing the wrongs of their country and shaking off the yoke of a cruel oppression. The Ven. John Baptist de la Salle was warmly complimented by the king for the perfect character of the work

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in which he was engaged, namely, that of cementing worldly learning with true religion and sound morality. The young exiles from Erin were deeply moved by the tender words of encouragement addressed to them by their sovereign, and resolved to become worthy of the high hopes which were centred in them.

Years went by. James the Second died in the land of his adoption; the hopes of the Stuarts had perished; Ireland still groaned beneath the rod of the oppressor; but that visit and those words of the exiled king were destined not to be ineffective. Field and cabinet alike have felt the influence of the descendants of those Irish exiles. The pulpit of France has rung with their eloquence; the embattled hosts of England reeled before their shock on the hillsides of Fontenoy; Spain has felt the benefit of their counsels; Austria has inscribed their names in her roll-call of honor; South American republics count them among their deliverers; and the foremost nation of Europe did not disdain in her hour of peril and sorrow to confide to one of them the duty of guiding her fortunes and maintaining her honor.

Cornelius M. O'Leary, Ph. D., L.L.D.

Questions.—What is the subject of the lesson? Who was De La Salle? James II.? How came James II., to lose his throne? Who was Mary II.? What do you know concerning her and her Consort? Describe the magnanimous conduct of Louis XIV., toward the exiled King. Who followed James II., to his exile? What do you mean by the Stuart family? What brought De La Salle in contact with the exiled King? Who recommended the Venerable Founder to Louis XIV., as being the most suitable to impart the education to the young Irish nobility? How did the Venerable receive them? What did he find for that purpose? Were Boarding-Schools in existence pre-

vicious to that time? Did the Venerable consider it opposed to the spirit of his Institute? Why not? How did Louis XIV. assume the responsibility of the education of these noble youths? What persons were particularly interested in their progress? Did James II., seem to forget them? What of the visit he paid them? What is said of these youths? What nations are said to have profited through them? What do you know about Louis XIV.? What Institute did the Venerable found? What is its object? What does the onward march of true civilization owe to the Venerable? What lessons are taught? What does the life of the Venerable De La Salle teach?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the lesson, or upon the benefits resulting from a thorough Christian education.

ODE TO THE ALMIGHTY.

1 O Thou Eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy—all motion guide,
Unchanged through Time's all-devastating flight
Thou only God! There is no god beside
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore,
Who fill'st existence with Thyself alone,
Embracing all—supporting—ruling o'er—
Being whom we call God, and know no more.

God is eternal, omnipotent, and supreme. He is above all beings, and our limited minds can neither comprehend nor grasp His transcending greatness.

2. In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays; but God! for Thee
There is no weight nor measure; none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries. Reason's brightest spark,
Thought kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy councils, infinite and dark;
And thought is lost ere thought can mount so high,
E'en like past moments in eternity.

Reason in vain seeks to fathom God's mysteries. Even the mightiest intellect must acknowledge its utter littleness before God.

3. Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
 First chaos, then existence. Lord! on Thee
 Eternity had its foundation; all
 Spring forth from Thee; of light, joy, harmony,
 Sole origin—all life, all beauty Thine.
 Thy word created all, and doth create;
 Thy splendor fills all space with rays divine;
 Thou art, and wert, and shalt be glorious! great
 Life-giving, life-sustaining potentate.

God is the
 author and
 source of all
 things. He
 created all
 things, He
 sustains
 and preser-
 ves all. He
 was before
 time and
 shall be
 after time.

4. Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround,
 Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
 Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
 And beautifully mingled life and death!
 As sparks mount upwards from the fiery blaze,
 So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee!
 And as the spangles, in the sunny rays,
 Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
 Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.²⁷

God is the
 Creator of
 the uni-
 verse. He is
 the Author
 of Life and
 Death. All
 things are
 made for an
 end.

5. A million torches, lighted by Thy hand,
 Wander unwearied through the blue abyss;
 They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
 All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
 What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light?
 A glorious company of golden streams?
 Lamps of celestial ether burning bright?
 Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
 But Thou to those art as the noon to-night!

The myri-
 ads of
 bright stars
 in the firm-
 ament,
 the suns
 and sys-
 tems, are
 but dark-
 ness com-
 pared to the
 glory of
 God.

6. Yes! As a drop of water in the sea,
 All this magnificence in Thee is lost;—
 What are a thousand worlds compared to Thee?

The magni-
 ficence of
 God tran-
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God is eter-
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 He is above
 all beings,
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Reason in
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 God's mys-
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 est intellect
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 knowledge
 its utter
 littleness
 before God.

the world
and its ma-
gnificence
dwindles to
naught.
Man is lost
in the infi-
nite splend-
or of God.

And what am I, when heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and array'd
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weigh'd
Against Thy greatness—is a cypher brought
Against infinity? What am I then?—Naught.

God fills all
space. His
Spirit
quickens
all. His
Spirit, too,
in me pre-
vails by His
grace and
inspiration.
In Him I
live, and
breathe,
and dwell.
God is our
end and
supreme
happiness.

7. Naught! yet the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds hath reached my bosom too.
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine,
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Naught! Yet I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager toward Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely Thou must be!

God is the
ruler and
governor of
the uni-
verse. Man,
the con-
necting
link be-
tween heav-
en and
earth, and
the last or-
der of intel-
ligences.

8. Thou art; directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit—guide my wandering heart;
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something fashion'd by Thy hand.
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realm where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundary of the spirit land!

Man is the
completion
of God's
creation.
He is com-
posed of
matter and
spirit. The
wonder of

9. The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is Spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch and a slave; a worm, a god:

Whence came I here, and how ? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived !—unknown ? This clod
Lives surely through some higher energy ;
From out itself alone it could not be.

his construction
and the preservation
of his life,
comes not
from himself
but from God.

10. Creator ? yes ; Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created me. Thou source of life and good !
Thou Spirit of my spirit and my Lord !
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude,
Fill'd me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond the little sphere,
Even to its source, to Thee, its author, Thee,

God alone
could have
created
man, for He
alone pos-
sessed life
and Being.
Man was
created for
God alone,
for He is
our sov-
ereign good
and last
end.

11. O thought ineffable ! O vision blest !
(Though worthless our conception all of Thee)
Yet shall Thy shadow'd image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God ! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar ;
Thus seek Thy presence. Being wise and good !
'Midst Thy vast works, admire, obey, adore,
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears its gratitude.

The pres-
ence of
God fills
our souls
with rap-
ture. We
admire,
obey, and
adore God,
and thus
render Him
our humble
service to
gain His
presence
above.

Gabriel R. Derzhavin.

Questions.—Who is God ? Was God subject to time and why not ?
What can human reason accomplish ? What can it not accomplish ?
How did all things come to exist ? How do you explain "glitters in
Thy praise" ? What figure is contained in "the blue abyss" ?
What is but an "atom in the balance" ? Explain "as shines the
sunbeam in a drop of dew" ? What is the force of "I am, O God !
and surely Thou must be !" ? What are the principal ideas in the

eighth stanza? What means "I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth"? How is "the chain of being complete in me"? What are the words explaining the wondrous construction of man? Give the lines referring to the immortal soul. How does the soul seek God's presence? Explain the last line of the poem. Scan the last stanza.

Require the pupil to write this in prose.

TYPHOONS AND WATER-SPOUTS.

Süb-síd'ing, *pp.*, falling, remaining quiet.

näv'i-gā'tā, *v. t.*, to sail.

ab'so-lūta, *n.*, total.

cy-lin'drie-al, *adj.*, having the form of a cylinder.

a-bā'tās', *v. t.*, grow less, subsides.

pēr-pēn-die'ū-lar, *adj.*, exactly upright; at right angles with.

es-tē'mād', *v.*, valued.

The ships that navigate the Indian Ocean have occasionally to encounter terrific tempests, called typhoons, which are peculiar to these seas, and which, with hurricanes of the opposite hemisphere, are the most furious storms that blow.

They rise with fearful rapidity, often coming on suddenly with a calm; and before the canvas can be secured, the gale is howling shrilly through the spars and rigging, and the crests of the waves are torn off, and driven in sheets of spray across the decks.

The lightning is terrible; at every short interval the whole space between heaven and earth is filled with vivid flames, showing every rope and spar in the darkest night

as distinctly as in the broadest sunshine, and then leaving the sight obscured in pitchy darkness for several seconds after each flash—darkness the most intense and absolute; not that of the night, but the effect of the blinding glare upon the eye.

The thunder, too, peals, now in loud, sharp, startling explosions, now in long muttered growls, all around the horizon. In the height of the gale, curious electrical lights, called St. Elmo's fires, are seen on the projecting points of the masts and upper spars, appearing from the deck like dim stars. Soon after their appearance the gale abates, and presently clears away with a rapidity equal to that which marks its approach,

These storms are found, by carefully comparing the direction of the wind at the same time in different places, or successively at the same place, to blow in a vast circle around a center; a fact of the utmost importance, as an acquaintance with this law will frequently enable the mariner so to determine the course of his ship as to steer out of the circle, and consequently out of danger, when, in ignorance, he might sustain the whole fury of the tempest. The course of a circle is the opposite of that taken by the hands of a watch, and is the same as that of the still more striking phenomena called water-spouts.

Water-spouts are, perhaps, the most majestic of all those "works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep," which they behold who "go down to the sea in ships." They frequently appear as perpendicular columns, apparently of many hundred feet in height, and three feet or more in diameter, reaching from the surface of the sea to the clouds. The edge of the pillar is perfectly clean and

well defined, and the effect has been compared to a column of frosted glass.

A series of spiral lines run around it, and the whole has a rapid spiral motion, which is very apparent, though it is not always easy to determine whether it is an ascending or descending line. Generally, the body of clouds above descend below the common level, joining the pillar in the form of a funnel, but sometimes the summit is invisible, from its becoming gradually more rare. Much more constant is the presence of a visible foot; the sea being raised in a great heap, with a whirling and bubbling motion, the upper part of which is lost in the mass of spray and foam which is driven rapidly round.

The column, or columns—for there are frequently more than one—move slowly forward with a stately and majestic step, sometimes inclining to the perpendicular, now becoming curved, and now taking a twisted form. Sometimes the mass becomes more and more transparent, and gradually vanishes; at others, it separates, the base subsiding, and the upper portion shortening with a whirling motion till lost in the clouds.

The pillar is not always cylindrical; a very frequent form is that of a slender funnel depending from the sky, which sometimes retains that appearance without alteration, or, at others, lengthens its tube toward the sea, which at the same time begins to boil and rise in a hill to meet it, and soon the two unite and form a slender column, as first described.

When these sublime appearances are viewed from a short distance, they are attended with a rushing noise

somewhat like the roar of a cataract. The phenomenon is doubtless the effect of a whirlwind or current of air revolving with great rapidity and violence, and the lines which are seen are probably drops of water ascending in the cloudy column.

They are esteemed highly dangerous; instances have been known in which vessels that have been crossed by them have been instantly dismantled and left a total wreck. It is supposed that any sudden shock will cause a rupture in the mass and destroy it; and hence it is customary for ships to fire a cannon at such as, from their proximity, there is any reason to dread.

Typhoons are seen in all parts of the world, but are most frequent in the Pacific and Indian Oceans.

Philip H. Gosse.

Questions.—Where do typhoons most generally rage? What do you know of their approach? What do you know of the lightning and thunder in a typhoon? What peculiar fire is seen? What is the cause of it? How do these storms usually blow? Can a vessel be so guided as to avoid them? What is said of water-spouts? How do they appear? Describe their shape. What do you know of their motion? Describe the column or columns of a water-spout. What is the form of the pillar? What do you know concerning the natural phenomenon of water-spouts? Are they dangerous for vessels? What is done to break them? Did you ever see a typhoon or water-spout?

Require the pupil to write a descriptive letter on Typhoons and Water-spouts, adding thereto what he may have heard or read concerning them.

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.²⁶

sūkhla, *adj.*, *slly in design ; artful ; insinuating.*

jū-rīd'le-al, *adj.*, *used in courts of law or tribunals of justice.*

dī'a-lēets, *n.*, *local varieties of a common language.*

gēn'tilēs, *n.*, *all peoples who are not Jews or Christians.*

eog'ni-zanqā, *n.*, *judicial notice or knowledge ; knowledge ; recognition.*

ekhī-mēr'le-al, *adj.*, *merely imaginary ; fantastic,*

hēr'e-si-āreḥ, *n.*, *the leader or chief of a heretical sect.*

The life of St. Francis Xavier, if he had been the only Christian of his form and stature since the last of the Apostles died, would suffice to prove the truth of God and of the Catholic Church. None but God could have created, none but the Church could have used, such an instrument. The world and the sects confess, with mingled anger and fear, that he is not of them. Doctor, prophet, and apostle—what gift which one of our race can receive or use was denied to this man? Whilst he was in the world, few understood, perhaps none fully, what he really was. It was only by the solemn juridical process which preceded his canonization, and in which evidence was adduced on oath such as would have more than satisfied the most jealous and exacting tribunal which ever sifted human testimony, that some of the facts of his stupendous career were revealed to his fellow creatures.

To converse at the same moment with persons of various nations and dialects, so that each thought he heard him speak his own tongue ; to satisfy by one reply subtle and opposite questions, so that each confessed he had re-

ceived the solution of his own difficulty in the words which answered every other; to heal the sick, to raise the dead, to bid the waves be still, so that the very Gentiles called him in their rude language, "the God of nature;" such were some of the gifts of this great apostle. Yet this was not his real greatness. It was his humility, charity, spotless virtue, and intimate union with God which marked him as a saint. To work miracles was no necessary part of his character or office. Yet this lower gift was also added, for the advantage of others, to those which had already made him the friend and disciple of Jesus,

To such as possess the gift of faith, by which alone Divine things are apprehended, the life of Xavier is as a book written by the hand of God, yet without a single mystery. It is intelligible even to a child. Admiration it may excite—love, joy, and gratitude—everything but surprise. The Church has begotten, since her espousals with Christ, a thousand such. If she could cease to produce saints, she would cease to be. But that hour will only arrive when the number is full and her work ended.

To all others St. Francis is, of course, "a stone of offence." They dare not deny his virtues, but they are peevish and irritated at the mention of his miracles. Why spoil the fair narrative of his life with these idle fables? Such deeds take him out of their cognizance, and affront their good sense; so they affect to defend him from the injudicious language of his friends. He was a good and devoted man, but let us hear nothing of maladies healed and graves opened. We are in the nineteenth century. Miracles were tolerable in the first ages; but

these are now a long way off, and so is God. He must not be brought too near us. He is in heaven, and we on earth; why seek to diminish the distance between us?

True, He promised that His servants should do such things, and they did them; it can not be denied, at least not openly, since it is written in the Scriptures. Even the "shadow" of an apostle falling on the sick is said to have dispelled their infirmities; and though it is a hard saying, and takes no account of the "laws of nature," and is directly reprov'd by modern science, it must be believed, whatever effort it may cost. But surely there are enough of such things in the Bible. Why add to them? Why should our Lord create apostles now? They are dead and buried, and have left no successors; it is irrational to pretend to revive them. And so these critics cut the life of St. Francis in two; accept that which is natural, and fling away that which is supernatural. His virtues they pardon, not without a struggle; but they can go no further. Like Pilate, they fear to condemn, but can not resolve to acquit.

But they have a special motive for denying his supernatural powers, and they do not conceal it. They are so far, indeed, from understanding the character of a saint, that they do not even believe in the existence of one. Why should the Almighty have made any thing higher than themselves? "A good man," as they speak, who is of a benevolent mind, gives alms, says his prayers, and reads the Scriptures—this is the loftiest type of humanity which they are able to conceive. All beyond this is visionary and chimerical. Such a man as St. Francis is as wholly unknown to them as he is to the inanimate

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creatures—the unshapen rocks, the rushing waters, and the waving trees. But they perfectly comprehend that if they admit his miracles, they must confess his doctrine.

That St. Francis Xavier had the gift of miracles is as certain as any thing which depends on human testimony and the evidence of the senses. By his power with God was accomplished, again and again, that which St. Paul relates of others, by whose faith, he says, "women received their dead raised to life again." One whom he raised from the dead, Francis Ciavos, afterwards entered the Society of Jesus. But it is with his ordinary work as an apostle, which in truth was the greatest of all his miracles, that we are especially concerned. What he did in India and Japan there is no need to relate at large, for who is ignorant of it ? He did what man never did, or could do, except by the indwelling might of God.

St. Francis has described, in many places, his method of preaching and instruction. As far as words can exhibit that which passes words, it was simple enough. It was always by the Creed and the Commandments—that which was to be believed and that which was to be done—that he commenced : and these he expounded with extraordinary care, repeating his lessons, whenever circumstances allowed, "twice a day for a whole month." And we know what abundant fruits followed his persuasive teaching, so that his biographers say : "It would be difficult to give an idea of the harvest of souls, or of the works worthy of an infant Church in its first fervor, which here attended our holy apostle. He himself, in a letter to St. Ignatius, owns that he has not words to describe them ; but says that frequently the multitudes who flocked to him for

baptism were so numerous, that he was unable to go on raising his arm to make the Sign of the Cross in the administration of the sacrament, and that his voice literally became extinct, from the incessant repetition of the Creed, the Commandments, and a certain brief admonition of the duties of the Christian life, the bliss of heaven, the pains of hell, and what good or evil deeds lead to one or the other."

A few words will suffice about the actual results of his labors. When the saint entered the kingdom of Travancore, he found it entirely idolatrous; but when he left it after a few months' residence, it was entirely Christian. Along the coast he founded no fewer than forty-five churches. And as the labors of the first apostles were "confirmed by signs following," so innumerable miracles attested the continual presence of the Holy Ghost with this man of God. Even children, armed with some object which had touched his person, his cross, or his rosary, were able to cast out devils and heal the sick, and were often employed by him for such purposes, when his own occupations left him no leisure to accept the invitations which pressed upon him from all parts. At Malacca, a mother whose child had been three days in the grave, came to him in faith, and desired that the lost one might be restored; for, said she, "God grants all things to your prayers."—"Go," he replied, "and open the tomb; you will find her alive." And thereupon, in presence of a vast concourse of spectators, who had assembled to witness the miracle, for his power was known, the stone was removed, the grave opened, and the young girl was found alive.

In the island of Moro, he converted the whole city of Tolo, containing twenty-five thousand souls; and left at his death no fewer than twenty-nine towns, villages and hamlets added to the kingdom of Christ, and subject to His law. By the year 1548, more than two hundred thousand Christians might be numbered along the two coasts starting from Cape Comorin; and they afterward gave full evidence of their virtue by the courage with which they encountered the persecutions raised against them by the Gentiles, when, far from denying their faith, all, even mere children, readily presented their necks to the executioners.

But we need not pursue further the details of his history. Since the days of St. Paul, no greater missionary, perhaps, has appeared on earth. Like St. Paul, too, he prevailed because he was firmly knit to Peter and to his Holy See. It was in the might of her blessing that he went forth, and without it he would have been only a visionary and a fanatic—perhaps an heresiarch—at best a brilliant but unprofitable rhetorician.

That St. Francis was a man taught of God, and full of the Holy Ghost—that he was most dear to the Sacred Heart of Jesus—that the Catholic faith which he believed and delivered to others was the true and perfect revelation of the Most High—and that in the regions which he evangelized he did an apostle's work and received an apostle's reward; these are truths which none would even have doubted, unless ignorance had blinded their judgment, or sin obscured it, or pride and passion had supplied a motive for denying what the Gentiles themselves, less

blind and perverse, and moved by better and purer instincts, were constrained to admit and proclaim.

Thomas William M. Marshall.

Questions.—What does the life of St. Francis prove? What three great gifts did he receive from God? When and where was this proven? How could our Christian Hero speak to all people not knowing their dialects? What is the life of St. Francis to such as possess the faith? What is it to others who do not have this great blessing? Who gave the apostle such great powers? What do modern thinkers believe concerning miracles? What is their opinion of holiness? Can you prove that St. Francis had the gift of miracles? Give several instances. What further proof have you that God was with him? What were the results of his labors? What is it that gave him such success? What was the simple manner of his apostleship? What does he say of it in a letter to St. Ignatius? Who was St. Ignatius? What is known particularly concerning the cause of his conversion? How did he win St. Francis? What were the particular words that he repeated to him? Where did their meeting take place? What was the result? Give the idea of the author's concluding words. What are the lessons taught? What errors does the writer point out? How does he refute them?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the lesson, taking six special thoughts for its development.—Let him recite the lesson in his own words.

THE CLOUD.

1. I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noon-day dreams;
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one

When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under;
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

2. I sift the snow on the mountain below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep on the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot, sits;
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder—
 It struggles and howls by fits.
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dreams under mountain or stream,
 The spirit he loves remains;
 And I, all the while, bask in heaven's blue smile,
 While he is dissolved in rains.

3. The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead;
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,

An eagle, alit, one moment may sit,
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath
Its orders of rest and love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

4. That orbid maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering over my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn ;
And whenever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer ;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent
Till the calm rivers, lakes and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.
5. I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon with a girdle of pearls ;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the hurricanes my banner unfurl,
From cape to cape with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam proof, I hang like a roof :
The mountains its columns be.

The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair
 Is a million-colored bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

6. I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change but I cannot die.
 For after the rain, when with never a stain
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and rebuild it again.

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

Questions.—Can you mention the several ideas that are contained in the first stanza? What figure is in "From my wings are shaken the dews that waken"? Explain it. What actions are spoken of in the second stanza? Explain "the pilot is guiding me." Explain the last two lines of the second stanza. What figure in the opening line of the third stanza? Can you explain this stanza and point out other figures. What is the orbid maiden? Explain its meaning in the stanza. Can you describe what she does to the sun? What is spoken of in the last stanza? What is personification?

Require the pupil to write this poem in prose.

THE SCENERY OF CANADA.

bound'a-ries, *n.*, a limit ; a bound.

in'flū-enç es, *n.*, moral power ; power of acting on sensibility.

o-ver-mās'ter-ing, *adj.*, overcoming ; overpowering.

ho-mó-gē'ne-ous, *adj.*, of the same kind or nature.

e-cōn'o-mist, *n.*, one who expends money, time or labor, judiciously, and without waste.

ār-eh'i-tēct-ūre, *n.*, one skilled in the art of building.

per-plēx'i-ties, *n.*, intricacy ; entanglement.

dēg-rā-dā'tion, *n.*, a reducing in rank ; deposition ; removal from office.

re-tārd'ed, *v. t.*, to diminish the velocity in motion ; to render more slow in progress.

He is not a wise Nova Scotian who shuts himself up within the boundaries of his own little province, and, wasting life amidst the narrow prejudices and evil passions of his own contracted sphere, vegetates and dies, regardless of the growing communities and widely extending influences by which the interests of his country are affected every day, and which may at no distant period, if not watched and counteracted, control its destinies with an overmastering and resistless power.

The question has been put to us twenty times in a day since we returned home, "What do you think of Canada?" and as it is likely to be many times repeated, we take this early opportunity of recording our conviction that it is one of the noblest countries that it has ever been our good fortune to behold. Canada wants two elements of prosperity which the lower colonies possess—open harbors for general commerce, and a homogeneous population ; but it has got everything else that the most fastidious political

economist would require. We knew that Canada was a very extensive province, that there was some fine scenery in it, and that much of the soil was good, for we had read all this a great many times; but yet it is only by spending some weeks in traversing the face of the country that one becomes really alive to its vast proportions, its great national features, boundless resources, and surpassing beauty. It is said, so exquisite is the architecture of St. Peter's at Rome, that it is not until a visitor has examined the fingers of a cherub, and found them as thick as his arm, or until he has attempted to fondle a dove, and found it far beyond his reach, and much larger than an eagle, that he becomes aware of the dimensions of the noble pile. So it is with Canada. A glance at a map or a perusal of a volume or two of description will give but a faint idea of the country. It must be *felt* to be understood.

Nova Scotia and Cape Breton together extend over a space of four hundred miles, and a good steam-boat will run past both in thirty hours. From Anticosti to Quebec is about six hundred miles; and then when you have got there, you are but upon the threshold of the province. For two days and nights you steam along after entering the estuary of the St. Lawrence, at the *Unicorn's* highest speed, with Canada on both sides of you; and when you are beneath the shadow of Cape Diamond, you begin to think that you have got a reasonable distance inland—that Canada, as they say in the States, is “considerable of a place.” But again you embark, and steam up the St. Lawrence, for one hundred and eighty miles further, to Montreal; and there you may take your choice, either to continue your route or to ascend the Ottawa, and seek

at a greater distance from you than you are from the sea for the northern limits of Canada. But you probably prefer adhering to the St. Lawrence, as we did; and on we go, by coach and steam-boat, for forty-eight hours more, and find yourself at Kingston. Looking back upon the extent of land and water you have passed, you begin to fancy that, if not near the end of the world, you ought at least to be upon the outside edge of Canada. But it is not so. You have only reached the central point chosen for the seat of government; and although you are a thousand miles from the sea, you may pass on west for another thousand miles, and yet it is all Canada.

But the mere extent of the country would not perhaps impress the mind so strongly if there were not so much of the vast, the magnificent, the national, in all its leading features. It is impossible to fancy you are in a province—a colony; you feel at every step that Canada must become a great nation; and at every step you pray most devoutly for the descent upon the country of that wisdom, and foresight, and energy which shall make it the great treasury of British institutions upon this continent, and an honor to the British name. All the lakes of Scotland thrown together would not make one of those great inland seas, which form, as it were, a chain of Mediterraneans: all the rivers of England, old father Thames included, would scarcely fill the channel of the St. Lawrence. There is a grandeur in the mountain ranges, and a voice in the noble cataracts, which elevate the spirit above the ignorance and the passions of the past, and the perplexities of the present, and make us feel that the great Creator of the universe never meant such a country to be

the scene of perpetual discord and degradation, but will yet inspire the people with the union, the virtue, and the true patriotism by which alone its political and social condition shall be made to take, more nearly than it does now, the impress of its natural features. Canada is a country to be proud of; to inspire high thoughts; to cherish a love for the sublime and beautiful; and to take its stand amongst the nations of the Earth, in spite of all the circumstances which have hitherto retarded, and may still retard, its progress.

Joseph Howe.

Questions.—What does he say of those who remain alone in their narrow circles? What does he think of Canada? What are the two elements wanting to the prosperity of Canada? Is it the case now? What does he say of the sculpturing of St. Peter's? How does he apply it to Canada? Give an idea of the extent of the country. What impresses the mind more than its extent? How does he speak of the scenery? Recite his concluding remarks.

Require the pupil to write a composition on Canada.

THE HEROINE OF VERCHERES.²⁹

Among the many incidents that are preserved of Frontenac's³⁰ troubled second administration, none are so well worthy of record as the defence of the fort at Vercheres by the young daughter of the seignior. Some years later the story was written down from the heroine's own recital.

Vercheres is on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, about twenty miles below Montreal. A strong block-house stood outside the fort, and was connected with it by a covered way.

On the morning of the twenty-second of October, 1692, the inhabitants were at work in the fields, and nobody was left in the place but two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty, and a number of women and children. The seignior was on duty at Quebec, and his wife was at Montreal. Their daughter Madeleine, fourteen years of age, was at the landing-place, not far from the gate of the fort, with a hired man. Suddenly she heard firing from the direction where the settlers were at work, and an instant after the man cried out, "Run, Miss, run! here come the Iroquois!"³¹ She turned and saw forty or fifty of them at the distance of a pistol-shot. "I ran for the fort. The Iroquois who chased me, seeing that they could not catch me alive before I reached the gate, stopped and fired at me."³² The bullets whistled about my ears, and made the time seem very long. As soon as I was near enough to be heard, I cried out, '*To arms! to arms!*' At the gate I found two women weeping for their husbands, who had just been killed. I made them go in, and then I shut the gate. I next thought what I could do to save myself and the few people who were with me.

"I went to inspect the fort, and found that several palisades had fallen down, and left openings by which the enemy could easily get in. I ordered them to be set up again, and helped to carry them myself. When the breaches were stopped, I went to the block-house where

the ammunition was kept, and here I found the two soldiers, one hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand. 'What are you going to do with that match?' I asked. He answered, 'Light the powder and blow us all up.' 'You are a miserable coward,' said I, 'go out of this place.' I spoke so resolutely that he obeyed.

"I then threw off my bonnet; and, after putting on a hat and taking a gun, I said to my two brothers, 'Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our Religion. Remember, our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the King.'"

The boys, who were twelve and ten years old, aided by the soldiers, whom her words had inspired with some little courage, began to fire from the loopholes upon the Iroquois. They, ignorant of the weakness of the garrison, showed their usual reluctance to attack a fortified place, and occupied themselves with chasing and butchering the people in the neighboring fields.

Madeleine ordered a cannon to be fired, partly to deter the enemy from an assault, and partly to warn some of the soldiers, who were hunting at a distance. Presently a canoe was seen approaching the landing-place. It contained a settler named Fontaine and his family, who were trying to reach the fort. The Iroquois were still near, and Madeleine feared that the new-comers would be killed if something was not done to aid them. She appealed to the soldiers, but finding their courage was not equal to the attempt, she herself went to the landing-place, and was able to save the Fontaine family. When

they were all landed, she made them march before her in full sight of the enemy. They put so bold a face on it that the Iroquois thought they themselves had most to fear.

"After sunset a violent north-east wind began to blow, accompanied with snow and hail. The Iroquois were meanwhile lurking about us; and I judged by their movements that, instead of being deterred by the storm, they would climb into the fort under cover of the darkness. I assembled all my troops, that is to say, six persons, and spoke thus to them: 'God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. I will take charge of the fort with an old man of eighty, and you, Fontaine, with our two soldiers, will go to the block-house with the women and children, because it is the strongest place. If I am taken, don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes. The enemy cannot hurt you in the block-house, if you make the least show of a fight.

"I placed my young brothers on two of the bastions, the old man on the third, while I took the fourth; and all night, in spite of the wind, snow and hail, the cries of 'All's well' were kept up from the block-house to the fort, and from the fort to the block-house. The Iroquois thought the place was full of soldiers, and were completely deceived, as they confessed afterwards.

"I may say with truth, that I did not eat or sleep for twice twenty-four hours, but kept always on the bastion, or went to the block-house to see how the people there were behaving. I always kept a cheerful and smiling

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face, and encouraged my little company with the hope of speedy succor.

"We were a week in constant alarm, with the enemy always about us. At last a lieutenant arrived in the night with forty men. I was at the time dozing, with my head on a table and my gun across my arms. The sentinel told me that he heard a voice from the river. I went up at once to the bastion and asked, 'Who are you?' One of them answered, 'We are Frenchmen, who come to bring you help.'

"I caused the gate to be opened, placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river to meet them. As soon as I saw the officer, I saluted him, and said, 'Sir, I surrender my arms to you.' He answered gallantly, 'They are already in good hands.'

"He inspected the fort and found every thing in order, and a sentinel on each bastion. 'It is time to relieve them, sir,' said I, 'we have not been off our bastions for a week.'"

Francis Parkman.

Questions.—Who was the heroine of Vercheres? Where is Vercheres? Who was about to attack the fort? Who apprised the laborers in the field? Who preserved the heroine from being shot? Did she seem to fear the Indians? What did she do on arriving at the fort? Whom did she find in the block-house? How did she reprimand the soldiers' cowardice? What was her next endeavor? Who aided her in the defence of the fort? How long did they keep watch? How did she save the Fontaine family? Who arrived after a week's ceaseless watch? What did she say to the officer? What other instance is given in the Reader of a similar character?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the lesson and let him bring in notices of Joan of Arc, Jeanne Hachette, and Judith.

Let him recite the lesson in his own words.

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK.

Break, break, break
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor-lad
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on,
To the haven under the hill;
But oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

Alfred Tennyson.

Questions.—What is the meaning of this subject? What does he represent to himself? What would he fain give utterance to? Why can not he give expression to his thoughts? Can language express every thought? What is the meaning of the second stanza? What recollections are recalled in the third stanza? Explain the fourth? How is the opening line to be read? What is the metre of this exquisite poem?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the poem, taking each stanza as a point. Let him introduce the poem to embellish his writing.

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THE SHIPWRECK.

1. At half-past eight o'clock, booms, hen-coops, spars,
And all things, for a chance, had been cast loose,
That still could keep afloat the struggling tars,
For yet they strove, although of no great use.
There was no light in heaven but a few stars ;
The boats put off, o'ercrowded with their crews ;
She gave a heel, and then a lurch to port,
And going down head fore most—sunk, in short.
2. Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell ;
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave ;
Then some leaped overboard, with dreadful yell,
As eager to anticipate their grave ;
And the sea yawned round her like a hell,
And down she sucked with her the whirling wave,
Like one who grapples with his enemy,
And strive to strangle him before he die.
3. And first a universal shriek there rushed,
Louder than the loud ocean, like a crash
Of echoing thunder ; and then all was hushed,
Save the wild wind and the remorseless dash
Of billows ; but at intervals there gushed,
Accompanied with a convulsive splash,
A solitary shriek—the bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony.

George Gordon, Lord Byron.

Questions.—Give the principal idea of the first stanza. What description is given? Who are tars? What are the leading ideas of

the second stanza? What means the figure "like one who grapples"? Explain "the sea yawned round her like a hell." Explain "louder than the loud ocean." What was the solitary shriek? How many ideas are expressed in the third stanza? Scan the first stanza.

Require the pupil to write marginal notes, and write a literary analysis of the poem.

Let him write a composition on a Shipwreck, introducing a stanza, and other points he may have heard or read.

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

The head is stately, calm, and wise,

And bears a princely part;

And down below in secret lies

The warm, impulsive heart.

The lordly head that sits above,

The heart that beats below,

Their several office plainly prove,

Their true relation show.

The head, erect, serene, and cool,

Endowed with reason's art,

Was set aloft to guide and rule

The throbbing, wayward heart.

And from the head, as from the higher,

Comes every glorious thought;

And in the heart's transforming fire

All noble deeds are wrought.

Yet each is best when both unite

To make the man complete;—

What were the heat without the light?

The light, without the heat?

The calm
and wise
head and
the impul-
sive heart.

The office
and relation
which ex-
ists between
them.

The head
being the
seat of
reason is by
nature set
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heart.

From the
head come
all noble
thoughts
and from
the heart all
generous
deeds.

Both are
necessary to
complete
man. He
could not
live with
their light
and heat.

John G. Saxe.

Questions.—What is the office of the head? Of the heart? Is the head the seat of reason? Why? What is the office of reason? Do the head and heart show their true relation? And in what manner? Why is the head more capable of guiding than the heart? What allusion is made in the fourth stanza? To whom does "from the higher" refer? Explain its full meaning. Why would we be incomplete without the heart? What does the heart represent? The head? What lessons are taught?

Require the pupil to write a literary analysis of the poem.—Let him develop the marginal notes, so as to make a complete composition.

SILK-WORMS.

co-cōon', n., case made by the silk-worm to hold its larva.
chrys'a-lides, n., forms into which the worms pass before becoming perfect insects.

co'mā, n., deep sleeps; lethargy.

tāls, n., weights, each of one ounce and a third.

nōx'iqūs, adj., injurious; hurtful.

dēst, adj., apt; dexterous.

ār-o-māt'ic, adj., fragrant.

dī-mīn'ū-tīva, adj., very small.

In endeavoring to give some account of the manufacture of silk, the most important branch of Chinese industry, the first point to be noticed is the mode in which the silk-worms are reared. Those who are engaged in this work select a certain number of male and female cocoons. They have no difficulty in distinguishing the sex, as the cocoon which contains the male is strong, very pointed at each end, and smaller than that which contains the female, which is thick, round, and soft.

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At the end of a period of fifteen or twenty days, the moths come out of the cocoons. They free themselves by first ejecting a fluid which dissolves a portion of the cocoon. All moths, the wings of which are expanded at the time of their birth, are regarded as useful, whereas those which have crumpled wings, no eyebrows, and are without down, are considered useless, and at once destroyed.

After a day, the male moths are removed, and the females, each having been placed on a sheet of coarse paper, begin to lay their eggs. In the silk districts of the north, owing, I suppose, to the severity of the climate, pieces of cloth are used instead of sheets of paper. The number of eggs which one moth lays, is generally five hundred, and the period required for her to perform so great a labor, is, I believe, about seventy-four hours. The females often die almost immediately after they have laid their eggs, and the males do not long survive them.

The egg of the silk-worm, which is of a whitish, or pale ash color, is not larger than a grain of mustard seed. When eighteen days old the eggs are carefully washed with spring water. The sheet of coarse paper or piece of cloth on which they were laid, and to which they adhere, is very gently drawn through spring water contained in a wooden or earthenware bowl. During the autumnal months the eggs are carefully kept in a cool chamber, the sheets of paper or pieces of cloth being suspended back to back from bamboo rods placed in a horizontal position.

In the tenth month of the Chinese year, which corresponds with our December, the sheets are rolled up, and then deposited in a room which is well swept, and free

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from all noxious influences. On the third day of the twelfth month the eggs are again washed, and then exposed to the air to dry.

In the spring of the year, the eggs being now ready to bring forth, the sheets are placed on mats, and each mat placed on a bamboo shelf, in a well-swept and well-warmed chamber containing a series of shelves arranged along the walls. The shelves are almost invariably made of bamboo, the wood of which emits no fragrance, aromatic wood being especially avoided as unsuitable for the purpose.

At the time of their birth the worms are black, and so small as scarcely to exceed a hair in breadth. Owing to their diminutive size, those in charge of them cut the leaves of the mulberry-tree, on which they are fed, into very small pieces. This is done with very sharp knives, so that the leaves may not be bruised, and consequently retain as much sap as possible.

When the worms are quite young, they are fed not less than forty-eight times in twenty-four hours. In course of time their meals are reduced to thirty in twenty-four hours; and when they have attained to their full growth, they get only three or four in the day. Occasionally—that is, once or twice during the first month—the worms are fed with mulberry leaves well mixed with the flour of green pease, that of black beans, and that of rice. This mixture is supposed to be cooling and cleansing to the worms, and to tend to the production of strong and glossy silk.

Like all other creatures, these insects have their seasons of rest, and to these seasons the Chinese give distinguish-

ing names. The first sleep, which takes place on the fourth or fifth day after birth, is termed the "hair sleep," and lasts but one day. The second sleep takes place on the eighth or ninth day, and the third on the fourteenth; the fourth and last sleep, which takes place on or about the twenty-second day, is styled, in consequence of its long duration, the "great sleep." On the near approach of each period the worm loses its appetite. It erects the upper part of its body, and sleeps in this position.

During each period of sleep it casts its skin, continuing in a state of repose until the new skin is fully matured. It relieves itself of the old skin by wriggling out at that part of it which covers the head, and which is broken. Sometimes the worm dies in consequence of its inability to free the end of its body from the old skin. The skin being shed, the worm grows very quickly in size and strength.

Between the successive periods of rest, there are generally intervals of three or four days, during which these little creatures eat most voraciously. During the four or five days which immediately follow the "great sleep," they have a greater appetite for food than they have hitherto manifested. When they have reached the age of thirty-two days they are full grown, each being about two inches in length, and almost as thick as a man's little finger.

When the worms are gradually increasing in size they are separated periodically, into several lots so as to give them more room. Now that it is full grown, the worm, which before was of a whitish hue, assumes a tint resembling that of amber. At this period they cease to par-

take of food, and begin to spin from their mouths on the frames or shelves on which they have been placed.

In spinning, they move the head first to one side and then to the other, and continue the operation until the whole body has been enveloped in a cocoon. The time which a worm requires to accomplish this labor is, I believe from three to five days; and as soon as it has enclosed itself in the cocoon, it falls into a state of coma, casts its skin, and eventually becomes a chrysalis.

The attendant then places the bamboo shelves on which the cocoons lie, near a slow fire of charcoal or wood, in order that the chrysalides may be destroyed by its heat, otherwise these would, in three weeks more, break from their prison and appear in the image form—the last perfected state of insect life.

The chrysalides having been destroyed, the cocoons are removed from the frames and placed in baskets. Women and girls, carefully selected for the task, now unwind the cocoons—a process which they make easy by placing them in boiling water. These workers must be deft of hand and expert in the business, fully capable of making the threads of equal size, and of producing them bright, clear, and glossy.

When the cocoons are put into boiling water, the outer layer, which is called the silk rind or shell, is first unwound. Another set of women or girls, who are equally expert, are then engaged to unwind the inner layers of the cocoon, called the silk pulp or flesh. In the course of a day one woman can unwind four taels of silk in weight. The most expert workers can not, I believe, turn off more than five or six taels' weight.

Industrious workers, who are masters of the business, will finish one season, or silk harvest, in the course of eighteen or nineteen days. Ordinary or second-rate workers will require twenty-four or twenty-five days to get through the same amount of work. From long, white, and shining cocoons a small and good thread of silk is obtained; from those which are large, dull in color, and not firm of texture, a coarse thread is produced. This coarse thread is used in making the stuffs with which dresses are lined. The chrysalides are eaten by the workers as food of an excellent kind.

John Henry Gray.

Questions.—What is the first concern of those who rear silk-worms? How many eggs does the female lay at a time? Describe the egg. What is done with the eggs? What do they do with them in the spring? Describe the worm at its birth. How are they fed? Describe their several sleeps. What happens during each rest or sleep? What do you mean by the "great sleep"? Are they ever separated and when? Can you describe their manner of spinning? What is the action of the attendants concerning the worm when it is about to become a chrysalis? Why put over a great heat? What is done after the chrysalides have been destroyed? Describe the parts of a cocoon. How many different qualities of threads are obtained? How long does the silk harvest last? What becomes of the chrysalides? What becomes of the silk threads? What countries are noted for the manufacture of silk? Does Canada manufacture silk?

Require the pupil to write a descriptive letter about Silk-Worms.

Let the pupil point out some of the most important points in the lesson.

INFLUENCE OF CHRISTIANITY UPON MUSIC.

To the fine arts, the sisters of poetry, we have now to direct our attention. Following the steps of the Christian Religion, they acknowledged her for their mother the moment she appeared in the world; they lent her their terrestrial charms, and she conferred on them her divinity. Music noted down her hymns; painting represented her in her mournful triumphs; sculpture delighted in meditating with her among the tombs; and architecture built her temples sublime and melancholy as her thoughts.

Plato has admirably defined the real nature of music. "We must not judge of music," said he, "by the pleasure which it affords, nor prefer the kind which has no other object than pleasure, but that which contains in itself a resemblance to the beautiful."

Music, in fact considered as an art, is an imitation of nature; its perfection, therefore, consists in representing the most beautiful nature possible. But pleasure is a matter of opinion which varies according to times, manners and nations, and which cannot be the beautiful, since the beautiful has an absolute existence. Hence every institution that tends to purify the soul, to banish from it trouble and discord, and to promote the growth of virtue, is by this very quality favorable to the best music, or to the most perfect imitation of the beautiful. But if this institution is moreover of a religious nature, it then possesses the two essential conditions of harmony—the beautiful and the mysterious. Song has come to us from the angels, and symphony has its source in heaven.

It is Religion that causes the vestal to sigh amid the night in her peaceful habitation ; it is Religion that sings so sweetly beside the bed of affliction. To her Jeremias owed his lamentations and David the sublime effusions of his repentance. If, prouder under the ancient covenant, she depicted only the sorrows of monarchs and of prophets,—more modest and not less loyal, under the new law, her sighs are equally suited to the mighty and the weak, because in Jesus Christ she has found humility combined with greatness.

The Christian Religion, we may add, is essentially melodious, for this single reason, that she delights in solitude. Not that she has antipathy to society ; there, on the contrary, she appears highly amiable ; but this celestial Philomela prefers the desert ; she is coy and retiring beneath the roofs of men ; she loves the forest better, for these are the palaces of her father and her ancient abode. Here she raises her voice to the skies amid the concerts of nature ; nature is incessantly celebrating the praise of the Creator, and nothing can be more religious than the hymns chanted in concert with the winds by the oaks of the forest and the reeds of the desert.

Thus the musician who would follow Religion in all her relations is obliged to learn the art of imitating the harmonies of solitude. He ought to be acquainted with the melancholy notes of the waters and the trees ; he ought to study the sound of the winds in the cloister and those murmurs that pervade the Gothic temple, the grass of the cemetery and the vaults of death.

Christianity has invented the organ and given sighs to brass itself. To her music owed its preservation in the

barbarous ages; wherever she has erected her throne, there have arisen a people who sing as naturally as the birds of the air. Song is the daughter of prayer, and prayer is the companion of Religion. She has civilized the savage only by the means of hymns; and the Iroquois who would not submit to her doctrines was overcome by her concerts. O Religion of peace! thou hast not, like other systems, inculcated the precepts of hatred and discord; thou hast taught man nothing but love and harmony.

Rene Auguste, Count of Chateaubriand.

Questions.—How does the author speak of Music? How does he speak of Music and Christianity? How does Plato define the nature of Music? Is Music an art? How does the author speak of Religion? Is the Christian Religion melodious? What does Music owe to Christianity? Mention several Catholic composers. What are their principal works?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the subject of the lesson.

GRAND-PRE.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pre, Lay in a fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretching eastward,

Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.

Dikes, that the hands of the farmer had raised with labor incessant.

Shut out the turbulent tides ; but at stated seasons the
flood-gates
Opened, and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the
meadows.
West and south those were fields of flax, and orchards,
and corn-fields.
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain ; and away to
the northward.
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the moun-
tains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty
Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station
decended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian vil-
lage,
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and
chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of
the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer windows ; and
gables projecting.
Over the basement below protected and shaded the door-
way.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly
the
Sunset lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes of
the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the
golden

Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within
doors
Mingled their sound with the whirl of the wheels and the
songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the
children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless
them.
Reverend walked he among them; and uprose matrons
and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate wel-
come;
Then came the laborers home from the field; and serenely
the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the
Belfry softly the Angelus sounded, and over the roofs of
the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense as-
cending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and
contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farm-
ers—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they
free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of
republics;
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their
windows;

But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners.

There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

Questions.—Give the description of Grand-Pre. Can you give any idea of the work of the farmer? What do you know of his results? What do you notice concerning his dwelling? What scene did the summer evening present? What do you notice concerning the Parish Priest? What was done at the ringing of the Angelus? What is the scene described? What have you to say of the life of the Acadian farmers? From what poem is this extract taken? What do you think of that poem? In what metre is it written? Can you scan the first six lines? What strikes you in this poem? Who were the Acadians? What does Evangeline intend to convey? Do you recall the lines that speak of the exiling of the Acadians?

Require the pupil to write this extract in prose, and adding thereto whatever facts he may have learned concerning the Acadians.

THE SEA-LIMITS.

1. Consider the sea's listless chime :

Time's self it is, made audible—

The murmur of the earth's own shell.

Secret continuance sublime

Is the sea's end : our sight may pass

No furlong further. Since time was,

This sound hath told the lapse of time.

2. No quiet, which is Death's—it hath
The mournfulness of ancient life,

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Enduring always at dull strife.
 As the world's heart of rest and wrath,
 Its painful pulse is in the sands.
 Last utterly, the whole sky stands,
 Gray and not known, along its path.

3. Listen alone beside the sea,
 Listen alone among the woods;
 Those voices of Twin solitudes
 Shall have one sound alike to thee:
 Hark where the murmurs of thronged men
 Surge and sink back and surge again—
 Still the one voice of wave and tree.
4. Gather a shell from the strewn beach
 And listen at its lips: they sigh
 The same desire and mystery,
 The echo of the whole sea's speech.
 And all mankind is thus at heart
 Not anything but what thou art:
 And Earth, Sea, Man, are all in each.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

Questions.—What is the meaning of the title? What are the two leading ideas of the first stanza? What is secret continuance of the sea? Explain "Since time was, this sound hath told the lapse of time." What are the principal ideas of the second stanza? Why speak of Death? Explain the conclusion of the same stanza. What does he mean by the twin solitudes? What meaning do you attach to the last lines of the third stanza? Why take up a shell? What does it seem to say? What is that desire and mystery? Is man the same at heart and why? Scan the last stanza.

Require the pupil to write a composition on the poem.

CLEANLINESS.

clean'li-ness, *n.*, freedom from dirt ; neatness of person or dress.
po-litē'ness, *n.*, polish or elegance of manner ; gentility ; good-breeding.

cank'erad, *v. i.*, to grow corrupt ; to grow rusty.

prešérv'a-tíva, *n.*, that which preserves, or has the power of preserving.

in-eón-sis-tent, *adj.*, not consistent ; not suitable ; not uniform ; contrary.

prév'a-lença, *n.*, superior strength, influence or efficacy ; predominance.

šl'e-ġant, *adj.*, polished ; refined ; graceful ; pleasing to good taste.

plēaš ura, *n.*, approbation ; satisfaction.

vi'ciqūs, *adj.*, defective ; imperfect ; depraved ; corrupt in principles or conduct.

neigh'bór-hōōd, *n.*, a place near ; vicinity.

pu-ri-fi-cā'tions, *n.*, a cleansing.

Cleanliness bears analogy to purity of mind, and may be recommended under the three following heads : A mark of politeness, it produces affection, it bears analogy to purity of mind. First, it is a mark of politeness, for it is universally agreed upon, that no one unadorned with this quality can go into company without giving a manifest offence. The different nations of the world, are as much distinguished by their cleanliness, as by their arts and sciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they consult this part of politeness.

Secondly, cleanliness may be said to be the foster-mother of affection. Beauty, indeed, most commonly produces love, but cleanliness preserves it. Age, itself, is not unamiable while it is preserved clean and unsullied ; like a piece of metal constantly kept smooth and bright,

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we look on it with more pleasure than on a new vessel cankered with rust. I might further observe, that as cleanliness renders us agreeable to others, it makes us easy to ourselves; that it is an excellent preservative of health; and that several vices destructive both of mind and body, are inconsistent with the habit of it.

In the third place, it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inspires refined sentiments and passions. We find from experience that through the prevalence of custom, the most vicious actions lose their horror by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, those who live in the neighborhood of good examples, fly from the first appearances of what is shocking. Thus pure and unsullied thoughts are naturally suggested to the mind, by those objects that perpetually encompass us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the East, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanliness immediately more necessary than in colder countries, it is a part of religion: the Jewish law and the Mohamedan (which in some things copies after it), is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. We read several injunctions of this kind in the Book of Deuteronomy, which confirm this truth; and which are but ill accounted for by saying as some do, that they were only instituted for convenience in the desert, which otherwise could not have been habitable for so many years.

Joseph Addison.

Questions.—Does cleanliness bear an analogy to purity of mind? In how many ways? What is cleanliness? What is analogy? What is said of politeness? What is said of beauty? How does he bring

in the analogy existing between beauty and cleanliness? What is the third reason he presents? What is taught us from experience? Explain. What do you mean by purifications? What was the practice of the Jews and Mohamedans? Was it a part of the Jewish Law? Why were they prescribed? Are they conducive to health? What important lessons are taught?

Require the pupil to write a composition on Cleanliness, taking for his subdivisions such points of the lesson as particularly impressed him. Let him introduce some appropriate sentences from the text.

CLOUD BEAUTY.

vá-eū' i-ty, n., emptiness; void.

en-dūr-a-blē, adj., that can be borne or suffered.

vi-çīss' itūda, n., change; revolution; regular change or succession of one thing to another.

sta-bīl' i-ty, n., steadiness; stableness; fixedness.

in-ūn-dā' tion, n., an overflow of water or other fluid; a flood.

eo-los' sal, adj., very large; huge; gigantic.

pŷr' a-mīds, n., a solid body standing on a triangular, square, or polygonal base, and terminating in a point at the top.

man-kind', n., the race or species of human beings.

We have seen that when the earth had to be prepared for the inhabitation of man, a veil, as it were, of intermediate being was spread between him and its darkness, in which were joined, in a subdued measure, the stability and insensibility of the earth and the passion and perishing of mankind.

But the heavens, also, had to be prepared for his habitation. Between their burning light,—their deep vacuity, and man, a veil had to be spread of intermediate being;—which should appease the unendurable glory to the level

of human feebleness, and sign the changeless motion of the heavens with a semblance of human vicissitude.

Between earth and man arose the leaf. Between the heaven and man came the cloud. His life being partly as the falling leaf, and partly as the flying vapor.

Has the reader any distinct idea of what clouds are? We had some talk about them long ago, and perhaps thought them nature, though at that time not clear to us, would be easily enough understandable when we put ourselves seriously to make it out. Shall we begin with one or two easiest questions?

That mist which lies in the morning so softly in the valley, level and white, through which the tops of the trees rise as if through an inundation—why is it so heavy? and why does it lie so low, being yet so thin and frail that it will melt away utterly into splendor of morning, where the sun has shone on it but a few moments more? Those colossal pyramids, huge and firm, with outlines as of rocks, and strength to bear the beating of the high sun full on their fiery flanks—why are they so light.—their bases high over our heads, high over the heads of Alps? why will this melt away, not as the sun rises, but as he descends, and leave the stars of twilight clear, while the valley vapor gains again upon the earth like a shroud?

John Ruskin.

Questions.—Of what intermediate does he speak? What qualities did this being seem to possess? Why of earth and mankind? What is this veil? Why this veil? How does he speak of the leaf and cloud? Why is man's life compared to the leaf and vapor?

How does he describe the cloud? How are clouds formed? What is the purpose of clouds? How is the word cloud used figuratively? Can you give any instances?

Require the pupil to develop this lesson in his own language.

Let him write a literary analysis of it.

THE HAPPY VALLEY.

eon-çəaləd', v. t., secreted; hidden; disguised.

ar-tif i-çer, n., a skillful workman in some traits.

spé' cīēs, n., short; kind; a class subordinate to a genus.

çir' eūlt, n., a circular space; a judicial district.

süb' tilla, adj., fine; thin; rare.

mu-gl' cian, n., one skilled, in music.

tə' di-qūs-ness, n., weariness; irksomeness.

fre-quənt' v. i., to visit often.

frut' ful, adj., producing fruit: fertile; prolific.

in' dust ry, n., constant diligence; assiduity.

The place which the wisdom or policy of antiquity had destined for the residence of the Abyssinian princes was a spacious valley in the kingdom of Amhara, surrounded on every side by mountains, of which the summits overhang the middle part. The only passage by which it could be entered was a cavern that passed under a rock, of which it has been long disputed whether it was the work of Nature or of human industry.

The outlet of the cavern was concealed by a thick wood, and the mouth, which opened into the valley, was closed with gates of iron forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could, without the help of engines, open or shut them.

From the mountains, on every side, rivulets descended, that filled all the valley with verdure and fertility, and formed a lake in the middle, inhabited by fish of every species, and frequented by every fowl which nature has taught to dip the wing in water. This lake discharged its superfluities by a stream, which entered a dark cleft of the mountain on the northern side, and fell with dreadful noise, from precipice to precipice, till it was heard no more.

The sides of the mountains were covered with trees. The banks of the brooks were diversified with flowers. Every blast shook spices from the rocks, and every month dropped fruits upon the ground. All animals that bite the grass or browse the shrub, whether wild or tame, wandered in this extensive circuit, secured from beasts of prey by the mountains which confined them.

On one part were flocks and herds feeding in the pastures; on another, all the beasts of chase frisking in the lawns; the sprightly kid was bounding on the rocks, the subtle monkey frolicking in the trees, and the solemn elephant reposing in the shade. All the diversities of the world were brought together; the blessings of nature were collected, and its evils extracted and excluded.

The valley, wide and fruitful, supplied its inhabitants with the necessaries of life; and all delights and superfluities were added at the annual visit which the Emperor paid his children, when the iron gate was opened to the sound of music, and during eight days every one that resided in the valley was required to propose whatever might contribute to make seclusion pleasant, to fill up the vacancies of attention, and lessen the tediousness of the time.

Every desire was immediately granted. All the artificers of pleasure were called to gladden the festivity; the musicians exerted the power of harmony, and the dancers showed their activity before the princes, in hope that they should pass their lives in this blissful captivity, to which those only were admitted whose performance was thought capable of adding novelty to luxury.

Such was the appearance of security and delight which this retirement afforded, that they to whom it was new always desired it might be perpetual; and as those on whom the iron gate had once closed were never suffered to return, the effect of long experience could not be known. Thus every year produced new scenes of delight and new competitions for imprisonment.

*Rasselas,*³⁸ C. I. Samuel Johnson.

Questions.—What is the description of the happy valley? Can you give an idea of the scenery? What animals were in the valley? What have you to say of the products? Were the desires of the inhabitants satisfied? What have you to remark of its security? Give in simpler language “forged by the artificers of ancient days, so massy that no man could, without the help of engines, open or shut them.” What alliteration do you notice in the third paragraph? What is alliteration? How many kinds of alliteration are there? How would you express the last sentence of the third paragraph in simpler language?

Require the pupil to write this lesson in his own simple language.

THE FIRMAMENT.

Is it not amid the rigors of winter that the celestial vault impresses us most deeply as the region of the immutable and eternal? Type of the world of soul?—there is no trace of time in that Kingdom of space. There is beauty without spot or wrinkle,—immortal youth. Like the soul, the sky has dates, but not age. Like the soul it has no night, but changes its lights as the soul varies in brightness. The succession of the seasons causes the vicissitudes of the earth,—its burning heats and hoary frosts, its long and sad intervals of desolation.

But, by a sublime immunity, the heaven, although created, knows neither change nor decay. In the daytime, waves of light burst from its glowing central fire; in the night its dark depths sparkle with innumerable suns. The mighty immobility of its planets, or their triumphal march beneath the watchful gaze of the Most High, seem to image the impassibility of the saints or their swift and irresistible zeal.

Thus, while nature—bound beneath the yoke of the Winter solstice, desolate, mute, hiding her nakedness in a shroud—seems to accuse man of sin and its fatal consequences; the sky remains blue; the sun keeps the gold of his beams, the moon her silver clearness, the stars the blaze of their many-colored diamonds; in a word, the vault of heaven, resplendent and gloriously arrayed, seems like the heart of the good man to celebrate a perpetual feast,—the feast of the promised restoration.

The fount of light never fails,—the world could not live else. Again and again the day dawns and the shadows flee away, that we may be lured to the sweetness of a hope in the future. Nothing is irrevocable, within or without us. The cloud parts, the mist rises, the vapor disappears; and the trustful, hopeful, watchful observer is comforted. Power is watching over him under the form of imperishable beauty.

Sophia S. Swetchine.

Question.—To what is the firmament compared? And why? What is the soul? What is the consequence of the succession of seasons? Is heaven subject to change or decay? What means immunity? What do you say of the heavens? Describe the appearance of the sky beneath the winter solstice. What is the meaning of solstices? Is there a summer solstice? How is the fact of never-failing expressed?

Require the pupil to write a letter on the Firmament, telling its wonders and glory.

Let the pupil define, celestial, immutable, wrinkle, vicissitudes, immobility, triumphal, impassibility, resplendent, irrevocable, imperishable, and irresistible.

THE BELLS.²⁴

1. Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!

While the stars that oversprinkle

All the heavens, seem to twinkle
 With a crystalline delight.
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
 From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

2. Hear the mellow wedding bells,
 Golden bells !
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells,
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight !
 From the molten-golden notes,
 And all in tune.
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon !
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !
 How it swells !
 How it dwells
 On the Future ! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impells
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !
- 3. Hear the loud alarum bells—
 Brazen bells !

What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells !
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright !
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells !
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair !

4. How they clang, and clash, and roar !
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air.
Yet the year it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows ;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells ;
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells, bells,
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells !

5. Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels

In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright

At the melancholy menace of their tone!

For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,

All alone,

And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,

Feel a glory in so rolling

On the human heart a stone—

They are neither man nor woman—

They are neither brute nor human—

They are Ghouls:

And their king it is who tolls:

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A pæan from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells!

And he dances, and he yells;

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells—

Of the bells:

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells—
 To the tolling of the bells—
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
 Bells, bells, bells—
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar Allen Poe.

Questions.—What is the first bell that strikes the ear? Where is the scene of the tinkling of that bell laid? Can you give the lines? Where are the golden bells? What is said concerning those bells? What is said of the brazen bells? What scene is described? What thoughts are awakened? Can you describe how their note is carried on the palpitating air? What say the iron bells? What is their tone? Who rings those bells? What are Ghouls? How does their king enjoy that ringing of those iron bells? What do they indicate? What is the metre of this poem? How would you scan it? How is it to be read? What do you notice in the harmony of words?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the Bells, taking each stanza as a point for development.

Let him write a literary analysis of the poem.

THE LILY AND THE ROSE

Within the garden's peaceful scene,
 Appeared two lovely foes,
 Aspiring to the rank of queen—
 The Lily and the Rose.

The rose soon reddened into rage,
 And, swelling with disdain,
 Appealed to many a poet's page,
 To prove her right to reign.

The Lily's height bespoke command,
 A fair imperial flower ;
 She seemed designed for Flora's hand,
 The scepter of her power.

This civil bickering and debate
 The goddess chanced to hear,
 And flew to save, ere yet too late,
 The pride of the parterre.

"Yours is," she said, "the nobler hue,
 And yours the statelier mien ;
 And till a third surpasses you,
 Let each be deemed a queen."

Let no mean jealousies pervert your mind,
 A blemish is another's fame to find ;
 Be grateful for the gifts that you possess,
 Nor deem a rival's merit makes you less.

William Cowper.

Questions.—Who were the two foes? What is said of the rose? Of the lily? Who heard these bickerings? What did the goddess say? What is the moral? Explain "The Rose soon reddened into rage?" What is the figure? Who was Flora? What do you mean by civil bickerings? What is the metre?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the Rose and Lily, describing the uses and beauty of the two flowers, and then contrasting them.

ESCAPE FROM DOUBTING CASTLE.

Well, toward evening the giant goes down into the dungeon again to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel. But when he came there he found them alive; and, truly, alive was all: for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe.

But, I say, he found them alive, at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing that they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born. At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon. But, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no.

Now Christian again seemed to be doing it, but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth: "My brother, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon²⁵ could not crush thee; nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel in the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

"What hardships, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through! and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee—a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and has also cut off the bread and water from my mouth; and with thee I mourn without the light.

"But let us exercise a little more patience. Remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor cage, nor yet of bloody death. Wherefore let us, at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in, bear up with patience as well as we can."

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel; to which he replied: "They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships, than to make away with themselves."

Then said she: "Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already dispatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt also tear them in pieces as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So, when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. "These," said he, "were pilgrims as you are, once; and they trespassed in my grounds as you have done, and when I thought fit I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go! Get you down to your den again!" And with that he beat them all the way thither.

They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant had gone to bed, they began to renew their discourse of the prisoners; and withal the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end.

And with that his wife replied: "I fear that they live in hopes that some one will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape."

"And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the giant. "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday night they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: "What a fool," quoth he, "am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle." Then said Hopeful: "That is a good news, good brother! Pluck it out of thy bosom, and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the Castle-yard, and with this key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it.

Then they thrust open the door to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair; who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail, for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on and came to the king's high-

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way, and were safe, because they were out of the giant's jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at the stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over the stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the king of the celestial country and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.

*Pilgrim's Progress.—John Bunyan.*³⁷

Questions.—What was the giant surprised to see? What was their condition? What objections had Hopeful to Christian's willingness to obey? What did he say of the hardship and terror? What was the giant's opinion of them? What was the wife's counsel? Give the words of the giant as he showed the skulls and bones. What did they do Saturday night? What was Christian's passionate outburst a little before day? Describe the action of Christian in endeavoring to get out. After they had crossed the stiles, what did they do? What was that inscription? What do you notice in the language of this selection?

TRUE HAPPINESS.

1. My spirit is gay as the breaking of dawn,
As the breeze that sports over the sun-lighted lawn,
As the song of yon lark from his kingdom of light,
Or the harp-string that rings in the chambers of night.

For the world and its vapors, though darkly they fold,
I have light that can turn them to purple and gold,
Till they brighten the landscape they came to deface,
And difformity changes to beauty and grace.

2. Yet say not to selfish delights I must turn,
From the grief-laden bosoms around me that mourn :
For 'tis pleasure to share in each sorrow I see,
And sweet sympathy's tear is enjoyment to me.
Oh ! blest is the heart, when misfortunes assail,
That is arm'd in content as a garment of mail,
For the grief of another that treasures its zeal,
And remembers no woe but the woe it can heal.

3. When the storm gathers dark o'er the summer's
And each ray of the noontide is sheathed in gloom,
I would be the rainbow high arching in air,
Like a gleaming of hope on the brow of despair.
When the burst of its fury is spent on the bower,
And the buds are yet bow'd with the weight of the show'r,
I would be the beam that comes warming and bright,
And that bid them burst open to fragrance and light.

4. I would be the smile that comes breaking serene,
O'er the features where lately affliction has been,
Or the heart-speaking scroll after years of alloy,
That brings home to the desolate tidings of joy ;
Or the life-giving rose odor borne by the breeze
To the sense rising keen from the couch of disease,
Or the whisper of charity tender and kind,
Or the dawning of hope on the penitent's mind.

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5. Then breathe, ye sweet roses, your fragrance around,
 And waken, ye wild birds, the grove with your sound;
 When the soul is unstain'd and the heart is at ease,
 There's a rapture in pleasures so simple as these.
 I rejoice in each sunbeam that gladdens the vale
 I rejoice in each odor that sweetens the gale,
 In the bloom of the Spring, in the Summer's gay voice,
 With a spirit so gay, I rejoice! I rejoice!

Gerald Griffin.

Questions.—What does he say of his spirit? Of the world and its vapors? Does he turn himself to selfish delights? What does he say of the heart that bears up against misfortune and sorrow? To whom would he be a rainbow? On whom would he bestow his smile? Explain the last part of the fourth stanza. Give the last verse. Scan the third stanza. What lessons are taught?

Require the pupil to write this poem in prose, amplifying the ideas, and introducing appropriate facts he may have heard or read.

Let the pupil write a literary analysis of the poem.

OUR VIRGIN MOTHER.

O Virgin Mother, daughter of thy Son,
 Created beings all in lowliness
 Surpassing, as in height above them all:
 Term by th' eternal council pre-ordain'd,
 Ennobler of thy nature, so advanced
 In thee, that its great Maker did not scorn
 Himself in his own work enclosed to dwell

For in thy womb rekindling shone the love
 Reveal'd, whose genial influence makes now,
 This flower to germ in eternal peace :
 Hence thou to us of charity and love
 Art as the noon-day torch, and art beneath
 To mortal men of hope a living spring.
 So mighty art thou, lady, and so great,
 That he who grace desireth, and comes not
 To thee for aidance, fain would have desire
 Fly without wings ; nor only him who ask
 Thy bounty, succours, but doth freely oft
 Forerun the asking ; whatsoe'er may be
 Of excellence in creatures—pity mild,
 Relenting mercy, large munificence,
 Are all combined in thee.

Dante.

Questions.—How does he speak of Mary's great purity and perfection? What does he say she is to us? What says he of her power? Her bounty and goodness? What are the virtues he finds in her? Who is our Mother? What do you know of her prerogatives? Why should we prove ourselves her true children?

Require the pupil to write a composition on Our Virgin Mother, explaining her power, greatness, and her love toward us.

Let the pupil analyze the poem.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom
 Lead thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 Lead thou me on!
 Keep thou my feet: I do not ask to see
 The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears
Pride ruled my will,
Remember not past years.

So long thy power hath blest me sure, *
Still will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile!

Cardinal Newman.

Questions.—What does he ask? What light does he ask to lead him? What do you mean by encircling gloom? What night is meant? Is he content with present light? What does he mean by "I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou should'st lead me on"? What is the meaning of the line following? What ruled his will? What does he ask of that light to forget? Whether will that light lead him? Did the night pass? What is the meaning of the last two lines?

Require the pupil to analyze this poem, and to memorize it.

THE QUARREL OF BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew no man, was slighted of.

Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

Cas. In such as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.

Bru. Yet let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I, an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods! this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide its head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers—shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman

Cas. Brutus, bay not me:
I'll not endure it. You forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to! you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not,

Cas. Urge me no more; I shall forget myself:
Have mind upon your health; tempt me no farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?

Shall I be frightened when a mad man stares?

Cas. Must I endure all this?

Bru. All this! ay, more. Fret till your proud heart break:

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?

Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods!

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well. For my own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Cas. You wrong me every way—you wrong me, Brutus:
I said an elder soldier, not a better.
Did I say better?—

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved
me.

Bru. Peace, peace; you durst not so have tempted him.

Cas. I durst not?—

Bru. No.

Cas. What! durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love,
I may do that I shall be sorry for.

Bru. You *have* done that you *should* be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius in your threats ;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you.
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me ;
For I can raise no money by vile means.
By heavens ! I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me ! Was that done like Cassius ?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods ! with all your thunderbolts
Dash him in pieces.

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my
heart ;

A friend should bear a friend's infirmities ;
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not. Still you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they did appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come Anthony ! and young Octavius, come :
Revenge yourself alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world—
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. Oh, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast—within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold ;
If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth !
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart.
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar, for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger,
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope:
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a man
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark.
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him ?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too. (*Embracing.*)

Cas. O Brutus !

Bru. What's the matter ?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful ?

Bru. Yes, Cassius : and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

Julius Caesar :— *William Shakespeare.*

INFLUENCE OF THE GULF STREAM ON CLIMATE.

af-fîn'i-ty, *n.*, a kind of relationship.

re-luc'tance, *n.*, a dislike ; unwillingness.

lit'to-räl, *adj.*, on the sea-shore.

cal'dron, *n.*, a large boiler or kettle.

ob-sêrv'a-to-ry, *n.*, a place from which a view may be commanded.

flära, *v.*, to burn with an unsteady flame ; to open or spread outward.

Fahr'en-hëit, *adj.*, so called from the inventor of the scales of the thermometer used in America.

fënd, *v.*, to keep off.

There is a river in the ocean ; in the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows ; its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm ; the Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked that their line of junction with the common sea-water may be traced by the eye. Often one-half of the vessel may be perceived floating in Gulf Stream water, while the other

half is in common water of the sea—so sharp is the line, and such the want of affinity between those waters, and such, too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the littoral waters of the sea.

Modern ingenuity has suggested a beautiful mode of warming houses in winter. It is done by means of hot water. The furnace and the caldron are sometimes placed at a distance from the apartments to be warmed. It is so at the Washington Observatory. In this case, pipes are used to conduct the heated water from the caldron under the superintendent's dwelling over into one of one hundred feet. These pipes are then flared out so as to present a large cooling surface; after which they are united into one again, through which the water, being now cooled, returns of its own accord to the caldron. Thus cool water is returning all the time and flowing in at the bottom of the caldron, while hot water is continually flowing out at the top. The ventilation of the Observatory is so arranged that the circulation of the atmosphere through it is led from this basement room, where the pipes are, to all other parts of the building; and in the process of this circulation, the warmth conveyed by the water to the basement is taken thence by the air and distributed over all the rooms.

Now, to compare small things to great, we have in the warm waters which are confined in the Gulf of Mexico, just such a heating apparatus for Great Britain, the North Atlantic, and Western Europe. The furnace is the torrid zone; the Mexican Gulf and Caribbean Sea are the caldrons; the Gulf Stream is the conducting pipe. From the

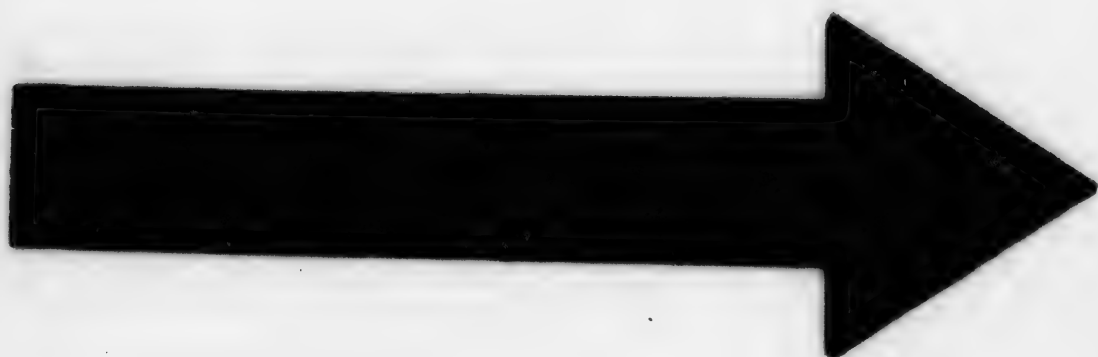
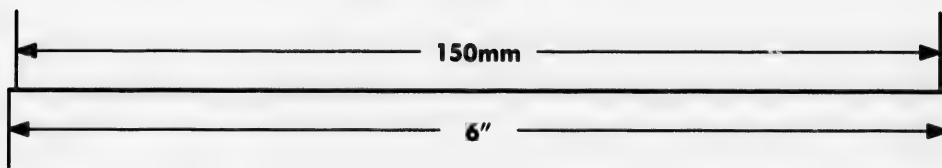
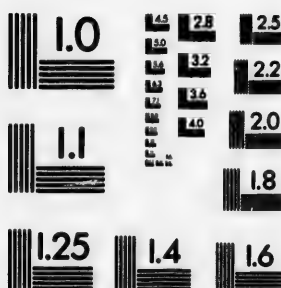
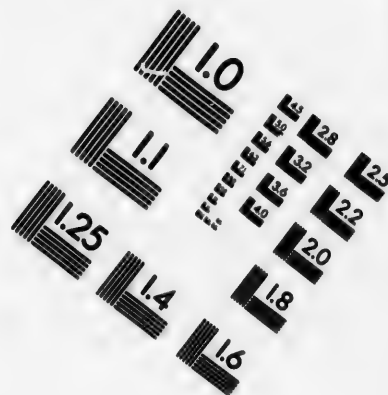
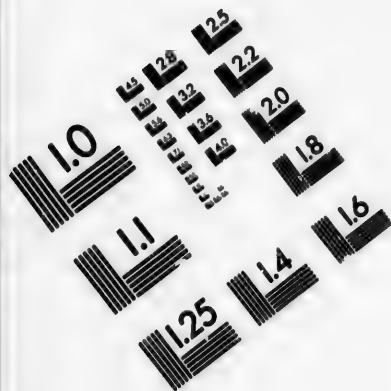
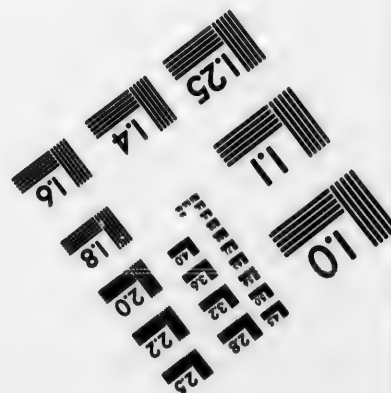


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Grand Banks of Newfoundland to the shores of Europe is the basement—the hot-air chamber—thus presenting a large cooling surface. Here the circulation of the atmosphere is arranged by Nature ; it is from west to east ; consequently it is such that the warmth thus conveyed into this warm-air chamber of mid-ocean is taken up by the genial west winds, and dispensed, in the most benign manner, throughout Great Britain and the west of Europe.

The maximum temperature of the Gulf Stream is eighty-six degrees, or about nine degrees above the ocean temperature due to latitude. Increasing its latitude ten degrees, it loses but two degrees of temperature; and after having run three thousand miles toward the north, it still preserves, even in winter, the heat of summer. With this temperature, it crosses the fortieth degree of north latitude, and there, overflowing its liquid banks, it spreads itself out for thousands of square leagues over the cold waters around, covering the ocean with a mantle of warmth that serves so much to mitigate in Europe the rigors of winter. Moving now more slowly, but dispensing its genial influence more freely, it finally meets the British Islands. By these it is divided, one part going into the polar basin of the Spitzbergen, the other entering the Bay of Biscay, but each with a warmth considerably above the ocean temperature. Such an immense volume of heated water cannot fail to carry with it beyond the seas a mild and moist atmosphere. And this it is that so much softens the climate there.

Every west wind that blows, crosses the stream on its way to Europe, and carries with it a portion of this heat to temper there the northern winds of winter. It is the

influence of this stream upon climate that makes Erin the "Emerald Isle of the Sea," and that clothes the shores of Albion in evergreen robes; while in the same latitude, on this side, the coast of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice. In 1831, the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, was closed with ice as late as the month of June; yet who ever heard of Liverpool, on the other side, though two degrees farther north, being closed with ice, even in the dead of winter?

As the waters in the Gulf of Mexico become heated and are borne off by the Gulf Stream, they are replaced by cooler currents through the Caribbean Sea; the surface water, as it enters here, being three or four degrees, and that in depth even forty degrees cooler than when it escapes from the Gulf. At the very bottom of the Gulf Stream, when its surface temperature was eighty degrees, the deep-sea thermometer of the Coast Survey has recorded a temperature as low as thirty-five degrees Fahrenheit. These cold waters doubtless come down from the north to replace the warm water sent through the Gulf Stream to moderate the cold of Spitzbergen.

As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface; and, as the deep-sea thermometer is sent down, it shows that these waters, though still far warmer than the water on either side at corresponding depths, gradually become less and less warm until the bottom of the current is reached. There is reason to believe that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are nowhere permitted, in the oceanic economy, to touch the bottom of the sea. There is everywhere a cushion of cool water between them and the solid parts of the earth's

crust. This arrangement is suggestive and strikingly beautiful. Cold water is one of the best non-conductors of heat; and if the warm water of the Gulf Stream was sent across the Atlantic in contact with the solid crust of the earth—comparatively a good conductor of heat—instead of being sent across, as it is, in contact with a cold, non-conducting cushion of cool water to fend it from the bottom, much of its heat would be lost in the first part of the way, and the soft climates of both France and England would be, as is that of Labrador, severe in the extreme, ice-bound, and bitterly cold.

Who, therefore, can calculate the benign influence of this wonderful current upon climate? In the pursuit of this subject, the mind is led from nature up to the great Architect of nature, and what mind will the study of this subject not fill with profitable emotions? Unchanged and unchanging alone of all created things, the ocean is the great emblem of its everlasting Creator. He "walketh upon the waves of the sea," and is seen in the wonders of the deep. Yea, "He calleth for its waters, and poureth them out upon the face of the earth." In obedience to this call, the aqueous portion of our planet preserves its beautiful system of circulation. By it heat and warmth are dispensed to the extra-tropical regions; clouds and rain are sent to refresh the dry land; and by it cooling streams are brought from Polar Seas to temper the heat of the torrid zone.

Lieut. M. F. Maury.

Questions.—Describe the Gulf Stream. What have you to say of its current and waters? Can you describe how the Washington Observatory is heated? How does the Gulf Stream act? Can you

give an idea of the temperature of the Stream? What effect has the Stream upon the climate of Europe? What have you to say of Erin and Albion? How is the water of the Gulf Stream replaced? What have you to remark about the peculiarity of the Stream? What do you know of cold water as a conductor of heat? Describe how the water of the Gulf Stream is sent across the Atlantic. What are the leading ideas of the concluding paragraph? Where is the Caribbean Sea? Labrador? St John's? Describe the course of the Mississippi and Amazon Rivers. Mention some of the principal cities on the banks of the Mississippi? Why is the Amazon considered the largest river in the world? How does the St. Lawrence compare with it? Can you mention the principal cities on the banks of the St. Lawrence?

Require the pupil to write a descriptive letter on the Gulf Stream. Let him analyze the selection.

POPE GREGORY XVI.,³⁸ AND NICHOLAS I.,³⁹ OF RUSSIA.

The subject and particulars of the conference were never revealed by its only witness at Rome. The Pope's own account was brief, simple, and full of conscious power: "I said to him all that the Holy Ghost dictated." And that he had not spoken vainly, with words that had beaten the air, but that their strokes had been well-placed and driven home, there was evidence otherwise recorded. An English gentleman was in some part of the palace through which the Imperial visitor passed as he returned from his interview, and described his altered appearance.

He had entered with his usual firm and royal aspect, grand as it was from statue-like features, stately frame, and martial bearing; free and at his ease, with gracious

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F. Maury.

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looks and condescending gestures of salutation. So he passed through the long suite of anti-rooms, the Imperial eagle, glossy, fiery, "with plumes unruffled, and with eye unquenched," in all the glory of pinions which no flight had ever wearied, of beak and talon which no prey had yet resisted.

He came forth again, with head uncovered, and hair, if it can be said of man, dishevelled; haggard and pale, looking as though in an hour he had passed through the condensation of a protracted fever; taking long strides, with stooping shoulders, unobservant, unsaluting; he waited not for his carriage to come to the foot of the stairs, but rushed out into the outer court, and hurried away from apparently the scene of discomfiture. It was the eagle dragged from his eyrie among the clefts of the rocks, "from his nest among the stars," his feathers rumped, and his eye quelled, by a power till then despised.

But let us be fully just. The interview did not excite rancorous or revengeful feelings. No doubt the Pontiff's words were in the spirit of those on the High Priest's breast-plate—"Doctrine and Truth,"—sound in principle and true in fact. They convinced and persuaded. Facts with their proofs had, no doubt, been carefully prepared, and could not be gainsaid. The strong emotion which Gregory on other occasions easily betrayed, could not have been restrained here.

Often, in prayer, has every beholder seen the tears running down his glowing countenance; often those who have approached him with a tale of distress, or stood by when news of a crime has been communicated to him, have seen his features quiver, and his eyes dim with the

double sorrow of the Apostle, the tear of weakness with the weak, the scalding drop of indignation for sin. This sensibility can not have been stemmed, even by the coldness of an interpreted discourse but must have accompanied that flow of eloquent words to which, when earnest, Gregory gave utterance.

All this must have told effectually, where there could be nothing to reply. Mistaken zeal, early prejudice, and an extravagance of national feelings had, no doubt, influenced the conduct of the Czar towards his Catholic subjects, against the better impulses of his own nature, which Russians always considered just, generous, and even paternal. No one had before possessed the opportunity, or the courage, to appeal to the inward tribunal of his better sense. When well made such a call could hardly fail. . . From that interview the Catholics of Russia may date a milder treatment, and perhaps a juster rule.

Recollections of the Last Four Popes :—

Cardinal Wiseman.

Questions.—What is the subject of this selection? Who was Pope Gregory XVI? Who was Nicholas I? What does the Pope say of this interview? Can you give the description of the Emperor's appearance ere he entered the conference hall? Can you describe his appearance after the interview? Did this interview leave any better feeling? What has been remarked of the Pontiff's manner? What was the result of this interview? Where is Russia? What kind of government has it? What is its Emperor called? What war occurred in the reign of Nicholas? What do you know of the Crimean war? Can you give any idea of the siege of Sebastopol? What do you know of the author?

Require the pupil to write this lesson in his own language.

Let him give a literary analysis of this selection. Let him select at least ten difficult words to define.

MAN MADE TO MOURN.

1. When chill November's surely blast
 Made fields and forest bare,
One evening, as I wandered forth
 Along the Banks of the Ayr,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
 Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
 And hoary was his hair.
2. "Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?"
 Began the rev'rend Sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy steps constrain,
 Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
 Too soon hast thou began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
 The miseries of Man.
3. "The sun that overhangs yon moors,
 Out-spreading far and wide
Where hundreds labor to support
 A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter sun
 Twice forty times return;
And every time has added proofs,
 That Man was made to mourn.⁴⁰
4. "O man! while in thy early years,
 How prodigal of time!

Misspending all thy precious hours,
 Thy glorious youthful prime !
 Alternate follies take the sway ;
 Licentious passions burn ;
 Which ten-fold force gives Nature's law,
 That man was made to mourn.

5. " Look not alone on youthful prime,
 Or manhood's active might ;
 Man, then, is useful to his kind,
 Supported is his right ;
 But see him on the hedge of life,
 With cares and sorrows worn,
 Then age and want, Oh ! ill-match'd pair !
 Show Man was made to mourn.

6. " A few seem favorites of fate,
 In pleasure's lap carest ;
 Yet, think not all the rich and great
 Are likewise truly blest.
 But Oh ! what crowds in ev'ry land,
 Are wretched and forlorn ;
 Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
 That Man was made to mourn.

7. " Many and sharp the num'rous ills
 Inwoven with our frame !
 More pointed still we make ourselves,
 Regret, remorse, and shame !
 And man, whose heav'n-erected face
 The smiles of love adorn.
 Man's inhumanity to man
 Makes countless thousands mourn !

8. "See yonder poor, o'erlabored wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil!
And see his lordly fellow-worm
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.
9. "If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By nature's law design'd;
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty, or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?
10. "Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the *last*!
The poor oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!
11. "O Death! the poor man's dearest friend
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!

The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow
From pomp and pleasure torn ;
But Oh !—a blest relief to those
That weary-laden, mourn ! ”

Robert Burns.

Questions.—What does he recount in the first stanza ? Where is Ayr ? How does the Sage address him ? How does he speak of the sun ? What is his age ? What proofs have added daily to his thoughts ? What does he say of time ? How is time employed by youth ? Why not look alone on youthful primes ? What do age and want show ? To whom does he compare the few blessed ? What are the two leading ideas of the seventh stanza ? What is the meaning of *wight* ? What is said of the wight ? What does he remark of the independent wish in man ? What other view does he take of life ? What is the concluding stanza ? Explain it. What are the several important lessons taught ? What do you know of Robert Burns !

Require the pupil to write marginal notes and to write a literary analysis of this selection.

Let the pupil write it in prose.

VANITY OF VANITIES.

1. In childhood, when, with eager eyes,
The season-measured year I viewed,
All, garbed in fairy guise,
Pledged constancy of good.
2. Spring sang of heaven ; the summer flowers
Let me gaze on and did not fade ;

Even suns o'er autumn's bowers
Heard my strong wish, and stayed.

3. They came and went—the short-lived four ;
Yet as their varying dance they wove,
To my young heart each bore
Its own sure claim of love.
4. Far different now; the whirling year
Vainly my dizzy eyes pursue;
And its fair tints appear
All blent in one dusk hue.
5. Why dwell on rich autumnal lights,
Spring-time, or winter's social ring ?
Long days are fireside nights,
Brown autumn is fresh spring.
6. Then what this world to thee, my heart ?
Its gifts nor feed thee nor can bless ;
Thou hast no owner's part
In all its fleetingness.
7. The flame, the storm, the quaking ground,
Earth's joy, earth's terror, naught is thine ;
Thou must but hear the sound
Of the still voice divine.
8. O priceless art ! O princely state !
E'en while by sense of change opprest,
Within to antedate ¹
Heaven's age of fearless rest.

Cardinal Newman.

(1) Anticipate.

Questions.—What did he pledge in early childhood? Who heard his strong wish and obeyed? Explain "short-lived four." Explain the third stanza. What change has been effected? Explain the first two lines of the fifth stanza. What figures in the two lines? What question does he ask his heart and what is the answer? What is "the still voice divine" implied? Explain the figures and meaning of the eighth stanza. Mention at least four leading ideas. What do you know of the author?

Require the pupil to write a literary analysis and to express the thoughts in his own language.

AN EXPLOIT OF SIR WILLIAM WALLACE.

ex-ploit', n., a great deed.

prow'ess, n., bravery.

aux-il'i-a-ry, n., helping; aiding.

chām'pi-on, n., one ready to fight all who offer against him.

āp-pre-hēn'sion, n., alarm.

fa'l'cōn, n., a bird of prey.

grāp'pling-I'rons, n., instruments for holding fast a vessel.

con-fērrēd', v. t., granted; bestowed upon.

During the brief career of the celebrated patriot, Sir William Wallace,⁴¹ and when his arms had for a time expelled the English invaders from his native country, he is said to have undertaken a voyage to France, with a small band of trusty friends, to try what his presence—for he was respected through all countries for his prowess—might do to induce the French monarch to send to Scotland a body of auxiliary forces, or other assistance, to aid the Scots in regaining their independence.

The Scottish champion was on board a small vessel, and

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steering for the port of Dieppe, when a sail in the distance, which the mariners regarded at first with doubt and apprehension, and at last with confusion and dismay. Wallace demanded to know what was the cause of their alarm.

The captain of the ship informed him, that the tall vessel which was bearing down, with the purpose of boarding that which he commanded, was the ship of a celebrated rover, equally famed for his courage, strength of body, and successful piracies. It was commanded by a brave man named Thomas de Longueville, a Frenchman by birth, but by practice one of those pirates who called themselves friends to the sea, and enemies to all those who sailed upon that element.

He attacked and plundered vessels of all nations, like one of the ancient Norse⁴² sea-kings, as they were termed, whose dominion was upon the mountain waves. The master added, that no vessel could escape the rover by flight, so speedy was the craft he commanded; and that no crew, however hardy, could hope to resist him, when, as was his usual mode of combat, he threw himself on board a ship at the head of his followers.

Wallace smiled sternly, while the master of the ship, with alarm in his countenance and tears in his eyes, described to him the certainty of their being captured by the Red Rover, a name given to Longueville because he usually displayed the blood-red flag which he had now hoisted.

"I will clear the narrow seas of this rover," said Wallace.

Then calling together some ten or twelve of his own followers—Boyd, Kerlie, Seaton, and others—to whom the dust of the most desperate battle was like the breath of life, he commanded them to arm themselves and lie flat upon the deck, so as to be out of sight. He ordered the mariners below, excepting such as were absolutely necessary to manage the vessel; and he gave the master instructions, under pain of death, to steer so that, while the vessel had the appearance of attempting to fly, it would in fact permit the Red Rover to come up with them and do his worst.

Wallace himself then lay down on the deck, that nothing might be seen which would intimate any purpose of resistance. In a quarter of an hour De Longueville's vessel ran aboard that of the champion, and the Red Rover, casting out grappling-irons to make sure of his prize, jumped on the deck in complete armor, followed by his men, who gave a terrible shout, as if victory had already been secured by them.

But the armed Scots started up at once, and the Rover found himself unexpectedly engaged with men accustomed to consider victory as secure when they were only opposed as one to two or three. Wallace himself rushed on the pirate captain, and a dreadful strife began between them, with such fury that the others suspended their own battle to look on, and seemed by common consent to refer the issue of the strife to the result of the combat between the two chiefs.

The pirate fought as well as man could do; but Wallace's strength was beyond that of ordinary mortals. He dashed the sword from the Rover's hand, and placed him

in such peril that, to avoid being cut down, he was fain to close with the Scottish champion, in hopes of overpowering him in the struggle. In this also he was foiled.

They fell on the deck locked in each other's arms; but the Frenchmen fell undermost, and Wallace, fixing his grasp upon his gorget, compressed it so closely, notwithstanding it was made of the finest steel, that the blood gushed from his eyes, nose, and mouth, and he was only able to ask for quarter by signs.

His men threw down their weapons, and begged for mercy, when they saw their leader thus severely handled. The victor granted them all their lives, but took possession of their vessel and detained them prisoners.

When he came in sight of the French harbor, Wallace alarmed the place by displaying the Rover's colors, as if De Longueville were coming to pillage the town. The bells were rung, horns were blown, and the citizens were hurrying to arms, when the scene changed. The Scottish Lion on his shield of gold was raised above the piratical flag, which announced that the champion of Scotland was approaching, like a falcon with his prey in his clutch.

He landed with his prisoner, and carried him to the court of France, where at Wallace's request, the robberies which the pirate had committed were forgiven, and the king even conferred the honor of knighthood on Sir Thomas De Longueville, and offered to take him into his service. But the Rover had contracted such friendship for his generous victor, that he insisted on uniting his fortunes with those of Wallace, and fought by his side in many a bloody battle, where the prowess of Sir

Thomas De Longueville was remarked as inferior to that of none, save of his heroic conqueror.

Sir Walter Scott.

Questions.—What voyage did Sir Wallace undertake and for what purpose? What sail appeared in sight? Why was the captain fearful? What said Sir Wallace? What orders did he give? What was the action of Sir Wallace and his trusty men? And why? What happened when the Red Rover boarded Sir Wallace's vessel? Can you describe the action? What was the result? How did the French monarch treat Sir Thomas? Was he content to remain in the King's service and why not? Who was Sir Wallace? Sir Thomas? And Sir Walter?

Require the pupil to write this selection in his own words.

Let him write the leading ideas of each paragraph.

FOSSIL⁴³ POETRY.

Language is fossil poetry; in other words, we are not to look for the poetry which a people may possess only in its poems, traditions, and beliefs. Many a single word also is a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thought and imagery laid up in it. Examine it, and it will be found to rest on some deep analogy of things natural and things spiritual, bringing those to illustrate and to give an abiding form and body to these.

The image may have grown trite and ordinary now—perhaps, through the help of this very word, may have become so entirely the heritage of all, as to seem little better than a commonplace; yet not the less he who first

discerned the relation,⁴⁴ and devised the new word which should express it, or gave to an old word, never before⁴⁵ but literally used, this new figurative sense, this man was, in his degree, a poet—a maker, that is, of things which were not before; which could not have existed but for him, or for some other gifted with equal powers.

He who spake first of a “dilapidated” fortune, what an image must have risen up before his mind’s eye of some falling house or palace—stone detaching itself from stone, till all had gradually sunk into desolation and ruin?

He who to that Greek¹ word which signified “that which will endure to be held up to and judged by the light,” gave first its ethical signification of “sincere,” “truthful,” or, as we sometimes say, “transparent”—can we deny to him the poet’s feeling and eye?

Many men had gazed, we are sure, at the jagged and indented mountain ridges of Spain before one called them “sierras,” or “saws”—the name by which now they are known, as Sierra Morena, Sierra Nevada; but that name coined by his imagination into a word will endure as long as the everlasting hills which he named.

“Iliads without a Homer,” some one has called, with a little exaggeration, the beautiful but anonymous ballad-poetry of Spain. One may be permitted, perhaps, to push the exaggeration a little farther in the same direction, and to apply the phrase not merely to a ballad, but to a word.

Let me illustrate that which I have been here saying somewhat more at length by the word “tribulation.”

(1) The Greek word referred to is *eilibrinos* which means tested-by-the-sun.

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We all know, in a general way, that this word—which occurs not seldom in Scripture—means affliction, sorrow, anguish; but it is quite worth our while to know *how* it means this, and to question the word a little closer. It is derived from the Latin *tribulum*, which was the threshing instrument or roller whereby the Roman husbandman separated the corn from the husks; and *tribulatio*, in its primary signification, was the *act* of this separation.

But some Latin writer of the Christian Church appropriates the word and image for the setting forth of a higher truth; and sorrow, distress, and adversity being the appointed means for the separating in men of their chaff from their wheat—of whatever in them was light, and trivial, and poor, from the solid and the true—therefore he called these sorrows and griefs “tribulations”—threshings, that is, of the inner spiritual man, without which there could be no fitting him for the heavenly garner.

Richard Chenevix French.

Questions.—Why is language fossil poetry? How do you explain “analogy of things natural and things spiritual”? What is said of the image? What is the meaning of image in the sentence? Explain “he who first discovered the relation.” In what sense was that man a poet? What does he say of “dilapidated”? What is the Greek word referred to? To what did it give rise? What is said of the word “sierras”? What was the ballad-poetry of Spain called? What illustration does he give concerning the exaggeration given to a word? To what purpose did the early Christian writer apply the word? And why? What is the spiritual signification of the word “tribulation”? What are the principal ideas of this selection? What is a fossil? In what sense is it applied here?

Require the pupil to write his impressions of this selection.

L'ALLEGRO.⁴⁶ (MIRTH.)**I.—MORNING GLADNESS IN THE COUNTRY.**

1. Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek,
Sport that wrinkled Care divides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
2. Come, and trip it, as ye go,
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty :
And if I give thee honor due,
Mirth, admit we of thy crew,
To live with her, and live thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free ;
3. To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull Night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled down doth rise ;
Then to come in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Though the sweetbrier, on the vine
Or the twisted eglantine⁴⁷;
While the cock with lively din

Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before.

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4. Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill ;
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

II.—EVENING GLADNESS IN THE CITY.

5. Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Were throngs of knights and barons bold
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.

6. There let hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp and feast and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry—
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's⁴⁸ learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
7. And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian⁴⁹ airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony ;
8. That Orpheus' ⁵⁰ self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian⁵¹ flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, ⁵² to have quite set free
His half-regained Eurydice ⁵³
These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

John Milton.

Questions.—What is the subject of this selection? What is described in the first part? How does he drive melancholy away? How does he invite Mirth to go with him? How does he speak of the lark? What happens in the barn-yard? How does he speak of the chase? Of the sun? Of the plowman? What is the subject of the second part? What says he of the city? What does he say of the feasts of Hymen? Of the stage? What is said of Lydian airs married to immortal verse? Can you tell the principal allusions in the last stanza? What is his conclusion? Explain the figures: "Weeds of peace;" "Hebe's cheek;" "Soft Lydian airs." Can you explain the allusions to "Orpheus," "Elysian," "Pluto," and "half-regained Eurydice"? What metaphor in the words, "scatters the rear of darkness thin"? What is the meaning of "Jonson's learned stock"? What time of day is described in the third and fourth stanzas? In what country is this scenery? Quote short passages from this poem that you think remarkable for beauty, or for felicity of expression.

Require the pupil to write the leading ideas of each stanza; to work the meter of the first stanza; and, to make a list of the words in which ing implies present time.

Let him define quips, derides, dappled, hoar, amber, whets, hymen, revelry, and "liveries dight."

IL PENSEROSO.⁵⁴ (MELANCHOLY.)

I.—SOBER NIGHT-SCENES IN THE COUNTRY.

1. Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cyprus⁵⁵ lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn!

Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;

2. There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till,
With a sad, leaden, downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast ;
And join with three calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's ⁵⁶ altar sing ;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ;
3. But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation,
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia ⁵⁷ checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak.
4. Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,

To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heavens' wide, pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

5. Oft, on a plot of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Singing slow with sullen roar;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still remov'd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
To bless the doors from nightly harm;
6. Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high, lovely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes,⁵⁸ or unsphere
The spirit of Plato,⁵⁹ to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook⁶⁰
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy⁶¹
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,

Presenting *Thetis*,⁶² or *Pelops*' line,
Or the tale of *Troy*⁶³ divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled had the buskined stage.

II.—SOBER DAY-SCENES IN FOREST, CLOISTER, AND HERMITAGE.

7. Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frownced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchiefed in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
8. And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude ax with heaved stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt,
9. There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profane eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,

And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep ;

10. And let some strange, mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid ;
And as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen genius of the wood.

11. But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale
And love the high embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows, richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced choir below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all heaven before mine eyes.

12. And may, at last, my weary age,
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and morsy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain

To something like prophetic strain.
 These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
 And I with thee will chose to live.

John Milton. ⁶⁴

Questions.—Can you give the description of the nun? Explain “sable stole of Cyprus lawn.” What is the meaning of *decent* in the line following? What is the counsel given? What is the meaning of Jove’s altar? What is she to bring with her? Can you explain the last lines of the third stanza? What figure is “rugged brow of night”? “Cynthia’s cheeks”? What are the leading ideas of the fourth stanza? Explain “smooth-shaven green.” What is the meaning of “riding near her highest noon”? Explain the figures in the two last lines of the same stanza. What idea is conveyed by “I hear the far-off curfew sound”? How would you explain the idea in the fifth stanza? What do you understand by “hold the immortal *mind* that hath forsook her mansion in the fleshly *nook*”? Who is the “thrice-great Hermes”? What allusion is in these lines: “And of the demons that are found in fire, air, flood, or under ground”? What is the allusion made by the word “tragedy”? Could it have reference to the war of Troy? How would you analyze the seventh and eighth stanzas? What means “garish eye”? What is the meaning of “honeyed thigh”? What is the allusion made in the last lines of the ninth stanza? Explain the meaning of the ideas and allusions of the tenth stanza. How do you explain the opening line of the eleventh stanza? What is the meaning of “pale” in the next line? How do explain “storied windows”? Explain the last lines of the eleventh stanza. To whom does he allude in the last stanza? What is your reason for the supposition? How do you explain *spell* in the stanza? Explain this figure: “And every herb sips the dew.” How do you explain the last four lines? What are the lessons taught? What do you know of the author and his principal work—“Paradise Lost”?

Require the pupil to write such passages as may have impressed him for beauty of imagery or of expression. Let him explain the lines thus selected.

BAMBOO.—I.

ap-prē'ci-āta, *v. t.*, to estimate truly; to value.

ēāl'a-bāsh-es, *n.*, the fruit of a tree of that name.

gōurds, *n.*, fleshy fruit with one cell and many seeds.

fa-çil'i-ty, *n.*, ease; easiness; dexterity.

rat-tān, *n.*, the stem of a plant growing in India.

ē-las-tic'i-ty, *n.*, springiness.

çir'euīt, *n.*, distance round.

sūb'sti-tūtes, *n.*, persons or things put in the place of others.

ē-co-nōm'ic-al, *adj.*, not wasteful; not extravagant.

dī-āg'o-nal, *n.*, crossing at an angle.

During my many journeys in Borneo, and especially during my various residences among the natives, I first came to appreciate the admirable qualities of the bamboo. In those parts of South America which I had previously visited, those gigantic grasses were comparatively scarce, and but few uses were found for them; their place being taken, as to one class of uses, by the great variety of palms, and as to another, by the hard rind of calabashes and gourds. Almost a tropical countries produce bamboos; and wherever they are found in abundance, the natives apply them to a variety of uses.

Their strength, lightness, smoothness, straightness, roundness, and hollowness, the facility and regularity with which they can be split, their many different sizes, the varying length of their joints, the ease with which they can be cut, and with which holes can be made through them, their hardness outside, their freedom from any pronounced taste or smell, their great abundance, and the rapidity of their growth and increase, are all qualities which render them useful for a hundred different

purposes, to serve which, other materials would require much more labor and preparation. The bamboo is one of the wonderful as well as beautiful productions of the tropics, and one of nature's, most valuable gifts to civilized man.

The Dyak⁶⁵ houses are all raised on posts, and are often two or three hundred feet long and forty or fifty feet wide. The floor is always formed of strips, about three inches wide, split from large bamboos, so that each may be laid nearly flat, and these are firmly tied down to the joists beneath. When well made, this is a delightful floor to walk upon barefooted, the rounded surfaces of the bamboo being very smooth and agreeable to the feet, while at the same time affording a firm hold.

But what is more important, they form, with a mat over them, an excellent bed, the elasticity of the bamboo and its rounded surface being far superior to a more rigid and flatter floor. Here we at once find a use for bamboo which cannot be supplied so well by any other material without a vast amount of labor. Palms and other substitutes require much cutting and smoothing, and are not so good when finished.

When, however, a flat, close floor is required, excellent boards are made by splitting open large bamboos on one side only, and flattening them out so as to form thin boards eighteen inches wide and six feet long, with which some Dyaks floor their houses. These, with constant rubbing of the feet and the smoke of years, become dark and polished, like walnut or old oak, so that their real material can hardly be recognized.

What labor is here saved a savage, whose only tools are

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an ax and a knife, and who, if he wants boards, must hew them out of the solid trunk of a tree, and give days and weeks of labor to obtain a surface as smooth and beautiful as the bamboo thus treated affords him !

Again; if a temporary house is wanted, either by the native on his plantation, or by the traveller in the forest, nothing is so convenient as the bamboo, with which a house can be constructed with a quarter of the labor and time required when other materials are used.

The natives of the interior make paths for long distances, from village to village, and to their cultivated grounds, in the course of which they have to cross many gullies and ravines, and even rivers; or sometimes, to avoid a long circuit, to carry the path along the face of the precipice. In all these cases, the bridges they construct are of bamboo, and so admirably adapted is the material for the purpose, that it seems doubtful whether they would ever have attempted such works if they had not possessed it.

The native bridge is simple but well designed. It consists merely of stout bamboos crossing each other at the roadway like the letter X, and rising a few feet above it. At the crossing they are firmly bound together, and to a large bambo which lies upon them, and forms the only pathway with a slender and often very shaky one to serve as a hand-rail.

When a river is to be crossed, an overhanging tree is chosen, from which the bridge is partly suspended and partly supported by diagonal braces from the banks, so as to avoid placing posts in the stream itself, which would be liable to be carried away by floods.

In carrying a path along the face of the precipice, trees and roots are made use of for suspension; braces arise from suitable notches or crevices in the rocks; and if these are not sufficient, immense bamboos, fifty or sixty feet long, are fixed on the banks or on the branch of a tree below.

These bridges are traversed daily by men and women carrying heavy loads, so that any insecurity is soon discovered, and, as the materials are close at hand, immediately repaired.

When a path goes over very steep ground, and becomes slippery in wet or dry weather, the bamboo is used in another way. Pieces are cut about a yard long, and opposite notches being made at each end, holes are formed through which pegs are driven, and firm and convenient steps are thus constructed with the greatest ease and celerity. It is true that much of this will decay in one or two seasons; but it can be so quickly replaced, as to make its use more economical than that of a harder and more durable substance.

Alfred Russell Wallace.

Questions.—What does the author say of his travels in Borneo and South America? Can you describe the qualities of the bamboo? Give a full description of a Dyak house? What have you to remark of the bamboo floor used for a bed? How do they go about constructing a flat floor? What are the implements of the savages in building? Why is bamboo so serviceable in building a temporary house? What have you to observe of their paths? Can you give any idea of the construction of their bridges? How do they manage to cross rivers? Or precipices? How do they test them? What do you remark of the bridges when they become slippery? What are the several important lessons taught? What do you know concerning the author?

Require the pupil to write the lesson in his own language.

BAMBOO.—II.

- děe'o-rāta, *v. t.*, to adorn; to make beautiful.
 āq'ue-dūets, *n.*, artificial channels for conveying water.
 per-fēe'tion, *n.*, the highest degree of excellence.
 ū-těn'sīlſ, *n.*, vessels used in a kitchen.
 in-sērt'ing, *n.*, setting within something.
 ob-līque'ly, *adv.*, inclined at an angle.
 çyl'in-der, *n.*, a body of roller-like form.
 cōv'et-ed, *v. t.*, wished for eagerly.

One of the most striking uses to which bamboo is applied by the natives, is to assist them in climbing lofty trees. One day I shot a small animal, which caught in a fork of a tree and remained fixed. As I was very anxious to get it, I tried to persuade two young men who were with me to cut down the tree, which was tall, perfectly straight, and smooth-barked, and without a branch for fifty or sixty feet.

To my surprise they said they would prefer climbing it, although it would be a good deal of trouble; but after a little talking together, they said they would try. They first went to a clump of bamboos that stood near, and cut down one of the largest stems. From this they chopped off a short piece, and splitting it, made a couple of stout pegs, about a foot long, and sharp at one end.

Then cutting a thick piece of wood for a mallet, they drove one of the pegs into the tree and hung their weight upon it. It held, and this seemed to satisfy them, for they immediately began making a quantity of pegs of the same kind, while I looked on with great interest, wondering how they could possibly ascend such a lofty tree by

merely driving pegs in it, the failure of any one of which at a good height would certainly cause their death.

When about two dozen pegs had been made, one of them began cutting very long and slender bamboos from another clump, and also prepared some cord from the bark of a small tree. They now drove in a peg very firmly at about three feet from the ground, and, bringing one of the long bamboos, stood it upright, close to the tree, and bound it firmly to the first two pegs, by means of the bark cord, and made small notches near the head of each peg.

One of the men now stood on the first peg, and drove in a third, about level with his face, to which he tied the bamboo in the same way, and then mounted another step, standing on one foot, and holding by the bamboo at the peg immediately above him, while he drove in the next one. In this manner he ascended about twenty feet, when the upright bamboo becoming thin, another was handed up by his companion, and this was joined on by tying both bamboos to three or four of the pegs.

When this was also nearly ended, a third was added, and shortly after, the lowest branches of the tree were reached, along which the young native scrambled, and soon sent the little animal tumbling headlong down.

I was exceedingly struck by the ingenuity of this mode of climbing, and the admirable manner in which the peculiar properties of the bamboo were made available. The ladder itself was perfectly safe, since if any one peg were loose or faulty, and gave way, the strain would be thrown on several others above and below it. I now understood the use of the line of bamboo pegs sticking in trees, which I had often seen, and wondered for what purpose they could have been put there.

This method of climbing is constantly used in order to obtain wax, which is one of the most valuable products of the country. The honey-bee of Borneo very generally hangs its combs under the branches of the tappen, a tree which towers above all others in the forest, and whose smooth, cylindrical trunk often rises a hundred feet without a branch. The natives climb these lofty trees at night, building up their bamboo ladder as they go, and bringing down gigantic honey-combs.

These furnish them with a delicious feast of honey and young bees, besides the wax, which they sell to traders, and with the proceeds buy the much coveted brass wire, ear-rings, and gold-edged handkerchiefs with which they love to decorate themselves. In ascending durio and other fruit trees, which branch at from thirty to fifty feet from the ground, I have seen them use the bamboo pegs only, without the upright bamboo which renders them so much more secure.

The outer rind of the bamboo, split and shaved thin, is the strongest material for baskets; hen-coops, bird-cages, and conical fish-traps are very quickly made from a single joint, by splitting off the skin in narrow strips left attached to one end, while rings of the same material, or rattan, are twisted in at regular distances.

Water is brought to the house by little aqueducts formed of large bamboos, split in half and supported on crossed sticks of various heights to give it a regular fall. Thin long-jointed bamboos form their only water-vessels, and a dozen of them stand in the corner of every house. They are clean, light, and easily carried, and are in many ways superior to earthen vessels for the same purpose.

They also make excellent cooking utensils; vegetables and rice can be boiled in them to perfection, and they are often used by travellers. Salted fruit or fish, sugar, vinegar, and honey are preserved in them instead of in jars or bottles. In a small bamboo case, prettily carved and ornamented, the native carries his materials for betel chewing, and his little long-bladed knife has a bamboo sheath.

His favorite pipe is a large hubble-bubble, which he will construct in a few minutes, by inserting a small piece of bamboo for a bowl obliquely into a large cylinder about six inches from the bottom, containing water, through which the smoke passes to a long, slender bamboo tube.

There are many other small matters for which bamboo is daily used, but enough has now been mentioned to show its value. In other parts of the archipelago I have myself seen it applied to many new uses, and it is probable that my limited means of observation did not make me acquainted with one-half the ways in which it is serviceable to the natives.

Alfred Russel Wallace.

Questions.—Mention some of the striking uses of the bamboo. What brought about the climbing of the tree? Can you give me an accurate description how the climbing was effected? What does the author remark upon the subject? Did he in his travels see these pegs in trees? How does he account for them? What do they do with the honey-combs? Can you mention any other purposes to which the bamboo serves? What is the principal? What does this teach us? What do you know concerning the author?

Require the pupil to write a descriptive letter on the Bamboo its value and utility.

Let him give you an oral account of the lesson.

THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.

And is there care in heaven? And is there love
 In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
 That may compassion of their evils move?
 There is :—else much more wretched were the case
 Of men than beasts : but O the exceeding grace
 Of Highest God! that loves his creatures so,
 And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
 That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
 To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
 To come to succor us that succor want!
 How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
 The fitting skyes,¹ like flying pursuivant,²
 Against fowle³ feedes⁴ to ayd⁵ us militant!
 They for us fight, they watch, and dewly⁶ ward,
 And their bright squadrons round us plant;
 And all for love, and nothing for reward;
 O why should heavenly⁷ God to men have such regard!

Edmund Spenser.

Questions.—What are the principal ideas in the first stanza? Explain "creatures base." How is the ministry of the angels described? Who are angels? When were they created? How many choirs of angels? Can you name them? Explain the opening lines of the second stanza. How do you explain the figures in "How oft do they with golden pinions cleave the fitting skyes"? What is

1. Clouds.

2. Pursuing.

3. Foul.

4. Fiends.

5. Aid.

6. Duly.

7. Heavenly.

your explanation of the closing lines? How is the love of God shown? What are the lessons taught? Who was Edmund Spenser? Is there such a verse as the Spenserian? Is this selection an instance of it? How do you scan it? What lines rhyme? What is peculiar in the last line?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the Ministry of the Angels.

Let the pupil write a literary analysis of the poem.

THE BURNING BABE.

As I in a hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat,
Which made my heart to glow;
And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty Babe all burning bright,
Did in the air appear;
Who, scorched with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though his floods should quench his flames,
Which with his tears were bred.
"Alas!" quoth he, "but newly born,
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel my fire, but I;
My faultless breast the furnace is,
The fuel, wounding thorns;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,

The ashes, shames and scorns ;
 The fuel justice layeth on,
 And mercy blows the coals
 The metal in this furnace wrought
 Are men's defiled souls :
 For which, as now on fire I am,
 To work them to their good,
 So will I melt into a bath,
 To wash them in my blood :"
 With this he vanished out of sight,
 And swiftly shrunk away,
 And straight I called unto mind
 That it was Christmas Day.

Robert Southwell.

Questions.—Where is the scene laid? What happened whilst he was shivering in the snow? Can you recite the words that were spoken by the Babe? Who was the Babe? What do you observe in the words spoken? Mention the figures that occur in those verses? On what day was it? What peculiar about the style of the poem? Scan the first five lines.

Require the pupil to analyze the poem. Let him write it in prose.

THE DECEIT OF APPEARANCES.

The world is still deceived with ornament.
 In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
 But being seasoned with a gracious voice,
 Obscures the show of evil? In religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars ;
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk !
And these assume but valor's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea ; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty ; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wisest : therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas,⁶⁶ I will none of thee :
Nor none of thee, that pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I ; joy be the consequence.

Merchant of Venice :— William Shakespeare.

Questions.—Explain the title. What is the full force of the opening line? What does he say of the law and what is the meaning? What is the force of "damned"? What is the error reproved? Could he refer to those hypocritical devotees whose sanctity is all without? How do you explain "There is no vice so simple, but assumes some mark of virtue"? How does he speak of cowards? What is the meaning of "beards of Hercules"? What is the meaning of the thirteenth line? Explain "purchased by the *weight*." What does he say of the locks of hair? How does he reprove the wearing of false hair? Explain the full significance of the twenty-second line. Line twenty-third. Why "veiling an Indian beauty"? Can you explain its meaning? Could he refer to the fashion of painting the face so prevalent in his day? Why does it condemn it? Why does the Church condemn it? How does he reject gold and why? What is the allusion "thou pale and common drudge"? In what phrase does he express exchange? Explain the meaning of the last lines. Can you point out ten of the principal ideas? What figure in "stairs of sand"? "Frowning Mars"? "Crisped, snaky, golden locks"? "The skull that bred them in the sepulchre"? What is the meter? What is the ordinary meter of Shakespeare's poems? What do you know of Shakespeare?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the "Deceit of Appearances," introducing the verses to serve as illustrations and embellishments.

THE COAST OF NORWAY..

in-tin-dāta, n., *flood; overflow.*
 eön-stēl-la'tions, n., *groups of fixed stars.*
 vi'brāta, v., *to move to and fro.*
 un-mōōr', v. t. *to loose from anchorage.*
 spīn'y, adj. *full of thorns.*
 de-fi'anča, n., *in opposition to.*

Every one who has looked at the map of Norway must have been struck with the singular character of its coast.

On the map it looks so jagged, such a strange mixture of land and sea, that it appears as if there must be a perpetual struggle between the two—the sea striving to inundate the land, and the land pushing itself into the sea, till it ends in their dividing the region between them. On the spot, however, this coast is very fine.

The long, straggling promontaries are mountainous, towering ridges of rock, springing up in precipices from the water; while the bays between them, instead of being rounded with shelving, sandy shores on which the sea tumbles its waves, as in bays of our coast, are, in fact, long, narrow valleys, filled with sea, instead of being laid out in fields and meadows. The high, rocky banks shelter these deep bays, called fiords, from almost every wind, so that their waters are usually as still as those of a lake.

For days and weeks together, they reflect each separate tree-top of the pine forests which clothe the mountain sides, the mirror being broken only by the leap of some sportive fish, or the oars of the boatman as he goes to hunt the sea-fowl from islet to islet of the fiord, or carries out his nets or his rod to catch the sea-trout, cod or herring, which abound in their seasons on the coast of Norway.

It is difficult to say whether these fiords are more beautiful in the summer or the winter. In summer, they glitter with golden sunshine; and purple and green shadows from the forest and mountain lie on them; and these may be more lovely than the faint light of the winter noon of those latitudes, and the snowy pictures of frozen peaks which then show themselves on the surface; but before the day is half-over, out come the stars,—the glorious stars—which shine like nothing we have ever seen.

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There the planets cast a faint shadow, as the young moon does with us; these planets, and the constellations of the sky, as they silently glide over from peak to peak of these rocky passes, are imaged on the waters so clearly that the fisherman, as he unmoors his boat for his evening task, feels as if he were about to shoot forth his vessel into another heaven, and to cleave his way among the stars.

Still as everything is to the eye, sometimes for a hundred miles together along these deep sea valleys, there is rarely silence. The ear is kept awake by a thousand voices. In the summer there are cataracts leaping from ledge to ledge of the rocks; and there is the bleating of the kids that browse; and the flap of the great eagle's wings, as it dashes abroad from its eyrie; and the cries of whole clouds of sea-birds that inhabit the islets; and all these sounds are mingled and multiplied by the strong echoes, till they become a din as loud as that of a city.

Even at night, when the flocks are in the fold, and the birds at roost, and the echoes themselves seem to be asleep, there is occasionally a sweet music heard, too soft for even the listening ear to catch by day.

Every breath of summer wind that steals through the pine forests, wakes this music as it goes. The stiff, spiny leaves of the fir and pine vibrate with the breeze, like the strings of a musical instrument, so that every breath of the night wind, in a Norwegian forest, wakens a myriad of tiny harps, and this gentle and mournful music may be heard in gushes the whole night through.

This music, of course, ceases when each tree becomes laden with snow; but yet there is a sound in the midst of

the longest winter night. There is the rumble of some avalanche, as, after a drifting storm, a mass of snow, too heavy to keep its place, slides and tumbles from the mountain peak. There is alas, now and then, a long crack of the ice in the nearest glacier; and, as many declare, there is a crackling to be heard by those who listen when the Northern Lights⁶⁷ are shooting and blazing across the sky.

Nor is this all. Wherever there is a nook among the rocks on the shore where a man may build a house, and a clear field or two; wherever there is a platform beside the cataract where the sawyer may plant his mill, and make a path from it to join some great road,—there is a human habitation and the sounds that belong to it. Thence, in winter nights, come music and laughter and the hum of many voices. The Norwegians are a social and hospitable people; and they hold their gay meetings, in defiance of of their arctic climate, through every season of the year.

Harriet Martineau.

Questions.—What is of the appearance of Norway? Where is Norway? Was Norway ever a separate Kingdom? Is it so now? Give a description of its physical aspects. What is said of the reflection in those lakes? Can you give the description of the fiords in winter and summer? Describe the appearance of the sky. Describe how the stillness of the night is broken. Can you recite the beautiful paragraph referring to the effects of the summer wind on leaves? Can you give me a description of the music in winter? What is the Northern Light? Is there also a Southern Light? Can you give the principal ideas of the concluding paragraph? What do you know of Harriet Martineau?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the Coast of Norway. Let him write a synopsis of this selection.

THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS.

Since the glory of God and the happiness of our fellow-creatures may be promoted by various means, by command or example, according to the condition and disposition of each, the advantages of that institution are manifest. Besides those who are engaged in active and every day life, there are also found in the Church ascetic and contemplative men. These abandoning the cares of life and trampling its pleasures under foot, devote their whole being to the contemplation of the Deity, and the admiration of His works. Again, there are those who, freed from personal concerns, apply themselves exclusively to watch and relieve the necessities of others, some by instructing the ignorant or erring; some by assisting the needy and afflicted. Nor is it the least among those works which commend to us that Church, which alone has preserved the name and the badge of Catholicity, that we see her alone produce and cherish these illustrious examples of the eminent virtues and of the ascetic life.

Wherefore, I confess, that I have ardently admired the religious orders, and the pious confraternities, and other similar and admirable institutions. They are in a manner, a sort of celestial soldiery upon earth, provided they are governed according to the institutes of the founders, and regulated by the Supreme Pontiff for the use of the universal Church. For what can be more glorious than to carry the light of truth to distant nations, through seas and fire and sword!—to traffic in the salvation of souls alone! What more commendable than to forego the allure-

ments of pleasure, and even the enjoyment of conversation and of social intercourse, in order to pursue, undisturbed, the contemplation of abstruse truths and divine meditation! What greater sacrifice than to dedicate oneself to the education of youth in science and virtue, to assist and console the wretched, the despairing, the lost, the captive, the condemned, the sick—in squalor, in chains, in distant lands—undeterred even by the fear of pestilence from the lavish exercise of these heavenly offices of charity! The man who knows not, or despises these things, has but a vulgar and plebeian conception of virtue. He foolishly measures the obligation of men toward their God by the perfunctory discharge of ordinary duties, and by that frozen habit of life, devoid of zeal, and even of soul, which prevails commonly among men. For it is not a counsel, as some persuade themselves, but a strict precept, to labor with every power of soul and body, no matter in what condition of life we may be, for the attainment of Christian perfection, with which neither wedlock, nor children, nor public office, are incompatible, although they throw difficulties in the way. It is only a counsel to select that state of life which is more free from earthly obstacles, upon which selection our Lord congratulated Magdalen.

Gottfried W. von Leibnitz.

Questions.—What is the subject of this selection? What do you understand by it? What is an order? What is said of such an institution? How does the author distinguish these orders? Can you give an idea of each class mentioned? What is the force of "Wherefore"? What did he admire? What did he consider them to be and when? Is the author correct in the supposition, if so, why? What does he say of those who carry the truth to distant nations? Can you mention the religious who are thus engaged? Can you

mention any whose object is the education of youth? Are there any in Canada? Can you name them? Who are they who deny themselves the pleasure of conversation and intercourse with society? Who are they who care the sick? The prisoners? Can you mention any who devote themselves to the plague-stricken, to the wounded on the battlefield? What do you know of Father Jogues? What rebuke does the author give to those who profess ignorance in this matter? Or who allow their prejudice to overcome their better judgment? Does he hold that this state of life is of precept? Explain. What are the several important lessons taught? What do you know of Leibnitz?

Require the pupil to write this lesson in his own words, supplying the names of such orders as are alluded to in this selection.

Let him write and define at least twelve of the most difficult words.

PLEASURES OF HEAVEN.

There all the happy souls that ever were,
 Shall meet with gladness in one theatre;
 And each shall know there one another's face,
 By beatific virtue of the place.
 There shall the brother and the sister walk,
 And sons and daughters with their parents¹ talk;
 But all to God: they still shall have to say,
 But make him all in all their theme² that day;
 That happy day that never shall see night!
 Where he will be all beauty to the sight;
 Wine or delicious fruits unto the taste;
 A music in the ears will ever last;

1. In heaven there is no such thing as kin. 2. Subject of conversation.

Unto the scent, a spicery or balm ;
 And to the touch, a flower, like soft as palm.
 He will all glory, all perfection be
 God in the Union and the Trinity !
 That holy, great, and glorious mystery,
 Will there revealed be in majesty,
 By light and comfort of spiritual grace ;
 The vision of our Saviour face to face,
 In his humanity ! to hear him preach
 The price of our redemption; and to teach,
 Through his inherent righteousness in death,
 The safety of our souls and forfeit breath !
 What fulness of beatitude is here !
 What love with mercy mixed doth appear !
 To style of friends, who were by nature foes !
 Adopt us heirs by grace, who were of those
 Had lost ourselves ; and prodigally spent
 Our native portions and possessed rent !
 Yet have all debts forgiven us ; and advance
 By imputed right to an inheritance
 In his eternal kingdom, where we sit
 Equal with angels, and co-heirs of it.¹

Ben Jonson.

Questions.—What do you understand by pleasures in heaven?
 How shall they know each other in heaven? What is meant by
beatific vision? Who is their theme of endless happy converse of
 praise? Explain "that happy day that never shall see night."
 How does the poet endeavor to give us an idea of those delights?
 What says he of God? Of the Trinity? What is the Trinity?
 Shall we ever know that mystery? Can you cite any words from St
 Paul concerning this unveiling? How does he speak of the spiritual
 delights? What shall we learn from the Saviour's blessed lips?

1. Refers to kingdom of heaven.

Explain the beautiful ideas in the last part. How do you explain "our native portions and possessed rent"? How would you scan the poem? What do you know of Jonson?

Require the pupil to write this poem in prose. Let him write a composition on the "Pleasures of Heaven."

Let him select four figures which have impressed him.

HYMN TO THE NAME OF JESUS.

I sing the Name which none can say,
 But touched with an interior ray;
 The name of all our new peace; our good;
 Our bliss, and supernatural blood;
 The name of all our lives and loves
 Hearken and help, ye holy doves!
 The high-born brood of day; you bright
 Candidates of blissful light,
 The heirs-elect of love, whose names belong
 Unto the everlasting life of song;
 All ye wise souls, who is the wealthy breast
 Of this unbounded Name build your warm nest.
 Awake, my glory! soul—if such thou be,
 And that fair word at all refer to thee—
 Awake and sing,
 And be all wing!
 Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see
 What of thy parent heaven yet speaks in thee.
 O thou art poor
 Of noble powers, I see,
 And full of nothing else but empty me;

Narrow and low, and infinitely less
Than this great morning's mighty business.

* * *

Come, lovely name ! life of our hope !
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope !
Unlock thy cabinet of day,
Dearest sweet, and come away.

Come, royal name ! and pay the expense
Of all this precious patience :

Oh, come away
And kill the death of this delay.

Lo, where aloft it comes ! It comes among
The conduct of adoring spirits, throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.

Lo ! where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves.
Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day !
Unfold thy fair conceptions ; and display
The birth of our bright joys.

Oh, thou compacted
Body of spirits ! spirit of souls extracted !

Fair flow'ry name ! in none but thee,
And thy nectareal fragrancy

Hourly their meets
An universal synod of all sweets ;
By whom it is defined thus—

That no perfume
For ever shall presume

To pass for odoriferous,
But such alone whose sacred pedigree
Can prove itself some kin, sweet name! to thee.
Sweet name! in thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
A thousand hills of frankincense;
Mountains of myrrh and beds of spices,
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul that tastes thee take from thence.

On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee,
And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee,
Where racks and torments strived in vain to reach thee.

Little, alas! thought they
Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
Their fury but made way
For thee, and served them in thy glorious ends.

What did their weapons, but set wide the doors
For thee? fair purple doors, of love's devising;
The ruby windows which enriched the east
Of thy so oft-repeated rising.
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
And re-enthroned thee in thy rosy nest,
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning
It was the wit of love o'erflowed the bounds
Of wrath, and made the way through all these rounds.
Welcome, dear, all-adored name!

For sure there is no knee
That knows not thee;
Or if there be such sons of shame,
Alas! what will they do,

When stubborn rocks shall bow,
 And hills hang down their heav'n-saluting heads
 To seek for humble beds
 Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
 Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
 And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread Majesty
 They that by love's mild dictate now
 Will not adore thee,
 Shall then, with just confusion, bow
 And break before thee.

Richard Crashaw.

Questions.—What is said of the Name of Jesus? What does it constitute for us? How do you explain "The high-born brood of day"? Who are "the heirs-elect of love"? How does he call upon all wise souls? How does he speak of self? Recite the invocation to the lovely name. What does he invite the royal name to do? Whence comes that name? How does it come? Explain "Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day." Explain the figures contained in that line. What is said of the "fair flow'ry name"? What do you mean by "can prove itself some kin, sweet name! to thee"? Explain the allusions and figures in the lines following "sweet name!" How do you explain the lines "On their breast... And to the teeth of hell... where rocks..."? What figure in "fair purple doors"? "Ruby windows"? What figure and allusion is in "with blush of thine own blood thy day adorning"? What is the full force of "knee" in this line: "For sure there is no knee"? What text of St. Paul have you concerning this? How do you explain "when stubborn rocks shall bow, and hills hang down their heav'n-saluting heads to seek for humble beds"? Mention the figures contained therein. What figure in "bashful shades of night"? Explain it. What do you know of Richard Crashaw? What is the meaning of the line quoted in the biographical sketch?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the "Power and Goodness of the Holy Name of Jesus," and let him aptly introduce some verses of this selection.

Let him write such verses as have impressed him.

PAPER.

eôn-vēr' sion, *n.*, making; changing.

trans-vērse' ly, *adv.*, crosswise.

eo-hē' sion, *n.*, uniting; adhering.

eul-rāss', *n.*, a piece of armor covering the body.

flēx' i-blā, *adj.*, capable of being bent.

Egypt and China and Japan, are the countries in which the earliest manufacture of paper is known to have been carried on. The Egyptian paper was made of the plant called papyrus,¹ a kind of grass. According to the information handed down to us, the delicate inner fibers were separated from the blade of the grass, and spread upon a table in such a manner that they overlapped one another.

The table was sprinkled with water from the Nile, which had, no doubt, the effect of moistening the natural gum of the plant so as to make the fibers adhere. When this first layer of papyrus fiber was complete, succeeding layers were laid upon it transversely, until the paper was sufficiently thick. These layers were then pressed together, and the sheet of paper was dried in the sun.

The best quality was preserved for religious uses, and not allowed to be exported. The Romans, however, discovered a process of cleansing this kind of paper from the marks of writing, and after this discovery they imported from Egypt sacred books written on this material, which they used for their own purposes, after the original writing had been removed.

(1) The word *paper* is derived from the word *papyrus*.

Besides the papyrus, there are remnants, of ancient paper made of the inner bark of trees. Egyptian paper was in general use in Europe until the eighth or ninth century. It then slowly began to give place to paper manufactured from cotton and other materials, the art of making which was apparently learned by the Arabs in Asia, and introduced by them into Europe.

This manufacture had probably spread to Western Asia from China, where it is known to have existed at a very early period. Paper was made by the Chinese from some materials at least as early as the beginning of the first century, and, according to their own account, the fabrication of paper from cotton appears to have been invented about the beginning of the third century.

The materials that have been used for the manufacture of paper are very numerous. In China, where much of the paper made is of very excellent quality, different materials are used in different provinces. Hemp⁶⁸ and linen⁶⁹ rags are used in one part of the country; the inner bark of the mulberry-tree in another; and in other parts, the bark of the elm, straw, and bamboo.

The Japanese make use principally of a kind of mulberry-tree, and the paper manufactured by them is unequalled for strength and softness, qualities which enable it to be used for many purposes for which leather is commonly employed elsewhere, such as making reticules.⁷⁰

The natives of Mexico, before the Spanish conquest, made their paper from the leaves of the agave⁷¹ plant, or American aloe, in a manner resembling the ancient mode of preparing papyrus.

After the introduction into Europe of cotton and linen rags as materials for paper-making, the use of other vegetable fibers was for many centuries, or almost entirely, given up; not so much however, on account of their unfitness, as because rags, besides being admirably adapted for the purpose, were cheaper than any other material.

It was not until the close of the eighteenth century that paper-manufacturers began again to turn their attention to the possibility of using vegetable fibers as substitutes for rags. In 1772, a German published a work containing sixty specimens of paper made from different vegetable substances. From this time serious attempts were made to find a process, by which some of these vegetable materials could be used with success to replace rags.

The difficulty did not consist in the mere conversion into paper of the materials on which experiments were made—for any vegetable fiber with a rough edge can be made into paper—but in making paper out of them of such a quality and at such a price, as would enable the manufactured product to compete with that made from rags.

Straw, wood, and esparto⁷² grass are the chief vegetable fibers which, with rags, have hitherto been found to answer these conditions, and all of these are now used more or less in paper-making. The combination of the flexible fibers by which the paper is produced, depends on the minute subdivision of the fibers, and their subsequent cohesion.

The rags used are chiefly cotton and linen. Woolen rags are no longer employed for the purpose. Cotton is used in the manufacture of paper not only in the form of rags, but also in that of waste or sweepings from spinning-mills.

Before the rags or other materials can be made into paper, they must be torn or cut into minute particles so small that they form a pulp when mixed with water. A sheet of paper is a thin layer of this pulpy matter, mixed with some kind of glue or size to give it firmness, and then dried.

The invention of the machine for paper-making is due to a Frenchman, a patent was obtained for it by the inventor from the French Government in 1799. A method of treating straw so as to make it capable of being manufactured into paper, was invented at the beginning of the present century. Various improvements have since been effected, and there are now mills which produce no other kind of paper than that made mostly from straw and wood-pulp; but the best and most important use of wood and straw in paper-making, is to impart stiffness to the paper.

Two processes have been patented for the manufacture of paper entirely from wood. By the first process the wood is reduced to a pulp by means of chemicals. By the other process the pulp is obtained by merely grinding down the wood and mixing it with water during the operation.

Esparto, or Spanish grass, and the kindred plant called alfa, which is brought from Algeria, have been applied to paper-making only in comparatively recent years. The use of rushes for paper-making belongs to the United States, and dates from the year 1866. The paper made from this material is white, firm, and of good quality, and considerably cheaper than that made from wood.

Blotting paper is made in the same way as ordinary paper, except that the sizing is omitted. Pasteboard is made from coarse paper by pasting several sheets together, or by laying the sheets above one another when fresh from the mold and uniting them by pressure. This second method is much the better of the two, as the sheets cohere more firmly. Pasteboard made in the other way is very apt to split into separate sheets when subjected to unusual heat.

Nothing is more remarkable than the great number and diversity of new uses that have been found for paper in recent years. Besides being largely employed for making collars, cuffs, and other articles of dress, it is sometimes used for making small houses in the backwoods of our Western States and territories, which are found to be warmer than those made of wood or sheet iron. It is used also for making boats, pipes, tanks, and pails for water; cuirasses firm enough to resist musket-balls, and even bells and cannons, and wheels for railway carriages have been made of it.

Anonymous.

Questions.—In what countries was paper first manufactured? Describe the Egyptian method of making paper. Mention the different qualities and their respective uses. What did the Romans do with the religious books they brought from Egypt? Was there any other method of making paper besides that of the papyrus? How was paper made in China? What materials are used for making paper in different parts of China? Can you describe the Japanese method? Was cotton and linen ever used for making paper? What do you know of the progress of paper-making in the eighteenth century? What was the great difficulty that presented itself in the making of paper from vegetable fibers? What do you know of straw, wood,

and esparto grass in connection with paper-making? What do you say of the rags that are used? Can you describe the process of making paper? When was the machine for making paper invented? What do you know of the treatment of steam in regard to paper-making? How do you describe the process of paper-making from wood? What do we owe to the United States? How is blotting paper made? Pasteboard? Can you give any idea of the uses of paper?

Require the pupil to write a composition on the manufacture of paper.

Let him write an analysis of this selection, and let him write the principal points or the synopsis.

CIVILIZED LIFE.

What a wonderful order there is in all human labor! Whilst the husbandman furrows his land, and prepares for us our daily bread, the town artisan, far away, weaves the stuff in which we are to be clothed; the miner seeks underground the iron for our plough; the soldier defends us against the invader; the judge takes care that the law protects our fields; the assessor adjusts our private interests with those of the public; the merchant is busy exchanging our products with those of distant countries; men of science and of art add every day fresh horses to this ideal team, which draws along the material world, as steam draws the gigantic trains over our iron roads!

Thus all unite, all help one another; the toil of each one benefits himself and all the world; the work has been apportioned among the different members of society

at large by a tacit agreement. The poorest man included in this association has his place, his work, his reason for being there; each is something in the whole.

There is nothing like this for man in the state of nature; as he depends only upon himself, it is necessary that he be sufficient for everything,—all creation is his property; but he finds in it as many hindrances as helps. He must surmount these obstacles with the single strength that God has given him; he cannot reckon on any other aid than chance and opportunity. No one reaps, manufactures, fights, or thinks for him; he is nothing to any one. He is a unit multiplied by the cipher of his own single powers; while the civilized man is a unit multiplied by the powers of a whole society.

Yet, the other day, disgusted by the sight of human misery, I condemned our civilization, and almost envied the life of the savage.

One of the infirmities of our nature is always to mistake feeling for evidence, and to judge of the season by a cloud or a ray of sunshine.

Was the misery, the sight of which made me regret a savage life, really the effect of civilization? Must we accuse society of having created the evils, or acknowledge, on the contrary, that it has alleviated them? Could the women and children who receive the coarse bread of charity, hope in the desert for more help or pity? The dead pauper, whose forsaken state I deplore, does he not find a coffin, and the humble grave where he is to rest? Alone, and far from men, he would die like the wild beast in his den, serve as food for vultures! These benefits of human

society are shared, the ., by the most destitute. Whoever eats the bread that another has reaped and kneaded, is under an obligation to his brother, and cannot say he owes him nothing in return. The poorest of us has received from society much more than his own single strength would have permitted him to wrest from nature.

Emile Souvestre.

Questions.—Give the author's description of human labor. Show their mutual dependence. Show he must, with God's help, still depend upon his own powers. Why would he seek the savage life? Wherein was his mistake? Give the principal ideas of the last paragraph. What is civilization? To whom does Society owe its refined civilization? Suppose you were to exclude religion from society what would be the consequence? Show how the Church at all times and in every country effected civilization.

Require the pupil to write a composition on the "Benefits of true Civilization." Let him not forget to show that where Religion is, there also is civilization; and that in the absence of Religion there is naught but confusion and chaos.

Let him write and define twelve difficult words.

A REVERIE.

These hearts of ours—how strange! how strange!
How they yearn to ramble and love to range
Down through the vales of the years long gone,
Up through the future that fast rolls on.

To-days are dull—so they wend their ways
Back to their beautiful yesterdays;

The present is blank—so they wing their flight
To future to-morrows where all seems bright.

Build them a bright and beautiful home,
They'll soon grow weary and want to roam;
Find them a spot without sorrow or pain,
They may stay a day, but they're off again.

Those hearts of ours—how wild! how wild!
They're as hard to tame as an Indian child;
They're as restless as waves on the sounding sea,
Like the breeze and the bird are they fickle and free.

Those hearts of ours—how lone! how lone!
Ever, forever, they mourn and moan;
Let them revel in joy, let them riot in cheer;
That revel'ry o'er, they're all the more dear.

Those hearts of ours—how warm! how warm!
Like the sun's bright rays, like the summer's charm;
How they beam and burn! how they gleam and glow!
Their flash and flame hide but ashes below.

Those hearts of ours—how cold! how cold!
Like December's snow on the waste or wold;
And though our December melt snow into May,
Hearts know Decembers that pass not away.

Those hearts of ours—how deep! how deep!
You may sound the sea where the corals sleep,
Where never a billow hath rumbled or rolled—
Depths still the deeper our hearts hide and hold.

Where the wild storm's tramp hath ne'er been known
The wrecks of the sea lies low and lone ;
Thus the heart's surface may sparkle and glow,
There are wrecks far down—there are graves below.

Those hearts of ours—but, after all,
How shallow and narrow, how tiny and small ;
Like scantiest streamlet or summer's last rill,
Thy /re as easy to empty—as easy to fill.

One hour of storm and how the streams pour !
One hour of sun and the streams are no more ;
One little grief ;—how the tears gush and glide !
One smile ; flow they ever so fast, they are dried

Those hearts of ours—how wise ! how wise !
They can lift their thoughts till they reach the skies ;
They can sink their shafts, like a miner bold,
Where wisdom's mines hide their pearls and gold.

Aloft they soar with undazzled gaze,
Where the halls of the Day-King burn and blaze ;
Or they fly with a wing that will never fail,
O'er the sky's dark seas where the star-ships sail.

Those hearts of ours—what fools ! what fools !
How they laugh at wisdom, her cant and rules !
How they waste their powers, and, when wasted, grieve
For what they have squandered but can not retrieve.

Those hearts of ours—how strong ? how strong !
Let a thousand sorrows around them throng,
They can bear them all, and a thousand more,
And they're stronger then than they were before.

Those hearts of ours—how weak ! how weak !
 But a single word of unkindness speak,
 Like a poisoned shaft, like a viper's fang,
 That one slight word leaves a life-long pang.

The Rev. Abram J. Ryan.

Require the pupil 1.—To write out the questions, 2.—To write a literary analysis; 3.—To give the principal ideas; 4.—To give, at least, six figures and explanations; and, 5.—To write it in prose.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

First born of Chaos, who so fair didst come
 From the old negro's darksome womb,
 Which, when it saw the lovely child,
 The melancholy mass put on kind looks and smiled.

Thou tide of glory which no rest doth know,
 But ever ebb and ever flow !
 Thou golden shower of a true Jove !
 Who does in thee descend, and heaven to earth make love !

Say, from what golden quivers of the sky
 Do all thy wing'ed arrows fly ?
 Swiftmess and power by birth are thine ;
 From thy great Sire they come, thy Sire, the Word Divine.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot, proud and gay,
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey,

And all the year dost with thee bring
Of thousand flowery lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou, Scythian-like, dost around thy lands above
The sun's gilt tent for ever move,
And still, as thou in pomp dost go,
The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

Abraham Cowley.

Require the pupil 1.—To write out the questions ; 2.—To write the principal ideas ; 3.—To scan the first and second stanzas ; 4.—To write a prose version ; 5.—To explain all the classical allusions.

DEVOTION TO THE MOST BLESSED VIRGIN.

Christianity, wherever it was received, wrought changes in the manners and morals of Roman society, so great, so pure, and so holy, that they would alone suffice, if all other arguments were wanting, to prove its divine origin, its divine truth, and its supernatural energy. The Roman empire was too rotten to be saved as a state. Long the haughty mistress of the world, foul with the vices, gorged with the spoils, and drunk with the blood of all nations, needed the "scourge of God"; she needed to be humbled; and Christianity itself could not avert could hardly retard her downfall. Yet it did much for private morals and manners; breathed into the laws a spirit of justice and humanity hitherto unknown, and in those very classes which, with a Julia⁷³ and a Messalina,⁷⁴ had thrown off all shame; it trained up most devout worshippers of the virtues of Mary.

That very Roman matronhood, once so proud, then so abandoned, furnished, under the teaching and inspirations of Christianity, some of the purest and noblest heroines of the Cross, who gave up all for Jesus, and won bravely and joyously the glorious crown of martyrdom. Never has the Church of God had more disinterested, capable and devoted servants than she gained from the ranks of the Roman nobility, in the city and scattered through the provinces; and their names and relics are held in high veneration throughout Christendom, and will forever be honored, wherever purity, sanctity, self-sacrifice, devotion, and moral heroism are honored.

Christianity freed and elevated the slave, made him a man, a child of God, and heir of Heaven, but none served the Church better, none did more to exemplify the truths of the gospel, and to aid in converting the empire, than the Roman nobility, once so foul and corrupt. Christianity, when once she had converted the city to her own pure and living faith, cleared it of its filth, and changed it from the capital of the empire of Satan to the capital of Christ's kingdom on earth, which it still is, and will be to the end of time. The conversion of Rome from paganism to Christianity, the substitution of the fisherman's ring for the seal, and the freedman's cap for the diadem of the Cæsars, is the grandest event in the history of the Church, and is a sure pledge of her final victory over contemporary heresies and both civilized and uncivilized infidelity.

Devotion to Mary has had its part in effecting and sustaining this change in manners and morals. Some, indeed, tell us that the worship of Mary was unknown at so early an age, and that it is a comparatively recent Roman inno-

vation. There are obvious reasons why less should appear in the monuments of the earliest ages, when the Church was engaged in her life-and-death struggle with Greek and Roman idolatry, of that worship of Mary, than in later times, when the victory was won and the danger from idolatry was less; but it does not follow that it was less known or less generally observed.

Many of the mysteries and the more solemn parts of the divine service were placed, as is well known, under the discipline of the secret, lest they should be profaned by the heathen, and there is no part of the Christian worship that the heathen would sooner or more grossly have profaned than devotion to Mary. Their gross minds would have been as little able to distinguish it from their own idolatrous worship as are the minds of our modern sectarians. But I have seen no reason to doubt that devotion to Mary, the Virgin Mother of God, was as well known to the faithful, or that they were as fervent in its practice in the earliest as in the later days of the Church. We see and hear more of it as time goes on, perhaps because our information is fuller; but there is no reason to conclude that there has been, in fact, any increase of it, or any great development of it in later times.

It would be very difficult in any subsequent age to find or make, even among modern Italians, supposed to be the warmest, and most enthusiastic worshippers of Mary, such demonstrations of enthusiasm and joy as were exhibited all through the East, from Ephesus to Alexandria, as the news spread that the Council of Ephesus⁷⁵ had declared Mary to be the Mother of God, and condemned Nestorius, who denied it. Nothing equal or similar occurred, not

even in Italy, when, a few years since, the Holy Father defined⁷⁶ the Immaculate Conception to be of Catholic faith. The fair inference is that the position of Mary was better understood, and devotion to her was more lively, in the earlier than in the later period. The fathers knew the faith and all that pertains to it, at least as well as we do.

According to my reading of history, the epochs in which faith is the strongest, piety the most robust, and the Church wins her grandest victories, whether in individuals or in nations, are precisely those in which devotion to our Lady or the worship of her virtues is the most diffused, the most vigorous and flourishing; and the epochs in which faith seems to be obscured, and to grow weak and sickly, and the Church is the most harassed and suffers the greatest losses, are precisely the epochs in which this devotion is the most languid and feeble.

All the great saints have been no less remarkable for their tender and assiduous devotion to Mary than for their manly virtues and their heroic sanctity, and I suspect that most of us could bear witness, if we would, that the least unsatisfactory portions of our lives have been precisely those in which we were most diligent and fervent in our devotion to the Mother of God.

I claim then for devotion to our Lady a full share of influence in rendering Christian society so much superior in all the virtues to the polished but corrupt societies of pagan Greece and Rome. As with the pagans, the worship of the impure gods of their mythologies could not fail to corrupt the worshippers, so with Christians, the worship of the purity and sanctity of the Mother of God has not failed to

purify and render holy those who, with sincerity, earnestness, and simplicity of heart, are ever careful to practice it.

Orestes Augustus Brownson.

Require the pupil to write 1.—The questions ;—2. The literary analysis ;—3. The Explanation of all historical allusions ;—4. The definition of twelve difficult words ;—5. What they know concerning Brownson.

Let him write a composition on the "Devotion to the most Blessed Virgin."

ALFRED THE GREAT.

Alfred is a singular instance of a prince, who has become a hero of romance, who, as such, has had countless exploits and imaginary institutions attributed to him, but to whose character romance has done no more than justice, and who appears in exactly the same light in history and in fable. No other man on record has ever so thoroughly united all the virtues, both of the ruler and of the private man. In no other man on record were so many virtues disfigured by so little alloy. A scholar without ostentation, a warrior all of whose wars were fought in the defence of his country, a conqueror whose laurels were never stained by cruelty, a prince never cast down in adversity, never lifted up to insolence in the day of triumph—there is no other name in history to compare with his. With an inquiring spirit which took in the whole world, for purposes alike of scientific inquiry and of Christian benevolence, Alfred never forgot that his first duty was to his own people.

He forestalled our own age in sending expeditions to explore the Northern Ocean, and in sending alms to the distant churches of India. The same union of zeal for religion and learning with the highest gifts of the warrior and the statesman is found, on a wider field of action, in Charles the Great.¹ But even Charles can not aspire to the pure glory of Alfred. Amidst all the splendors of conquest and legislation, we can not be blind to an alloy of personal ambition. Among our later princes, the great Edward² alone can bear for a moment comparison with his glorious ancestor. And, when tried by such a standard, even the great Edward fails. Even in him we do not see the same union of gifts which so seldom meet together. The times indeed were different; Edward had to tread the path of righteousness and honor in a time of far more tangled policy, and amidst temptations, not harder indeed, but far more subtle. The legislative merits of Edward are greater than those of Alfred; but this is a difference in the times rather than the men. It is perhaps, after all, in his literary aspect, that the distinctive beauty of Alfred's character shines forth most clearly. As rulers, literary kings have not been a class deserving of much honor. They have, for the most part, stepped out of their natural sphere only to display the least honorable characteristics of another calling. But it was not so with Alfred. In Alfred there is no sign of literary pedantry, ostentation, or jealousy, nothing is done for his own glory; he writes, just as he fights and legislates, with a single eye to the good of his people. He shows no signs of original genius; he is simply an editor and translator, working

1. He refers to Charlemagne

2. Edward the Confessor.

honestly for the improvement of the subjects whom he loved. This is really a purer fame, and more in harmony with the other features of Alfred's character, than the highest achievements of the poet, the historian, or the philosopher. Alfred was specially happy in handing a large share of his genius and his virtue to those who came after him. The West Saxon Kings, for nearly a century, form one of the most brilliant royal lines on record. From Æthelred the Saint to Edgar the Peaceful, the short wretched reign of Eodwig is the only interruption to the one continued display of valor under the guidance of wisdom. The greatness of the dynasty, obscured under the second Æthelred, flashes for a moment in the short and glorious career of the second Eodmund. It then becomes more permanently eclipsed under the rule of the Danes, Normans, and Augevin, till it shines forth once more in the first of the new race whom we can claim as English at heart, and the greatest of the West-Saxons seems to rise again to life in the Greatest of the Plantagenets.¹

Norman Conquest:—Edward A. Freeman.

Require the pupil 1.—To give a literary analysis; 2.—To answer the historical allusions; 3.—To write the character of Alfred the Great; 4.—To write out questions that shall embody the principal ideas; 5.—To define ten difficult words; 6.—To tell what they know of the author.

1. Edward III., born 1312. His son was the celebrated *Black Prince*.

MAN AND THE ANGELS.

1. Man ! know thyself. All wisdom centres there ;
 To none man seem ignoble, but to man ;
 Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire :
 How long shall human nature be their book,
 Degenerate mortal ! and unread by thee ?
 The beam dim reason shed shows wonders there
 What high contents ! illustrious faculties !
 But the grand comment, which displays at full
 Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
 By Heaven composed, was published on the cross.
2. Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
 An awful stranger, a terrestrial God ?
 A glorious partner with the Deity
 In that high attribute, immortal life ?
 If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm.
 I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul
 Catches strange fire, eternity ! at thee ;
 And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys.
 How changed the face of nature ! how improved !
 What seem'd a chaos shines a glorious world,
 Or, what a world, an Eden ; heighten'd all !
3. It is another scene ! another self !
 And still another, as time rolls along ;
 And that a self far more illustrious still,
 Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
 Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
 What evolutions of surprising fate !

How nature opens and receives my soul
In boundless walks of raptured thought ! where gods
Encounter and embrace me ! what new births
Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun ;
Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,
Old time and fair creation, are forgot !

4. Is this extravagant ? of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be just :
Conception unconfined wants wings to reach him :
Beyond its reach, the Godhead only, more.
He, the great Father ! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals ; one spirit pour'd
From spirit's awful fountain ; pour'd Himself
Through all their souls ; but not in equal stream.
Profuse, or frugal, of the inspiring God,
As his wise plan demanded ; and when pass'd
Their various trials, in their various spheres,
If they continue rational, as made,
Resolves them all into Himself again ;
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.
5. Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing ;
Though yet unsung, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold ?
Angels are men of superior kind ;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight ;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who made this miry vale, and climb, with pain
And slippery step, the bottom of the steep.
6. Angels their failings, mortals have their praise ;
While here, or corps ethereal, such enroll'd,

And summon'd to the glorious standard soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.
Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent ; but not absent from their love.
MICHAEL has fought our battles ; RAPHAEL sung
Our triumphs ; GABRIEL on our errands flown,
Sent by the SOVEREIGN ! and are these, O man !
Thy friends, thy warm allies ? and thou (shame burn
Thy cheek to cinder !) rival to the brute ?

7. Religion's all ! Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and in her right the next :
Religion ! the soul vouches man is man ;
Supporter, sole of man above himself ;
Even in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul, a soul that acts a god.
Religion ! Providence ! are after state !
Here is firm footing ; here is solid rock ;
This can support us ; all is sea besides ;
Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

Edward Young.

Require the pupil 1.—To write a literary analysis ; 2.—To point out and explain six striking figures ; 3.—To render it in prose ; 4.—To scan the fourth stanza ; 5.—To tell what they know of the author.

ETERNITY.

1. Oh, it is fearful, on the midnight couch,
When the rude rushing winds forget to rave,
And the pale moon, that through the casement high
Surveys the sleepless muser, stamps the hour
Of utter silence, it is fearful then
To steer the mind, in deadly solitude,
Up the vague stream of probability:
To mind the mighty secrets of the past
And turn the key of time!

2. Oh who can strive
To comprehend the vast, the awful truth,
Of the eternity that hath gone by,
And not recoil from the dismaying sense
Of human impotence? The life of man
Is summ'd in birth-days and in sepulchres;
But the *Eternal God had no beginning*;
He hath no end. Time had been with him
For *everlasting*, ere the dædal¹ world
Rose from the gulf in loveliness.—

3. Like him
It knew no source, like him 'twas uncreate.
What is it then? The past eternity!
We comprehend a *future* without end;
We feel it possible that even yon sun
May roll forever; but we shrink amazed—
We stand aghast, when we reflect that Time

1. Variegated.

Knew no commencement—That heap age on age,
And million upon million, without end,
And we shall never span the void of days
That were, and are not but in retrospect.

4. The Past is an unfathomable depth,
Beyond the span of thought; 'tis an elapse
Which hath no mensuration, but hath been
Forever and forever.

Change of days
To us is sensible; and each revolve
Of the conducting sun conducts us on
Further in life, and nearer to our goal.
Not so with Time,—mysterious chronicler,
He knoweth no mutation;—centuries
Are to his being as a day, and days
As centuries.—Time past, and Time to come,
Are always equal; when the world began
God had existed from eternity.

Henry Kirk White.

Require the pupil 1.—To write out a set of questions embracing the principal ideas; 2.—To give a literary analysis; 3.—To mark the verses that are the most striking for thought or beauty of language; 4.—To write it in prose; 5.—To tell what they know of the author.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.—*J. G. Holland.*

THE SPIRIT OF THE CRUSADES.

In the first Crusade, religious feelings and enthusiasm was the great spring of action ; and in the outset, at least, it was the glowing eloquence of Peter the Hermit, his affecting description of the Holy Land, and of the holy places groaning under the Saracen yoke, which contributed to bring about this memorable expedition. Their mighty consequences, the depression of regal power, and the promotion of popular freedom, though in fact historically true, became apparent only at a much later period, and so far from being preconceived, were then not even foreseen.

As the first Crusade occurred in the most brilliant period of Norman glory, the Norman heroes, especially those from France, took a very active and prominent part in it. The warfare which the Saracens waged against Christendom was considered, and then, perhaps, not without reason, as a state of permanent and universal hostility. The chivalrous and defensive wars of Christian nations against the unbelievers were looked upon in the same light; and if we may judge from subsequent events, Jerusalem and Egypt, in that long and memorable contest between Europe and Asia, could very well be regarded, both in a military and political point of view, as the bulwarks of Christendom.

Feats of prodigious, and almost incredible heroism were achieved in the Holy Land ; and, at the close of the eleventh century, the victorious cross was planted in the holy city, and the pious Christian Bono, Godfrey, proclaimed

King of Jerusalem, though this title, as suited only to the Divine Son of David, he with all humility renounced. In this holy city the first two spiritual orders of chivalry sprang up; the knights of St. John, who took up arms for the defence of the pilgrims, and in their vows combined the care of the sick pilgrims with the management of the sword; and the Templars, so called after the Temple of Solomon, and from a recollection of the remarkable secrets connected with that edifice.

Chivalrous institutions of this kind, wherein Christianity contrived to blend the most opposite qualities and inclinations of human nature, could not have sprung up under a mathematical government of reason, or in a state where everything is reduced to the level of a dead uniformity and general equality, and where all feeling and personality are effaced. But the voice of ages has decided completely in favor of these marvellous institutes, and even in our own times, amid all the changes and fluctuations of opinion, they have preserved the respect, and obtained the forbearance of mankind.

Even in the second Crusade which took place about fifty years later, when the new progress of the Saracen arms appeared to threaten the safety of the holy city, it was far more the pious eloquence of St. Bernard than any scheme or calculation of policy, which set the whole European world in motion. The number of warriors and armed pilgrims who, under the guidance of the Emperor Conrad and the King of France, poured in upon the Holy Land, is computed at half a million.

The religious enthusiasm and chivalric heroism which formed the sole and animating principle of the whole enter-

prise were not always accompanied with sufficient prudence, wisdom, and circumspection. The want of these qualities, at least as regarded the influences of climate, the physical wants of so vast an army, and a geographical knowledge of localities, is too often apparent; and in default of this necessary foresight and preparatory information, many thousands perished in the second as well as in the first Crusade; a fact which is not, indeed, unfrequent in wars, where great bodies of people are exposed to toil and hardship in a foreign climate.

These expeditions were, indeed; like new migrations of nations, which took an opposite direction from the first, and rolled backwards from Europe towards Asia. The great multitude of men engaged, would sufficiently account for these memorable expeditions, as it proved the redundancy of population in Europe, which sought on this occasion, and by means of this kind, to disburden itself of its surplus numbers. And if this numerous population may have given rise to, or afforded materials for, turbulence and anarchy, still on the other hand, it furnishes a proof that anarchy was not of so destructive or depopulating a nature, as the descriptions of modern historians would sometimes lead us to suppose.

Karl Wilhelm Friedrich von Schlegel.

Require the pupil 1.—To give an account of the various Crusades and by whom undertaken; 2.—To write a series of questions that will bring out the leading thoughts; 3.—To write a literary analysis; 4.—To give a brief notice of the historical allusions; 5.—To tell what they know of the author.

THE MORNING.

It is morning, and a morning sweet and fresh and delightful. Everybody knows the morning in its metaphorical sense, applied to so many objects and on so many occasions. The health, strength, and beauty of early years lead us to call that period the "morning of life."

But the morning itself few people, inhabitants of cities, know anything about. Among all the good people of Boston, not one in a thousand sees the sun rise once a year. They know nothing of the morning. Their idea of it is, that it is that part of the day which comes along after a cup of coffee and a beefsteak, or a piece of toast. With them morning is not a new issuing of light, a new bursting forth of the sun, a new waking up of all that has life, from a sort of temporary death, to behold again the works of God, the heavens and the earth; it is only a part of the domestic day, belonging to breakfast, to reading the newspapers, answering notes, sending the children to school, and giving orders for dinner. The first faint streak of light, the earliest purpling of the east, which the lark springs up to greet, and the deeper and deeper coloring into orange and red, till at length the "glorious sun is seen, Regent of day;" this they never enjoy, for this they never see.

Beautiful descriptions of the morning abound in all languages; but they are the strongest, perhaps, in those of the East, where the sun is so often an object of worship; King David speaks of taking to himself "the wings of the morning." This is highly poetical and beautiful. The

"wings of the morning" are the beams of the rising sun. Rays of light are wings. It is thus said that the Sun of Righteousness shall arise "with healing in his wings!" a rising sun which shall scatter light, and health, and joy, throughout the universe.

Milton has fine descriptions of morning, but not so many as Shakespeare, from whose writings pages of the most beautiful images, all founded on the glory of the morning, might be filled.

I never thought that Adam had much advantage of us from having seen the world while it was new. The manifestation of the power of God, like His mercies, are "new morning," and "fresh every evening." We see as fine risings of the sun as Adam ever saw, and its risings are as much a miracle now as they were in his day, and I think a good deal more, because it is now a part of the miracle that for thousands and thousands of years has come at its appointed time, without the variation of a millionth part of a second. Adam could not tell how this might be!

I know the morning; I am acquainted with it and love it, fresh and sweet as it is; a daily new creation, breaking forth and calling all that have life, and breath, and being, to new adoration, new enjoyment, and new gratitude.

Daniel Webster.

Require the pupil 1.—To write out questions bearing upon the principal ideas; 2.—To write a synopsis of each paragraph; 3.—To explain the allusions to Adam; 4.—To write the sentences remarkable for beauty; 5.—To state what he knows concerning the author.

THE CAVE OF MAMMON.

At length they came into a larger space
 That stretch'd itself into an ample plain,
 Through which a beaten broad highway did trace
 That straight did lead to Pluto's grisly reign,
 By that way's side there sat infernal pain,
 And fast beside him sat tumultuous strife.
 The one in hand and iron whip did strain,
 The other blandished a bloody knife,
 And both did gnash their teeth and both did threaten Life.

Before the door sat self-consuming Care,
 Day and night keeping wary watch and ward,
 For fear lest Force or Fraud should unaware
 Break in, and spoil the treasure there in guard;
 Nor would he suffer Sleep to pass thither-ward
 Approach, although his drowsy den were next,
 For next to death is sleep to be compared;
 Therefore his house is unto his annexed;
 Here Sleep, there Riches, and hell-gate them betwixt...

That house's form within was rude and strong,
 Like a huge cave hewn out of rocky cliff,
 From whose rough vault the ragged branches hung
 Embos'd with massy gold of glorious gift,
 And with rich metal loaded every rift,
 That heavy ruin they did seem to threat;
 And over them Arachne high did lift
 Her cunning web, and spread her subtle net,
 Enwrapped in foul smoke, and clouds more black than jet.

Both roof and floor, and walls were all of gold,
But overgrown with dust and old decay,
And hid in darkness, that none could behold
The hue thereof; for view of cheerful day
Did never in that house itself display
But a faint shadow of uncertain light;
Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;
Or as the moon, clothed with cloudy night,
Does show to him that walks in fear and sad affright.

In all that room was nothing to be seen,
But huge great iron chests and coffers strong,
All barr'd with double bands, that none could ween
Then to enforce by violence or wrong;
On every side they placed were along;
But all the ground with skulls was scattered,
And dead men's bones, which round about were flung,
Whose lives (it seemed) whilome there was shed,
And their vile carcasses now left unburied.

They forward pass, nor Guyon yet spake word,
Till that they came unto an iron door,
Which to them open'd of its own accord,
And show'd of riches such exceeding stores,
As eye of man did never see before,
Nor ever could within one place be found,
Through all the wealth which is, or was of yore,
Could gathered be though all the world around,
And that above were added to what under ground.

Fairy Queen, B. II., C. II. :—Edmund Spenser

Require the pupil 1.—To write a literary analysis; 2.—To write it in prose; 3.—To scan the first stanza and point the peculiarity of the Spenserian stanza; 4.—To mention and explain four figures; 5.—To tell what he knows of the author.

MORNING HYMN OF ADAM AND EVE.

These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good,
 Almighty ! Thine this universal frame,
 Thus wondrous fair ! Thyself how wondrous, then !
 Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
 To us invisible, or dimly seen
 In these Thy lowest works ; yet these declare
 Thy goodness beyond thought and power divine.
 Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
 Angels ; for ye behold him, and with songs
 And choral symphonies, day without night,
 Circle His throne rejoicing—ye in heaven !
 On earth join, all ye creatures, to extol
 Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
 If better thou belong not the dawn—
 Sure pledge of day, that crowned the smiling morn
 With thy bright circlet—praise Him in thy sphere,
 While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
 Thou sun—of this great world both eye and soul—
 Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound His praise
 In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
 And when high noon hast gained, and when thou fall'st

Moon, that now meet'st the Orient sun, now fliest
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies,
 And ye five other wandering fires that move
 In mystic dance not without song, resound
 His praise who out of darkness called up light.

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 n four figures ;

Ye mists and exhalations that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honor to the world's great Author, rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolored sky
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance His praise.

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise !
Join voices, all ye *living* souls ; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth and stately tread or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gathered aught of evil, or concealed,
Disperse it as now light dispels the dark.

John Milton.

Require the pupil 1.—To give a synopsis of each stanza ; 2.—To write a literary analysis and marginal notes ; 3.—To point out the verses that are notable for beauty of language, or thought ; 4.—To tell what he knows of " Paradise Lost " and its author.

BENEATH THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

On the first evening of my visit, I met, at the head of Biddle's Stair, the guide to the Cave of the Winds. He was in the prime of manhood—large, well-built, firm, and pleasant in mouth and eye. My interest in the scene stirred up his, and made him communicative. Turning to a photograph, he described, by reference to it, a feat which he had accomplished some time previously, and which had brought him almost under the green water of the Horse-shoe Falls.

"Can you take me there to-morrow?" I asked.

He eyed me inquiringly, weighing, perhaps, the chances of a man of light build, and with gray in his whiskers, in such an undertaking.

"I wish," I added, "to see as much of the Falls as can be seen, and where you lead I will endeavor to follow."

His scrutiny relaxed into a smile, and he said, "Very well; I shall be ready for you to-morrow."

On the morrow, accordingly, I came. In the hut at the head of Biddle's Stair, I dressed according to instructions,—drawing on two pairs of woollen pantaloons, three woollen jackets, two pairs of socks, and a pair of felt shoes. Even if wet, my guide assured me that the clothes would keep me from being chilled; and he was right. A suit and hood of yellow oil-cloth covered all. Most laudable precautions were taken by the young assistant who helped to dress me to keep the water out; but his devices broke down immediately when severely tested.

We descended the stair ; the handle of a pitchfork doing, in my case, the duty of an alpenstock. At the bottom, the guide inquired whether we should go first to the Cave of the Winds, or to the Horseshoe, remarking that the latter would try us most, I decided on getting the roughest done first, and he turned to the left over the stones. They were sharp and trying.

The base of the first portion of the cataract is covered with huge boulders, obviously the ruins of the limestone ledge above. The water does not distribute itself uniformly among them, but seeks out channels through which it pours with the force of a torrent. We passed some of these with wet feet, but without difficulty. At length we came to the side of a more formidable current. My guide walked along its edge until he reached its least turbulent portion. Halting, he said : " This is our greatest difficulty ; if we can cross here, we shall get far toward the Horseshoe."

He waded in. It evidently required all his strength to steady himself. The water rose above his loins, and it foamed still higher. He had to search for footing, amid unseen boulders, against which the torrent rose violently. He struggled and swayed, but he struggled successfully, and finally reached the shallower water at the other side. Stretching out his arm, he said to me, " Now come on !"

I looked down the torrent as it rushed to the river below, and was seething with the tumult of the cataract. Even where it was not more than knee-deep, its power was manifest. As it rose around me, I sought to split the torrent by presenting a side to it ; but the insecurity of the footing enabled it to grasp my loins, twist me fairly

round, and bring its impetus to bear upon my back. Further struggle was impossible; and feeling my balance hopelessly gone, I turned, flung myself toward the bank just quitted, and was instantly, as expected, swept into the shallower water.

The oil-cloth covering was a great incumbrance; it had been made for a man much stouter, and, standing upright after my submersion, my legs occupied the center of the two bags of water. My guide exhorted me to try again. Instructed by the first misadventure, I once more entered the stream. Had the alpenstock⁷⁷ been iron, it might have helped me; but, as it was, the tendency of the water to sweep it out of my hands rendered it worse than useless. I however clung to it from habit.

Again the torrent rose, and again I wavered; but, by keeping the left hip well against it, I remained upright, and at length grasped the hand of my leader at the other side. He laughed pleasantly. "No traveller," he said, "was ever here before." Soon afterward, by trusting to a piece of driftwood which seemed firm, I was again taken off my feet, but was immediately caught by a protruding rock.

We clambered over the boulders toward the thickest spray, which soon became so weighty as to cause us to stagger under its shock. For the most part nothing could be seen; we were in the midst of bewildering tumult, lashed by the water, which sounded at times like the cracking of innumerable whips. Underneath this was the deep resonant roar of the cataract. I tried to shade my eyes with my hands and look upward but the defense was useless. The guide continued to move on, but at a certain

place he halted, desiring me to take shelter on his lee, and observe the cataract.

The spray did not come so much from the upper ledge as from the rebound of the shattered water when it struck the bottom. Hence the eyes could be protected from the blinding shock of the spray, while the line of vision to the upper ledges remained to some extent clear. On looking upward over the guide's shoulder I could see the water bending over the ledge, while the Terrapin Tower¹ loomed fitfully through the intermittent spray-gusts. We were right under the tower. A little farther on, the cataract, after its first plunge, hit a protuberance some way down, and flew from it in a prodigious burst of spray; through this we staggered.

We rounded the promontory on which the Terrapin Tower stands, and moved, amid the wildest commotion, along the arm of the Horseshoe, until the boulders failed us, and the cataract fell into the profound gorge of the Niagara River.

Here the guide sheltered me again, and desired me to look up; I did so, and could see as before the green gleam of the mighty curve sweeping over the upper ledge, and the fitful plunge of the water, as the spray between us and it alternately gathered and disappeared.

We returned, clambering at intervals up and down, so as to catch glimpses of the most impressive portions of the cataract. We passed under ledges formed by tabular masses of limestone, and through some curious openings formed by the falling together of the summits of the rocks.

(1) It was a small tower built on a rock just above what is called the American Falls.

At length we found ourselves beside our enemy of the morning. The guide halted for a minute or two, scanning the torrent thoughtfully. I said that, as a guide, he ought to have a rope in such a place; but he retorted that, as no traveller had ever before thought of coming there, he did not see the necessity of keeping a rope.

He waded in. The struggle to keep himself was evident enough; he swayed, but recovered himself again and again. At length he slipped, gave way, did as I had done, threw himself toward the bank, and was swept into the shallow. Standing in the stream near its edge, he stretched his arm toward me. I retained the pitchfork handle, for it had been useful among the bowlders. By wading some way in the staff could be made to reach him, and I proposed his seizing it.

"If you are sure," he replied, "that in case of giving way you can maintain your grasp, then I will certainly hold you."

Remarking that he might count on this, I waded in and stretched the staff to my companion. It was firmly grasped by both of us. This helped; though its onset was strong, I moved safely across the torrent. All danger ended here.

We afterward roamed sociably among the torrents and bowlders below the Cave of the Winds. The rocks were covered with organic slime,⁷⁸ which could not have been walked over with bare feet, but the felt shoes effectually prevented slipping. We reached the cave and entered it, first by a wooden way carried over the bowlders, and then along a narrow ledge, to the point eaten deepest into the shale. When the wind is from the south, the falling

water, I am told, can be seen tranquilly from this spot ; but when we were there, a blinding hurricane of spray was whirled against us.

John Tyndall.

Require the pupil 1.—To write a synopsis; 2.—To define twelve of the most difficult words; 3.—To write his impression of the Falls from the description given; 4.—To relate what he knows of the author.

INTELLECTUAL POWERS IN PAINTING.

Next to sensibility, which is necessary for the perception of facts, come reflection and memory, which are necessary for the retention of them, and recognition of their resemblances. For a man may receive impression after impression, and that vividly and with delight, and yet, if he take no care to reason upon these impressions and trace them to their sources, he may remain totally ignorant of the facts that produced them; nay, may attribute them to facts with which they have no connection, or may coin causes for them that have no existence at all. And the more sensibility and imagination a man possesses, the more likely will he be to fall into error, for then he will see whatever he expects, and admire and judge with his heart, and not with his eyes. How many people are misled, by what has been said and sung of the serenity of Italian skies, to suppose they must be more blue than the skies of the north, and think that they see them so; whereas, the sky of Italy is far more dull and gray in

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color than the skies of the north, and is distinguished only by its intense repose of light. And this is confirmed by Benvenuto Cellini,⁷⁰ who, I remember, on his first entering France, is especially struck with the clearness of the sky, as contrasted with the mist of Italy. And what is more strange still, when people see in a painting what they suppose to have been the source of their impressions, they will affirm it to be truthful, though they feel no such impression resulting from it. Thus, though day after day they may have been impressed by the tone and warmth of an Italian sky, yet not having traced the feeling to its source, and supposing themselves impressed by its blueness, they will affirm a blue sky in a painting to be truthful, and reject the most faithful rendering of all the real attributes of Italy as cold or dull.

John Ruskin.

Require the pupil 1.—To write an analysis ; 2.—To point out the sentences noted for beauty of expression ; 3.—To note the principal ideas ; 4.—To tell what he knows concerning the author.

THE PLEASURE OF VICISSITUDE.

1. Now the golden Morn aloft
 Waves her dew-bespangled wing ;
 With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
 She woos the tardy Spring :
 Till April starts, and calls around
 The sleeping fragrance from the ground ;

And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

2. New born flocks, in rustic dance,
Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
Forgetful of their wintry trance.
The birds his presence greet ;
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling, thrilling ecstasy ;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.
3. Rise, my soul ! on wings of fire,
Rise the rapturous choirs among ;
Hark ! 'tis nature strikes the lyre,
And leads the general song ;
Warm let the lyric transport flow,
Warm as the ray that bids it glow ;
And animates the vernal grove
With health, with harmony, and love.
4. Yesterday the sullen year
Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
Mute as the music of the air,
The herd stood drooping by :
Their raptures saw that wildly flow,
No yesterday nor morrow know ;
'Tis man alone that joy desires
With forward and reverted eyes.
5. Smiles on past misfortunes brow
Soft Reflection's hand can trace ;
And over the cheek of Sorrow throw

A melancholy grace;
While Hope prolongs over happier hour,
Or deeper shades, that dimly lower
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

6. Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
See a kindred grief pursue;
Usher'd the steps that misery treads
Approaching comfort view:
The hues of bliss more brightly glow,
Chastised by sabler tints of woe;
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.
7. See the wretch that long has toss'd
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigor lost,
And breathe and walk again;
The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening paradise.
8. Humble quiet builds her cell
Near the source whence pleasure flows;
She eyes the clear crystalline well,
And tastes it as it goes,
While far below the maddening crowd
Rush headlong to the dangerous flood,
Where broad and turbulent it sweeps,
And perish in the boundless deeps.

Thomas Gray.

Require the pupil 1.—To write a literary analysis; 2.—To scan the sixth stanza; 3.—To point out the personifications; 4.—To select the best verses; 5.—To point out the most striking ideas; 6.—To tell something of the author.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

O mortal man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And, certes,¹ there is for it reason great;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come a heavier vail,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend mere fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lonely spot of ground:
And there a season atween June and May,
Half pranked with spring, with summer half imbrowned,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared even for play.

James Thomson.

Require the pupil 1.—To write a literary analysis; 2.—To render it in prose; 3.—To point three or four figures; 4.—To say something of James Thomson.

(1) Certainly.

THE GOLDEN TEMPLE OF PERU.

The worship of the Sun constituted the peculiar care of the Incas, and was the object of their lavish expenditure. The most ancient of the many temples dedicated to this divinity was in the Island of Titicaca, whence the royal founders of the Peruvian line were said to have proceeded. From this circumstance this sanctuary was held in peculiar veneration.

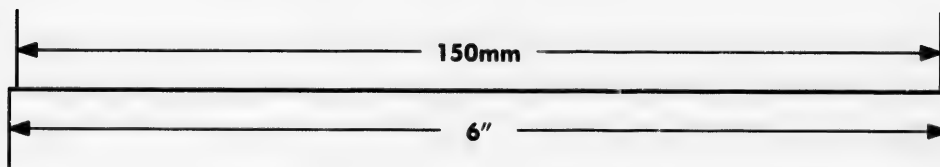
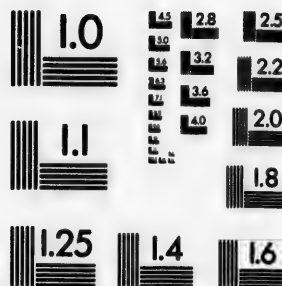
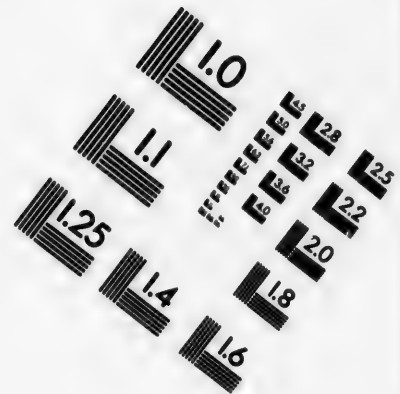
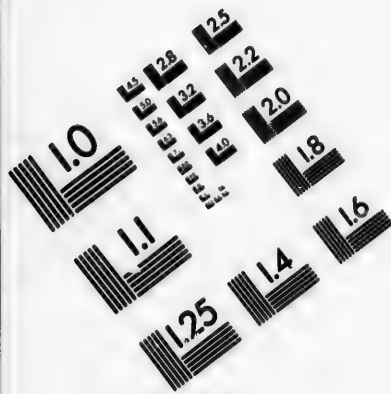
Every thing which belonged to it, even the broad fields of maize, which surrounded the temple, and formed part of its domain, partook of a portion of its sanctity. The yearly produce was distributed among the different public stone-houses in small quantities to each, as something that would sanctify the remainder of their contents. Happy was the man who could secure even an ear of the blessed harvest for his own granary!

But the most renowned of the Peruvian temples, the pride of the capital, and the wonder of the empire, was at Cuzco, where, under the munificence of successive sovereigns, it had become so enriched, that it received the name of Coricancha, or "The Place of God." It consisted of a principal building and several chapels and inferior edifices, covering a large extent of ground in the heart of the city, and completely surrounded by a wall, which, with the edifices, was all constructed of stone.

The work was so finely executed that a Spaniard, who saw it in its glory, assures us he could call to mind only two edifices in Spain, which for their workmanship, were at all to be compared with it. Yet this substantial, and



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in some respects, magnificent structure, was thatched with straw !

The interior of the temple was the most worthy of admiration. It was literally a mine of gold. On the western wall was emblazoned a representation of the deity, consisting of a human countenance looking forth from innumerable rays of light, which darted out from it in every direction. The figure was engraved on a massive plate of gold of enormous dimensions, thickly powdered with emeralds and precious stones.

It was so situated in front of the great eastern portal, that the rays of the morning sun fell directly upon it at its rising, lighting up the apartment with a brilliancy that seemed more than natural, and which was reflected back from the golden ornaments with which the walls and ceilings were everywhere incrustated.

Gold was said by the people to be "the tears wept by the sun," and every part of the interior of the temple glowed with burnished plates and studs of the precious metal. The cornices, which surrounded the walls of the sanctuary, were of the same costly material ; and a broad belt or frieze of gold, set into the stone-work, surrounded the whole exterior of the edifice.

Adjoining the principal structure were several chapels of smaller dimensions. One of them was consecrated to the Moon, the deity held next in reverence, as the mother of the Incas. Her effigy was represented in the same manner as that of the Sun, on a vast plate that nearly covered one side of the apartment. But this plate, as well as all the decorations of the building, was of silver, as suited to the pale silvery light of the beautiful planet.

There were three other chapels, one of which was dedicated to the host of Stars, that formed the bright court of the Sister of the Sun; another was consecrated to his dread ministers of vengeance, the Thunder and the Lightning; and a third to the Rainbow, whose many-colored arch spanned the walls of the edifice with hues almost as radiant as its own. There were besides several other buildings, or isolated apartments, for the accomodation of the numerous priests who conducted the services of the temple.

All the plate, the ornaments, the utensils of every description, appropriated to the uses of religion, were of gold and silver. Twelve immense vases of the latter metal stood on the floor of the great saloon, filled with grain of the Indian corn; the censers for the perfumes, the ewers which held the water for sacrifice, the pipes which conducted it through subterraneous channels into the buildings, the reservoirs that received it, even the agricultural implements used in the gardens of the temple, were all of the same rich materials.

The gardens sparkled with flowers of gold and silver, and various imitations of the vegetable kingdom. Animals, also, were to be found there,—among which the llama, with its golden fleece, was most prominent,—executed in the same style, and with a degree of skill, which, in this instance, probably, did not surpass the excellence of the material.

Perhaps the most magnificent of all national solemnities was the feast of Raymi, held at the period of the summer solstice, when the sun, having touched the southern extremity of his course, returned his path, as if to gladden the hearts of his chosen people by his presence. On this

occasion the Indian nobles from the different quarters of the country thronged to the capital to take part in the great religious celebration.

For three days previous, there was a general feast, and no fire was allowed to be lighted in the dwellings. When the appointed day arrived, the Inca and his court, followed by the whole population of the city, assembled at early dawn in the great square to greet the rising of the sun.

They were dressed in their gayest apparel, and the Indian lords vied with one another in the display of costly ornaments and jewels on their persons, while canopies of gaudy feather-work and richly tinted stuffs, borne by the attendants over their heads, gave to the square and the streets that emptied into it, the appearance of being spread over with one vast and magnificent awning.

Eagerly they watched the coming of their deity, and, no sooner did his first yellow rays strike the turrets and loftiest buildings of the capital, than a shout of joy issued forth from the assembled multitude, accompanied by songs of triumph, and the wild melody of barbaric instruments, that swelled louder and louder as his bright orb, rising above the mountain range toward the east, shone in full splendor on his worshippers.

After the usual ceremonies of adoration, a libation was offered to the great deity by the Inca, from a huge golden vase, filled with fermented liquor of maize or of maguey, which, after the monarch had tasted it himself, he distributed among his royal kindred. These ceremonies completed, the vast assembly was arranged in order of procession, and took its way toward the Coricancha.

William Hickling Prescott.

Require the pupil 1.—To answer all historical allusions; 2.—To give a synopsis of each paragraph; 3.—To state some facts concerning the Peruvians; 4.—To define ten difficult words; 5.—To tell something of the author.

THE HURRICANE.

Various portions of our country have, at different periods, suffered severely from the influence of violent storms of wind, some of which have been known to traverse nearly the whole extent of the United States, and to leave such deep impressions in their wake as will not easily be forgotten. Having witnessed one of these awful phenomena, in all its grandeur, I will attempt to describe it. The recollection of that astonishing revolution of the ethereal element even now brings with it so disagreeable a sensation, that I feel as if about to be affected by a sudden stoppage of the circulation of my blood.

I had left the village of Shawaney, situated on the banks of the Ohio, on my return from Henderson, which is also situated on the banks of the same beautiful stream. The weather was pleasant, and I thought warmer than usual at that season. My horse was jogging quietly along, and my thoughts were for once at least in the course of my life entirely engaged in commercial speculations. I had forded Highland Creek, and was on the eve of entering a tract of bottom land or valley that lay between it and Canoe Creek, when on a sudden I remarked a great difference in the aspect of the heavens. A hazy thickness had

overspread the country, and I had for some time expected an earthquake, but my horse exhibited no propensity to stop and prepare for such an occurrence. I had nearly arrived at the verge of the valley, when I thought fit to stop near a brook, and dismounted to quench the thirst which had come upon me.

I was leaning on my knees, with my lips about to touch the water, when, from my proximity to the earth, I heard a distant murmuring sound of an extraordinary nature. I drank, however, and as I rose on my feet, looked towards the south-west, when I observed a yellowish oval spot, the appearance of which was quite new to me. Little time was left to me for consideration, as the next moment a smart breeze began to agitate the taller trees. It increased to an unexpected height, and already the smaller branches and twigs were seen falling in a slanting direction towards the ground. Two minutes had scarcely elapsed, when the whole forest before me was in fearful motion. Here and there, where one tree pressed against another, a creaking noise was produced, similar to that occasioned by the violent gusts which sometimes sweep over the country. Turning instinctively toward the direction from which the wind blew, I saw to my great astonishment, that the noblest trees of the forest bent their lofty heads for a while, and unable to stand against the blast, were falling to pieces. First, the branches were broken off with a crackling noise, then went the upper part of the massy trunks, and in many places whole trees of gigantic size were falling entire to the ground. So rapid was the progress of the storm, that before I could think of taking measures to insure my safety, the hurricane was opposite to the place

where I stood. Never can I forget the scene which that moment presented itself. The tops of the trees were seen moving in the strangest manner, in the central current of the tempest, which carried along with it a mingled mass of twigs and foliage that completely obscured the view. Some of the largest trees were seen bending and writhing under the gale ; others suddenly snapped across, and many, after a momentary resistance, fell uprooted to the earth. The mass of branches, twigs, foliage, and dust that moved through the air, was whirled onwards like a cloud of feathers, and, on passing, disclosed a wide space filled with fallen trees, naked stumps, and heaps of shapeless ruins, which marked the path of the tempest. This was about a fourth of a mile in breadth, and to my imagination resembled the dried-up bed of the Mississippi, with its thousands of planters and sawyers strewed, in the sand, and inclined in various degrees. The horrible noise resembled that of the great cataracts of Niagara, and as it howled along in the track of the desolating tempest produced a feeling in my mind which it is impossible to describe.

The principal force of the hurricane was now over although millions of twigs and small branches, that had been brought from a great distance, were seen following the blast, as if drawn onwards by some mysterious power. They were floated in the air for some hours after, as if supported by the thick mass of dust that rose high above the ground. The sky had now a greenish lurid hue, and an extremely disagreeable sulphureous odor was diffused in the atmosphere. I waited in amazement, having sustained no material injury, until nature, at length reassumed her wonted aspect. For some moments I felt undetermined

whether I should return to Morgantown, or attempt to force my way through the wrecks of the tempest. My business, however, being of an urgent nature, I ventured into the path of the storm, and, after encountering innumerable difficulties, succeeded in crossing it, I was obliged to lead my horse by the bridle to enable him to leap over the fallen trees, whilst I scrambled over or under them in the best way I could, at times so hemmed in by the broken tops and tangled branches, as almost to become desperate. On arriving at my house, I gave an account of what I had seen, when, to my surprise, I was told that there had been very little wind in the neighborhood, although in the streets and gardens many branches and twigs had fallen in a manner which excited great surprise.

Many wondrous accounts of the devastating effect of this hurricane were circulated in the country after its occurrence. Some log-houses, we were told, had been overturned, and their inmates destroyed. One person informed me that a wire sifter had been conveyed by the gust to a distance of many miles. Another had found a cow lodged in the fork of a large half-broken tree.

But as I am disposed to relate only what I have myself seen, I will not lead you into the region of romance, but shall content myself by saying that much damage was done by this awful visitation. The valley is yet a desolate place, overgrown with briars and bushes, thickly entangled amidst the tops and trunks of the fallen trees, and is the resort of ravenous animals, to which they betake themselves when pursued by man, or after they have committed their depredations on the farms of the surrounding district. I have crossed the path of the storm, at a distance of a hun-

dred miles from the spot where I witnessed its fury, and again, four hundred miles farther off, in the state of Ohio. Lastly, I observed traces of its ravages on the summit of the mountains connected with the Great Pine Forest of Pennsylvania, three hundred miles beyond the place last mentioned. In all those different parts, it appeared to me not to have exceeded a quarter of a mile in breadth.

John James Audubon.

Require the pupil 1.—To point out the most graphic paragraph; 2.—To mention five figures and give their explanation; 3.—To give a synopsis of each paragraph; 4.—To write the impression made whilst reading it; 5.—To relate something concerning the author.

COLUMBUS.

1. The crimson sun was sinking down to rest,
 Pavilioned on the cloudy verge of heaven;
 And Ocean on her gently heaving breast
 Caught, and flashed back, the varying tints of even;
 When, on a fragment from the tall cliff riven,
 With folded arms, and doubtful thoughts oppressed,
 Columbus sat; till sudden hope was given:
 A ray of gladness shooting from the West.
 O what a glorious vision for mankind
 Then dawned above the twilight of his mind;
 Thoughts shadowy still, but indistinctly grand!
 There stood his Genius, face to face; and signed
 (So legends tell) far seaward with her hand: [wand!
 Till a new world sprang up, and bloomed beneath her

2. He was a man whom danger could not daunt,
 Nor sophistry perplex, nor pain subdue;
 A stoic, reckless of the world's vain taunt,
 And steelled the path of honor to pursue.
 So, when by all deserted, still he knew
 How best to soothe the heart sick, or confront
 Sedition; schooled with equal eye to view
 The frowns of grief and the base pangs of want.
 But when he saw that promised land arise
 In all its rare and bright varieties,
 Lovelier than fondest fancy ever trod,
 Then softening nature melted in his eyes;
 He knew his fame was full, and blessed his God;
 And fell upon his face, and kissed the virgin sod.
3. Beautiful realm beyond the western main,
 That hymns thee ever with resounding wave,
 Thine is the glorious sun's peculiar reign!
 Fruits, flowers, and gems, in rich mosaic pave
 Thy paths: like giant altars o'er the plain
 Thy mountains blaze, loud thundering, 'mid the rave
 Of mighty streams, that shoreward rush amain,
 Like Polyphemus⁸⁰ from his Etnean cave.
 Joy, joy for Spain! a seaman's hand confers
 These glorious gifts, and half the world is hers!
 But where is he—that light whose radiance glows
 The load-star of succeeding mariners?
 Behold him! crushed beneath o'ermastering woes—
 Hopeless, heart-broken, chained, abandoned to his foes!

Sir Aubrey de Vere.

Require the pupil 1.—To write a literary analysis; 2.—To explain

historical allusions ; 3.—To give and explain five figures ; 4.—To scan the last stanza ; 5.—To tell its author.

PROVIDENCE.

One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life,
Exists, one only ;—an assured belief
That the procession of our fate, howe'er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite benevolence and power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.

The darts of anguish fix not, where the sea
Of suffering had been thoroughly fortified
By acquiescence in the Will supreme
For time and for eternity ;—by faith,
Faith absolute in God, including hope,
And the defence that lies in boundless love
Of his perfections ; with habitual dread
Of aught unworthily conceived, endured
Impatiently,—ill done, or left undone,
To the dishonor of his holy name.
Soul of our souls, and Safeguard of the world,
Sustain—thou only can'st—the sick of heart :
Restore their languid spirits, and recall
Their lost affections unto Thee and thine !
How beautiful this dome of sky !
And the vast hills, in fluctuation fixed
At thy command, how awful ! Shall the soul,

Human and rational, report of Thee
Even less than these?—Be mute, who will, who can
Yet will I praise Thee with impassioned voice.
My lips, that might forget Thee in the crowd,
Cannot forget Thee here,—where Thou hast built
For thy own glory, in the wilderness!
Me did'st thou constitute a priest of thine,
In such a temple as we now behold
Reared for thy presence : therefore am I bound
To worship, here, and everywhere, as one
Not doom'd to ignorance, though forced to tread
From childhood up the ways of poverty ;
From unreflecting ignorance preserved,
The particle divine remain'd unquench'd ;
And, 'mid the wild weeds of a rugged soil,
Thy bounty caused to flourish, deathless flowers
From paradise transplanted. Wintry age
Impends : the frost will gather round my heart ;
And, if they wither, I am worse than dead!

Come Labor, when the worn-out frame requires
Perpetual Sabbath ;—come disease, and want,
And sad exclusion through decay of sense ;—
But leave me unabated trust in Thee—
And let thy favor to the end of life
Inspire me with ability to seek
Repose and hope among eternal things,—
Father of heaven and earth! and I am rich,
And will possess my portion in content!

And what are things eternal? Powers depart,
Possessions vanish, and opinions change,
And passions hold a fluctuating seat.—
But by the storms of circumstance unshaken,

And subject neither to eclipse nor wave,
 Duty exists—immutably survives !
 What more that may not perish ?—Thou, dread Source,
 Prime, self-existing Cause, and End of all,
 That in the scale of being fill their place,
 Above our human region or below,
 Set and sustained ; Thou, who didst wrap the cloud
 Of infancy around us, that Thyself,
 Therein, with our simplicity a while
 Might'st hold, on earth, communion undisturb'd ;
 Who from the anarchy of dreaming sleep,
 Or from its death-like void, with punctual care,
 And touch as gentle as the morning light,
 Restor'st us, daily, to the powers of sense,
 And reason's steadfast rule—Thou, Thou alone
 Art everlasting !

William Wordsworth.

Require the pupil 1.—To give a literary analysis ; 2.—To note the most striking verses ; 3.—To scan the opening stanza ; 4.—To point out and explain six figures ; 5.—To define twelve difficult words ; 6.—To say something of the author.

THE FALL OF GRANADA.

The night before the surrender, was a night of doleful lamentings within the walls of the Alhambra, for the household of Boabdil were preparing to take a last farewell of that abode. All the royal treasures, and most precious effects, were hastily packed upon mules ; the beauti-

apartments were despoiled, with tears and wailings, by their own inhabitants. Before the dawn of day, a mournful cavalcade moved out of a postern gate of Alhambra, and departed through one of the most retired quarters of the city, which was yet buried in sleep. The guards at the gate shed tears, as they opened it for their departure.

In the Christian camp, a proclamation had been made that Granada was to be surrendered on the following day, and the troops were all ordered to assemble at an early hour under their several banners. The cavaliers, pages, and esquires were all charged to array themselves in the richest and most splendid style for the occasion.

The rising sun had scarce shed its rosy beams upon the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada, when the Christian army poured out of the city, or rather camp of Santa Fe, advanced across the Vega, and paused at the village of Armilla, half a league from the city.

The grand cardinal of Spain, Don Pedro Gonzalez de Mendoza, escorted by three thousand foot and a troop of cavalry, and accompanied by a number of prelates and hidalgos, crossed the Xenel and proceeded in the advance to ascend to the Alhambra and take possession of that royal palace and fortress.

At the approach of this detachment, the Moorish king, Boabdil, sallied forth from a postern gate of the Alhambra, having left his vizier, Yusef, to deliver up the place. He was accompanied by fifty cavaliers, and approached the grand cardinal on foot. The latter immediately alighted, and advanced to meet him with the utmost respect. They stepped aside a few paces, and held a brief consultation in an undertone, when Boabdil, raising his voice, exclaimed:

"Go, sir, and take possession of those fortresses in the name of the powerful sovereigns, to whom God has been pleased to deliver them in reward of their great merits, and in punishment of the sins of the Moors."

Adding some words of melancholy import, and taking leave gracefully, Boabdil passed mournfully on to meet the Catholic sovereigns.

The cardinal, with the prelates and cavaliers who attended him, entered the Alhambra, the gates of which were thrown wide open by Aben Comixa; at the same time the Moorish guards yielded up their arms, and the towers and battlements were taken possession of by the Christian troops.

While these transactions were passing, the sovereigns remained with their retinue and guards, watching for the appointed signal of possession. At length they saw the silver cross, the great standard of this crusade, elevated on the Torre de la Vela, and sparkling in the sunbeams. This was done by Hermando de Talavera, bishop of Avila. Beside it was planted the pennon of the glorious Apostle, St. James, and a great shout of "Santiago! Santiago!" rose throughout the army. Lastly was reared the royal standard by the king-at-arms, with the shout of "Castile! Castile!" "For King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella!" The words were echoed by the whole army, with acclamations that resounded across the Vega.

At sight of these signals of possession, the sovereigns sank upon their knees, giving thanks to God for their great triumph; the whole assembled host followed their example, and the choristers of the royal chapel broke forth into the solemn anthem of "Te Deum laudamus,"

The king now advanced with a splendid escort, and, not far from the foot of the Hill of Martyrs, he beheld the unfortunate king of Granada approaching on horseback, at the head of his slender retinue. Boabdil, as he drew near, made a movement to dismount, but Ferdinand prevented him. He then leaned forward and kissed the king's right arm; at the same time he delivered the keys of the city, with an air of mingled melancholy and resignation.

"These keys," said he, "are the last relics of the Arabian Empire in Spain. Thine, O king, are our trophies, our kingdom, and our person. Such is the will of God! Receive them with the clemency thou hast promised, and which we look for at thy hands."

King Ferdinand restrained his exultation beneath an air of serene magnanimity. "Doubt not our promise," replied he, "nor that thou shalt regain, from our friendship, the prosperity of which the fortune of war has deprived thee."

Being informed that the good count Tendilla was to be governor of the city, Boabdil drew from his finger a gold ring set with a precious stone, and presented it to the count. "With this ring," said he, "Granada has been governed; take it and govern with it, and God make you more fortunate than I have been."

He then proceeded to the village of Armilla, where the queen, Isabella, remained with her escort and attendants. The queen, like her husband, declined all act of homage, and received him with her accustomed grace and benignity. She at the same time delivered to him his son, who had been held as a hostage for the fulfillment of the

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capitulation. Boabdil pressed his child to his bosom with tender emotion, and they seemed mutually endeared to each other by their misfortunes.

Having regained his family, the unfortunate Boabdil continued on, that he might not behold the entrance of the Christians into his capital. His devoted band of cavaliers followed him in gloomy silence; but heavy sighs burst from their bosoms as shouts of joy and strains of triumphant music were borne on the breeze from the victorious army.

At two leagues distance, the cavalcade ascended an eminence commanding the last view of Granada. As they arrived at this spot, the Moors paused involuntarily to take a farewell gaze at their beloved city, which a few steps more would shut from their sight forever. Never had it appeared so lovely in their eyes. The sunshine, so bright in that transparent climate, lit up each tower and minaret, and rested gloriously upon the crowning battlements of the Alhambra; while the Vega spread its enamelled bosom of verdure below, glistening with the silver windings of the Xenel. The Moorish cavaliers gazed with a silent agony of tenderness and grief upon that delicious abode, the scene of their loves and pleasures. While they yet looked, a light cloud of smoke burst forth from the citadel, and presently a peal of artillery, faintly heard, told that the city was taken possession of, and the throne of the Moslem kings was lost forever.

The heart of Boabdil, softened by misfortune and overcharged with grief, could no larger contain itself. "Allah Achbar! God is great!" said he; but the words of resignation died on his lips, and he burst into tears.

His mother was indignant at his weakness. "You do well," said she, "to weep like a woman for what you failed to defend like a man!"

The vizier endeavored to console his royal master. "Consider, Senor," said he, "that the most signal misfortunes often render men as renowned as the most prosperous achievements, provided they sustain them with magnanimity."

The unhappy monarch, however, was not to be consoled; his tears continued to flow. "Allah Achbar!" exclaimed he; "When did misfortunes ever equal mine?"

From this circumstance, the hill, which is not far from Padul, took the name of Feg Allah Achbar; but the point of view commanding the last prospect of Granada is known among Spaniards by the name of "*The last sigh of the Moor!*"

Washington Irving.

Require the pupil 1.—To give an account of Moorish occupation in Spain; 2.—To state the year of the Fall of Granada; 3.—To give some idea how Columbus was received at Armilla and its results; 4.—To explain all historical and geographical allusions; 5.—To give a synopsis of the selection; 6.—To give his impression of the style; 7.—To state some facts concerning the author.

We rise by things that are under our feet;
By what we have mastered of good and gain;
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ills that we hourly meet.—J. G. Holland.

DEBATE OF THE SENSES.

The first grey shimmering of a summer day-dawn had whitened the edges of the clouds that overhung the bower of Psyche, the first fresh breeze had cleared and curled the surface of the lake; the earliest bird had sounded his small trumpet in the skies; the first ambrosial sigh was breathed from the bosom of the opening rose, when Psyche,⁸¹ summoning her ministers around her, complained of her present unsatisfied condition, and called on them to devise some means of filling up that void which she felt in her affections.

A long and boisterous debate ensued. The Senses, who were heard first, all assured her, that on their own indulgence depended that felicity for which she longed. Sight pointed to the rising sun, and to the gorgeous landscape, which was now fully revealed in the splendor of his golden light, and bade her never look for happiness if scenes like that did not bestow it; but, even while he spoke, a cloud obscured the prospect, and Judgment whispered, with a smile, that, although pleasures like these might serve to increase her gratitude, they were far too transient to satisfy her thirst for, and her capability of enjoyment. Hearing directed her attention to the melody of the morning bird; but he, too, ceased his song, and silence confounded the promiser. Feeling advised her to keep close to her bower, to chose the softest roses for her pillow, and to avoid the pains of exertion and the extremes of heat and cold. Smell offered his sweetest odors; and Taste, a bloated and voluptuous sense, advised her to seek in gluttony the happiness to which she was destined. But Psy-

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che, though she acknowledged with gratitude the services of each, was yet constrained to admit that, whether singly or united, they were wholly unable to confer upon her all the felicity which she felt herself capable of enjoying. "You," said she to Feeling, "who counsel me to be content with consulting my ease; you, likewise, who would have me feed for ever on scented airs; and you, who think that I could be content with perpetual feasting, are all alike mistaken. My constitution and my destiny are not like those of your disciples, the sloth, the cameleon, and the cormorant; I feel within me a mysterious longing, which can not be gratified by aught that earth has yet presented to my view, and I am satisfied that the Almighty has not implanted that desire within my heart without a motive."

Here she looked toward Judgment, who merely afforded her a calm assent. But Psyche, languishing for some more inventive counsellor, waved her hand to Imagination, who had been awaiting with impatience the summons of her mistress, and the termination of the preceding disquisition.

The bright-eyed enthusiast sprang from her seat of roses at the signal, and shook, as she hurried through the group her airy robes, which were dyed with colors more bright than those which glitter on the scales of an expiring dolphin.

Gerald Griffin.

Require the pupil 1.—To explain the meaning of the title; 2.—To mention the five senses; 3.—To show one sense is the complement of the other; 4.—To indicate the object of the personification in this se-

lection; 5.—To define ten difficult words; 6.—To mention and explain four figures; 7.—To state what he knows concerning the author.

THE TRAVELLER.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
 Or by the lazy Scheldt, or wandering Po;
 Or onward, where the rude Corinthian boor
 Against the houseless strangers shuts his door.
 Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
 A weary waste, expanding to the skies;
 Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
 My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee;
 Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
 And drags, at each remove, a lengthening chain.
 Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
 And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
 Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
 To pause from toil, and trim there evening fire:
 Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
 And every stranger finds a ready chair;
 Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
 Where all the ruddy family around
 Laugh at the jests or prangs that never fail,
 Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
 Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
 And learn the luxury of doing good.
 But me, not destined such delights to share,—

My prime of life in wandering spent and care ;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down, a pensive hour to spend ;
And, placed on high, above the storm's career.
Look downward where a hundred realms appear.
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus creation's charms around combine.
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine ?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good, which makes each humbler bosom
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man ;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd ;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round ;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale :
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale ;
For me your tributary stores combine ;
Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine ;
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends of his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still ;
Thus, to my breast, alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies ;
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the hoard of human bliss so small :
And oft I wish amidst the scene to find

Some spot to real happiness consigned,
 Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
 May gather bliss, to see my fellows blest.
 But where to find that happiest spot below,
 Who can direct, when all pretend to know ?
 The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
 Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own ;
 Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
 And his long nights of revelry and ease :
 The naked negro, panting at the line,
 Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
 Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
 And thanks his gods for all the good they gave :
 Such is the patriot's boast—where'er we roam
 His first, best country, ever is at home.

Oliver Goldsmith.

Require the pupil 1.—To explain the geographical allusions ; 2.—To mention the principal characters ; 3.—To point out and explain five figures ; 4.—To note the verses remarkable for beauty of language or thought ; 5.—To write questions bearing upon the principal ideas ; 6.—To write it in prose ; 7.—To mention something concerning the author.

FRIENDSHIP.—I.

The philosopher has said, "Friendship is caused and preserved by intercommunication." Does it seem strange that I propose the present subject for reflection ? Have we not within our own recollection and experience been

obliged to pause and consider the transient ways of friendship? This volatile agent is rather subtle and unstable. The poet truthfully says:

"Many men I blush to tell,
A friendship oft profess
When one is rich, but fall away
When one is in distress,"—*Casey*.

Friendship is indeed easily created; but the difficulty consists in sustaining it. Man's nature is indubitably that of mutability, and hence it is that we hear of the frequent agonies of disappointed friends. The truth of this assertion is readily recognized in the proverb that "Promises may get friends, but it is performance that keeps them."

The duties of friendship are not at all so easy as many imagine. Some of our bitterest griefs and severest cauterings are those which it inflicts. What anxiety of mind, and how seemingly inexplicable are those closely woven threads which encompass our path, making life weary, and the burden hardly bearable! Then, again, those cunning and incisive wounds inflicted on the heart by friends, which, above all other punishments, seem unparalelel, and frequently sever rudely every vestige of amicable feeling. Nay, more, death has resulted by loosening the ties of friendship which has served to keep friends in our favor.

To the cynic these considerations are as the transitory nebulae. Though by precept and example he teaches contempt for such various feelings which he is pleased to designate by the term human weakness, yet even he can not rid himself of these ties; even he is bound to bend his stoical head and feel sensible of the burnings of offended

friendship. The heart which, apparently, is proof against all these warm outpourings, is found to sigh for, and even seek them when calamity and adversity with iron force press upon it.

Man is so peculiarly constituted that he can not exist unless he has some one in whom he can confide the desires and affections of his heart and the workings of his will and intellect. "There can be no friendship without confidence and no confidence without integrity."

History, that record of human events, whether it describes the action of the passions, the contested battlefield, or the advancement of art and literature, is replete with examples of real and feigned friendship. What was it that conquered the great and noble Cæsar? Was it not that he whom he loved as a second self, Brutus, was among the conspirators? And, *thou, too, Brutus!* vibrated in the hall of the Roman senate, but did not touch the chords of that tender friendship which had united these two hearts. Cæsar's was true, but that of Brutus proved treacherous.

How slender are the threads which bind it, how fragile and inexpressibly tender! Witness the treachery of Joab to Amasa; Alexander to Clytus; Elizabeth to the pious, noble, and truly great Mary Stuart; Anne Boleyn to Sir Thomas More. These are only a few instances, but I prefer enumerating those of true friendship. Allow me to describe such examples, which will take away in part the bitter feelings that gradually rise in the generous heart of the reader of history, and which have been recorded with great care and to the honor of humanity. For instance, Damon and Pythias; Beaumont and Fletcher; More and

~~Erasmus~~ and Bishop Fisher; Chidiock Tichbourne and Anthony Babington; Helvetius and Saurin. The latter beautifully said on the death of his friend:

"In misery's haunts thy friend thy bounties seize,
And give an urgent life some days of ease:
Ah! ye vain griefs, superfluous tears I chide!
I live, alas! I live—and thou hast died!"

Authors were desirous to bestow upon their friends a lasting mark, and on that account, entitled some of their literary productions by the name of some cherished companion. Thus we have Cicero giving the title Brutus to his Treatise on Orators, and to that of Old Age, Cato; the poet Tasso to his dialogue on Friendship gave the name of Manso; Plato has left his Dialogues to his friends: the one on Lying, Hippias; on Rhetoric, Gorgias; and, on Beauty, Phædrus.

As our happiness and prosperity are dependent on friendship, it behooves us to seek such friends as are congenial, and having found them to cling to them, nay, give our life if that is required. They are of very great service to us, and we to them, if we prove ourselves true and constant. We must, no doubt, endure and suffer many things, and this endurance, often a necessity, because it needs be tested, and these tests will serve to render it pure, strong and incontrovertible.

"Thy virtues, friend, have stood the test of fortune.
Like purest gold, that tortured in the furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its weight."

Addisons' Cato.

How many an unfortunate being was rescued from utter ruin and degradation because of the generously extended

hand of a dear friend ! How many bitter tears stayed, and anguish arrested in its direful progress because of the consoling words of an intimate and confiding associate ! Have you not experienced its effects in your personal attachment to an intimate friend ? Ah, when sorrow and affliction and dispondency were eager companions, crowding your mind, coloring your vivid imagination and goading your passions, because of fancied wrongs which nowhere existed but in your disordered and agitated mind, what was it but the affectionate words and reiterated expressions of true and sincere friendship, which brought the genial ray that diffused its warmth—dispelling the painful darkness and icy coldness—into the innermost recesses of your bleeding heart ?

We must needs make sacrifices, and great sacrifices often, when the state of our temper would suggest otherwise. Be cheerful and affable in rendering the slightest service, for

“ A friend you have, and I the same,
Whose prudent, soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts
Which died in your distress.”

Anonymous.

Require the pupil 1.—To write a literary analysis of the lesson; 2.—To write questions which will bring out the leading ideas; 3.—To write a composition on Friendship.

REASON BUT AN END TO FAITH.

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul : and, as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here ; so Reason's glimmering ray
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere ;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight ;
So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
Some few whose lamps shone brighter, have been led
From cause to cause, to nature's secret head ;
And found that one first principle must be :
But what, or who, that universal He ;
Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
Unmade, unmoved ; yet making, moving all .
Or various atoms' interfering dance
Leaped into form, the noble work of chance ;
Or this great all was from eternity ;
Not e'en the Stagirite himself could see ;
And Epicurus guessed as well as he :
And blindly groped they for a future state ;
As rashly judged of providence and fate :
But least of all could their endeavors find
What most concerned the good of human kind :
For happiness was never to be found ;
But vanished from 'em like enchanted ground.
One thought Content the good to be enjoyed :
This every little accident destroyed :

The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil :
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil :
 In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep
 But found their line too short, the well too deep ;
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul :
 In this wild maze their vain endeavors end :
 How can the less the greater comprehend ?
 Or finite reason reach Infinity ?
 For what could fathom God were more than He.

Religio Laici :—John Dryden.

Require the pupil 1.—To write a literary analysis ; 2.—To point out and explain six figures ; 3.—To write the principal ideas ; 4.—To note some verses remarkable for their power or force of language ; 5.—To write his impression of the selection, after having seriously read it ; 6.—To say something concerning the author.

THE IMPORTANCE OF LITERATURE.

The art of letters is the method by which a speaker or writer brings out in words, worthy of his subject, and sufficient for his audience or reader, the thoughts which impress him. Literature, then, consists in the enunciations and teachings of those who have a right to speak as representatives of their kind, and in whose words their brethren find an interpretation of their own sentiments, a record of their own sentiments, a record of their own experience, and a suggestion for their own judgments.

A great author is not one who merely has a *copia verborum*,¹ whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences ; but he is one who has something to say, and knows how to say it. He is master of the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations ; but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him ; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendor of his diction, or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. Whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for his own sake.

He writes passionately, because he feels keenly ; forcibly, because he conceives vividly ; he sees too clearly to be vague ; he is too serious to be otiose ; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich ; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent ; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament ; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice ; and when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution. He expresses what all feel, but all can not say ; and his sayings pass into proverbs among his people,

1. An abundance, or great supply of words.

and his phrases become household words and idioms of their daily speech, which is tessellated with the rich fragments of his language, as we see in foreign lands the marbles of Roman grandeur worked into the walls and pavements of modern places.

Such pre-eminently, is Shakespeare among ourselves; such, pre-eminently, Virgil among the Latins; such, in their degree, are all those writers who, in every nation, go by the name of Classics. To particular nations they are necessarily attached from the circumstance of the variety of tongues, and the peculiarities of each; but so far they have a catholic and ecumenical character, that what they express is common to the whole race of man, and they alone are able to express it.

If, then, the power of speech is a gift as great as any that can be named; if the origin of language is, by many philosophers even, considered to be nothing short of divine; if, by means of words, the secrets of the heart are brought to light, pain of soul is relieved, hidden grief is carried off, sympathy conveyed, counsel imparted, experience recorded, and wisdom perpetuated; if, by authors, the many are drawn up into unity, national character is fixed, a people speaks, the past and the future, the east and the west are brought into communication with each other; if such men are, in a word, the spokesmen and prophets of the human family, it will not answer to make light of literature, or to neglect its study; rather, we may be sure that, in proportion as we master it, in whatever language, and imbibe its spirit, we shall ourselves become in our own measure, the ministers of like benefits to others—be they many or few, be they in the obscurer or

the more distinguished walks of life—who are united to us by social ties, and are within the sphere of our personal influence.

John Henry, Cardinal Newman.

Require the pupil 1.—To answer all historical allusions; 2.—To note the principal facts; 3.—To give a synopsis of each paragraph; 4.—To define twelve difficult words; 5.—To tell what he knows concerning the author.

THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

The closing scene of French dominion in Canada was marked by circumstances of deep and peculiar interest. The pages of romance can furnish no more striking episode than the battle of Quebec. The skill and daring of the plan which brought on the combat, and the success and fortune of its execution, are unparalleled. A broad, open plain, offering no advantages to either party, was the field of fight. The contending armies were nearly equal in military strength, if not in numbers. The chiefs of both were already men of honorable fame.

France trusted firmly in the wise and chivalrous Montcalm. England trusted hopefully in the young and heroic Wolfe. The magnificent stronghold which was staked upon the issue of the strife, stood close at hand. For miles and miles around, the prospect extended over as fair a land as ever rejoiced the sight of man — mountain and

valley, forest and waters, city and solitude, grouped together in forms of almost ideal beauty.

Quebec stands on the slope of a lofty eminence on the left bank of the St. Lawrence. That portion of the heights nearest the town on the west is called the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe had discovered a narrow path winding up the side of the steep precipice from the river. For miles on either side there was no other possible access to the heights. Up this narrow path Wolfe decided secretly lead his whole army, and make the plains his battleground.

Great preparations were made throughout the fleet and the army for the decisive movement; but the plans were all kept secret.

At nine o'clock at night, on the 13th of September, 1759, the first division of the army, 1,600 strong, silently embarked in flat-bottomed boats. The soldiers were in high spirits. Wolfe led in person. About an hour before daylight, the flotilla dropped down with the ebb-tide in the friendly shade of the overhanging cliffs. The rowers scarcely stirred the waters with their oars; the soldiers sat motionless. Not a word was spoken, save by the young general. He, as a midshipman on board of his boat afterward related, repeated, in a low voice, to the officers by his side, this stanza of Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard:"

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

As he concluded the beautiful verses, he said, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec!"

But while Wolfe thus gave vent to the intensity of his feeling, in the poet's words, his eye was constantly bent upon the dark outline of the heights under which he was hurrying. At length he recognized the appointed spot and leaped ashore.

Some of the leading boats, conveying the light company of the seventy-eighth Highlanders, had, in the meantime, been carried about two hundreds yards lower down by the strength of the tide. These Highlanders, under Captain MacDonald, were the first to land. Immediately over their heads hung a woody precipice, without path or track upon its rocky face. On the summit, a French sentinel marched to and fro, still unconscions of their presence.

Without a moment's hesitation, MacDonald and his men dashed at the height. They scrambled up, holding on by rocks and branches of trees, guided only by stars that shone over the top of the cliff. Half of the ascent was already won, when, for the first time, *Qui vive?* broke the silence of the night. *La France*, answered the Highland captain, with ready self-possession, and the sentry shouldered his musket and pursued his round.

In a few minutes, however, the rustling of the trees close at hand alarmed the French guard. They hastily turned out, fired one irregular volley down the precipice, and fled in a panic. The captain, alone, though wounded, stood his ground. When summoned to surrender, he fired at one of the assailants, but was instantly overpowered. In the meantime, nearly hundred men landed and

made their way up the height. Those who had first reached the summit then took possession of the intrenched post at the top of the path which Wolfe had selected for the ascent of his army.

Wolfe, Monkton, and Murray landed with the first division. As fast as each boat was cleared, it put back for re-enforcements to the ships, which had now also floated down with the tide to a point nearly opposite that of disembarkation. The battalions formed on the narrow beach at the foot of the winding path; and as soon as completed, each ascended the cliff, when they again formed upon the plains above.

The boats plied busily; company after company was quickly landed, and they swarmed up the steep ascent with ready alacrity. When morning broke, the whole disposable force of Wolfe's army, stood in firm array upon the table-land above the cove. Only one gun, however, could be carried up the hill; and even that was not placed in position without incredible difficulty.

Montcalm was already worsted as a general; it was still left him, however, to fight as a soldier. His order of battle was steadily and promptly made. He commanded the center column in person. His total force engaged was 7,520, besides Indians. Wolfe showed only a force of 4,828 of all ranks; but every man was a trained soldier.

The French attacked. After a spirited advance made by a swarm of skirmishers, their main body, in long, unbroken lines, was seen approaching Wolfe's position. Soon a murderous and incessant fire began. The British troops fell fast. Wolfe was struck in the wrist, but was not disabled.

Wrapping a handkerchief around the wound, he hastened from one rank to another, exhorting the men to steady and to reserve their fire. No English soldier pulled a trigger: with matchless endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered; their arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command.

When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order: "Fire." At once the long row of muskets was leveled, and a volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons in the fatal storm; but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow.

Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost! But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed. He rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and, aided by a small redoubt, even succeeded in once again presenting a front to his enemy.

Meanwhile Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward with majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French; but soon the ardor of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline—they increased their pace to a run,

rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy from their path.

Wolfe was soon wounded in the body ; but he concealed his suffering, for his work was not yet accomplished. Again a ball from the redoubt struck him in the breast." He reeled to one side ; but at the moment it was not generally observed.

"Support me," said he to a grenadier officer who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me, fall." In a few seconds, however, he sunk to the ground and was borne a little to the rear.

The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage ; the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the enemy, and strove to show a front of battle. His efforts were vain. The head of every formation was swept away before that terrible musketry. In a few minutes the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound ; from that time all was utter rout.

While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. From time to time he tried, with his faint hand, to clear away the death-mist that gathered before his sight ; but the efforts seemed vain, for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing and an occasional groan.

Meantime the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. A grenadier officer seeing this, called out to those around him, "See! they run!" The words caught the ear of the dying man. He raised himself, like one aroused from sleep, and eagerly asked, "Who run?" "The enemy, sir," answered the officer; "they give way everywhere."

"Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," said Wolfe; "tell him to march Webbe's regiment with all speed down to the St. Charles River, to cut off the retreat." His voice grew faint as he spoke, and he turned on his side, as if seeking an easier position. When he had given this last order, his eyes closed in death.

Wolfe's body was embalmed, and borne to the river for conveyance to England. The army escorted it in solemn state to the beach. They mourned their young general's death as sincerely as they had followed him in battle lovingly."

William Warburton.

Require the pupil 1.—To answer geographical and historical allusions; 2.—To give the synopsis of each paragraph; 3.—To note the most spirited and striking sentences; 4.—To give an idea of the character of Montcalm and Wolfe; 5.—To define the words he may not yet have seen in the previous lessons; 6.—To give a notion of the author.

A SCENE FROM TELL.

Enter Sarnem with soldiers, bearing Gesler's cap upon a pole, which he fixes in the ground, the people looking on in silence and amazement ; the guards station themselves near the pole.

Sarnem. Ye men of Altorf!

Behold the emblem of your master's power
And dignity. This is the cap of Gesler,
Your governor ; let all bow down to it
Who owe him love and loyalty. To such
As shall refuse this lawful homage, or
Accord it sullenly, he shows no grace,
But dooms them to the penalty of bondage
Till they are instructed ; 'tis no less their gain
Than duty, to obey their master's mandate.
Conduct the people hither, one by one,
To bow to Gesler's cap.

Tell. Have I my hearing?

Peasants pass, taking off their hats, and bowing to Gesler's cap.

Verner. Away! Away!

T. Or sight? They do it, Verner!

They do it!—Look!—Ne'er call me man again!
I'll herd with baser animals! *They keep*
Their station.

V. Come away, before they mark us.

T. No! no! since I have tasted,

I will e'en taste on. I begin, methinks, to like it.

[*Pierre passes the cap, smiles, and bows slightly.*]

S. What smiled you at?

Pierre. You saw I bowed as low as he did.

S. Nay, but you smiled. How dared you smile?

T. Good! good!

S. (*Striking him.*) Take that; remember, when you smile again,

To do it in season.

V. (*Takes hold of Tell's arm.*) Come away.

T. Not yet—not yet.

Why would you have me quit the feast? methinks
It grows richer and richer!

S. (*Striking another blow.*) Bow lower, slave!

T. Do you feel

That blow? My flesh doth tingle with it. Well done!

How pleasantly the knave doth lay it on!

Well done! well done! I would it had been I!

V. You tremble, William. Come, you must not stay.

T. Why not? What harm is there? I tell thee, Verner,

I know no difference 'twixt enduring wrong

And living in the fear of it. I do wear

The tyrant's fetters when it only wants

His nod to put them on; and bear his stripes

When that I suffer them he needs but hold

His finger up. Verner, you are not the man

To be content because a villain's mood

Forbears? You are right—you are right! Have with
you, Verner.

[*Enter Michael through the crowd.*]

S. Bow, slave. (*Tell stops and turns.*)

Michael. For what? (*Laughs.*)

S. Obey, and question then.

M. I'll question now, and perhaps not then obey.

T. A man! a man!

S. 'Tis Gesler's will that all bow to that cap.

M. Were it thy lady's cap, I'd courtesy to it.

S. Do you mock us, friend?

M. Not I. I will bow to Gesler, if you please,
But not to his cap, nor cap of any there be
In Christendom!

T. A man! I say, a man!

S. I see you love a jest; but jest not now;
Else you may make us mirth, and pay for it too.
Bow to the cap. Do you hear?

M. I do.

T. Well done! The lion thinks as much of cowering
As he does!

S. Once for all, bow to that cap.

T. Verner, let go my arm!

S. Do you hear me, slave?

M. Slave!

T. Let me go!

V. He is not worth it, Tell;
A wild and ilde gallant of the town.

T. A man—I'll swear, a man! Don't hold me, Verner;
Verner, let go my arm! Do you hear me, man?
You must not hold me, Verner.

S. Villain, bow to Gesler's cap.

M. No! not to Gesler's cap.

T. (*Rushing forward.*) Off, off, you base and hireling
pack!

Lay not your brutal touch upon the thing
God made in his own image. Crouch yourselves!

'T is your vocation, which you should not call
On freeborn men to share with you, who stand
Erect, except in presence of their God alone !

S. What ! Shrink you, cowards ? Must I do
Your duty for you ?

T. Let them but stir ! I have scattered
A flock of hungry wolves outnumbering them—
For sport I did it. Sport !—I scattered them
With but a staff not half so thick as this.

[*Wrests Sarnem's weapon from him. Sarnem and soldiers fly.*]

What ! Ha ! Beset by hares ! Ye men of Altorf,
What fear ye ? See what things you fear—the shows
And surfaces of men ! Why stand you wondering there ?
Why look you on a man that's like yourselves,
And see him to the deeds yourselves might do,
And act them not ? Or know you not yourselves
That ye are men ?—that ye have hearts and thoughts
To feel and think the deeds of men, and hands
To do them ? Fear you God, and fear you him
Who fears *not* God, but in his sight, defies him ?
You hunt the chamois, and have seen him take
The precipice, before he'd yield the freedom
His Maker gave him ; and you are content
To live in bonds, that have a thought of freedom,
Which Heaven ne'er gave the little chamois.
Why gaze you still with blanched cheeks upon me ?
Lack you the manhood even to look on,
And see deeds achieved by others' hands ?
Or doth that cap still hold you thralls to fear ?
Be free, then ! There ! Thus do I trample on

The cap of Gesler, as I would on him ! (*Throws down the pole.*)

S. (*Suddenly entering with soldiers.*) Seize him !

[*All the people except Verner and Michael fly.*]

T. Ha ! Surrounded ?

M. Stand ! I'll back thee !

V. Madman ! Hence ! (*Forces Michael off.*)

S. Upon him, slaves. Upon him all at once !

[*Tell, after a struggle, is secured and thrown to where they proceed to chain him.*]

James Sheridan Knowles.

Require the pupil 1.—To answer historical allusions ; 2.—To state the characters ; 3.—To give the leading ideas ; 4.—To state what they know of Schiller's " William Tell" ; 5.—To give a synopsis ; 6.—To mention something of the author.

SCENE FROM WALLENSTEIN.

Characters : OCTAVIO PICCOLOMINI, Lieut. General ; MAX. PICCOLOMINI, his son, Colonel ; and VON QUESTENBERG, Imperial Envoy.

MAX. Ha ! there he is himself. Welcome my father !
[*He embraces his father. As he turns round, he observes QUESTENBERG, and draws back with a cold and reserved air.*]

You are engaged, I see. I'll not disturb you.

Oct. How, Max? Look closer at this visitor,
Attention, Max, an old friend merits—rev'rence
Belongs of right to the envoy of your sov'reign.

Max. [*drily.*] Von Questenberg!—Welcome—if you
bring with you
Aught good to our headquarters.

Ques. [*Seizing his hand.*] Nay, draw not
Your hand away, Count Piccolomini!
Not on mine own account alone I seized it,
And nothing common will I say therewith.

[*Taking the hands of both.*]

Octavio—Max. Piccolomini
O savior names, and of happy omen!
Ne'er will her prosperous Genius turn from Austria,
While two such stars, with blessed influences
Beaming protection, shine above her hosts.

Max. Heh!—Noble minister! You miss your part.
You came not here to act a panegyric.
You're sent, I know, to find fault and to scold us,
I must not be before hand with my comrades.

Oct. [*To Max.*]. He comes from court, where people
are not quite
So well contented with the duke, as here.

Max. What now have they contrived to find out in him?
That he alone determines for himself
What he himself alone doth understand?
Well, therein he does right, and will persist in't.
Heaven never meant him for that passive thing
That can be struck and hammered out to suit
Another's taste and fancy. He'll not dance
To every tune of every minister.

It goes against his nature—he can't do it.
He is possessed by a commanding spirit,
And his too is the station of command.

And well for us it is so! There exist
Few fit to rule themselves, but few that use
Their intellects intelligently.—Then
Well for the whole, if there be found a man,
Who makes himself what Nature destined him,
The pause, the central point of thousand thousands—
Stands fixed and stately, like a firm-built column,
Where all may press with joy and confidence.
Now such a man is Wallenstein; and if
Another better suits the court—no other
But such a one as he can serve the army.

Ques. The army? Doubtless!

Oct. [*To Questenberg.*] Hush! Suppress it, friend
Unless *some* end were answered by the utterance.—
Of *him* there you'll make nothing.

Max. [*Continuing.*]

In their distress

They call a spirit up, and when he comes,
Straight their flesh creeps and quivers, and they dread him
More than the ills for which they called him up.
Th' uncommon, the sublime, must seem and be
Like things of every day.—But in the field,
Aye, *there* the *Present Being* makes itself felt,
The person must command, the actual eye
Examine. If to be the chieftain asks
All that is great in nature, let it be
Likewise his privilege to move and act
In all the correspondencies of greatness.
The oracle within him, that which *lives*,

He must invoke and question—not dead books,
Nor ordinances, not mold-rolled papers.

Oct. My son! of those old narrow ordinances
Let us not hold too lightly. They are weights
Of priceless value, which oppressed mankind
Tied to the volatile will of their oppressors.
For always formidable was the league
And partnership of free power with free will.
The way of ancient ordinance, though it winds,
Is yet no devious way. Straight forward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shattering that it *may* reach, and shatt'ring what it reaches.
My son! the road the human being travels,
That on which Blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honoring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, though late, leads to its end.

Ques. Oh hear your father, noble youth! hear *him*,
Who is at once the hero and the man.

Oct. My son, the nursling of the camp spoke in thee!
A war of fifteen years
Hath been thy education and thy school.
Peace hast thou never witnessed! There exists
A higher than the warrior's excellence.
In war itself, war is no ultimate purpose.
The vast and sudden deeds of violence,
Adventures wild, and wonders of the moment,
These are not they, my son, that generate
The calm, the blissful, and th' enduring mighty!

Lo there! the soldier, rapid architect!
Builds his light town of canvas, and at once
The whole scene moves and bustles momentarily,
With arms and neighing steeds, and mirth and quarrel!
The motley market fills! the roads, the streams
Are crowded with new freights; trade stirs and hurries!
But on some morrow morn, all suddenly,
The tents drop down, the horde renews its march.
Dreary, and solitary as a church-yard
The meadow and down-trodden seed-plot lie,
And the year's harvest is gone utterly.

Max. Oh let the Emperor make peace, my father!
Most gladly would I give the blood-stained laurel
For the first violet of the leafless spring,
Plucked in those quiet fields where I have journeyed!

Oct. What ails thee? What so moves thee all at once?

Max. Peace have I ne'er beheld?—I *have* beheld it.
From thence I am come hither: oh! that sight,
It glimmers still before me, like some landscape
Left in the distance—some delicious landscape!
My road conducted me through countries where
The war has not yet reached. Life, life, my father—
My venerable father, life has charms
Which *we* have ne'er experienced. We have been
But voyaging along its barren coasts,
Like some poor, ever-roaming horde of pirates,
That, crowded in the rank and narrow ship,
House on the wild sea with wild usages,
Nor know aught of the mainland, but the bays
Where safest they may venture a thief's landing.
Whate'er in th' inland dales the land conceals

Of fair and exquisite, oh! nothing, nothing,
Do we behold of that in our rude voyage.

Oct. [*Attentive, with an appearance of uneasiness.*]
—And so your journey has revealed this to you?

Max. 'Twas the first leisure of my life. Oh! tell me,
What is the need and purpose of the toil,
The painful toil, which robbed me of my youth,
Left me a heart unsouled and solitary,
A spirit uninformed, unornamented,
For the camp's stir and crowd and ceaseless larum,
The neighing war-horse, the air-shatt'ring trumpet,
The unvaried, still-returning hour of duty,
Word of command, and exercise of arms—
There's nothing here, there's nothing in all this
To satisfy the heart, the grasping heart!
Mere bustling nothingness, where the soul is not—
This can not be the sole felicity,
This can not be man's best and only pleasure!

Oct. Much hast thou learned, my son, in this short
journey.

Max. Oh! day thrice lovely! when at length the soldier
Returns home into life, when he becomes
A fellow-man among his fellow-men.
The colors are unfurled, the cavalcade
Marshals, and now the buzz is hushed, and hark!
Now the soft peace-march beats, home, brothers, home!
The caps and helmets are all garlanded
With green boughs, the last plundering of the fields.
The city gates fly open of themselves,
They need no longer the petard to tear them.
The ramparts are all filled with men and women,

With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
 Kisses and welcomings upon the air,
 Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
 From all the towers rings out the merry peal,
 The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
 Oh! happy man, oh, fortunate! for whom
 The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
 The faithful tender arms with mute embracing.

Ques. [*Apparently much affected*]. Oh! that you
 speak

Of such a distant, distant time, and not
 Of the to-morrow, not of this to-day.

Max. [*Turning round to him, quick and vehement*].

Where lies the fault but on you in Vienna?
 I will deal openly with you, Questenberg.
 Just now, as first I saw you standing here,
 (I'll own it to you freely) indignation
 Crowded and pressed my inmost soul together.
 'Tis ye that hinder peace, *ye*!—and the warrior,
 It is the warrior that must force it from you,
 Ye fret the general's life out, blacken him,
 Hold him up as a rebel, and Heaven knows
 What else still worse, because he spares the Saxons,
 And tries to awaken confidence in th' enemy;
 Which yet's the only way to peace: for it
 War intermit not during war, *how* then
 And *whence* can peace come?—Your own plagues fall on you!
 Even as I love what's virtuous, hat I you.
 And here make I this vow, here pledge myself;
 My blood shall spurt out for this Wallenstein,

And my heart drain off drop by drop ere ye
 Shall revel and dance jubilee o'er his ruin. [*Exit.*]

Schiller : Colerige's Translation.

Require the pupil 1.—To point out ten figures ; 2.—To note five remarkable verses ; 3.—To tell the principal characters and give a description of the same as gleaned from the scene ; 4.—To scan the last ten lines ; 5.—To explain the geographical allusions.

PAULUS LEPIDUS ON MOUNT OLIVET.¹

It was early morning, in the thirty-second year of the Christian era, when a handsome, soldier-like, and majestic man, wearing the costume of a Roman *legatus*, or general, stood on Mount Olivet, southeast-by-east of Jerusalem. He was looking west. The Syrian sun had climbed out of the Arabian sands behind him, and it flung his tall shadow level and far over the scanty herbage among the numerous sad-colored twigs of the olive-shrub. Opposite, just below him, across the deep ravine of the Kedron brook, better known by the awful name attached to that with which it blends, "The Jehoshaphat Vale," shone the fiery splendor of God's temple. Its glorious eastern front, here milk-white with marble, there breast-plated with gold, its pinnacles of gold, its half-Greek, half-Roman architecture capriciously and fancifully varied by the ornate genius of the

1. This extract is taken from the beautiful classic Catholic novel, "Dion and the Sibyls."

Erit.

translation.

*—To note five
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ns.*

Asiatic builders whom Herod the Idumæan had employed, were of a character to arrest the least curious eye, and to fill the most stupid and indifferent spectator with astonishment and admiration. And yet this was but the second temple—how inferior to, how different from, the first!

This was Mount Moriah, the hill of God. On the left, as the Roman general gazed, facing westward was Mount Zion, the city of David, now the palace of Herod the tetrarch, encompassed by the mansions of Hebrew nobles.

"Here I stand at last," thought Paulus, "after so many checkered fortunes, looking down upon the most beautiful, the most dazzling, and the most mysterious of cities! To see Rome thus may be the lot of an eagle as it soars over it, but has never been granted to human eyes. And even, could Rome be viewed in this way, it would want the unity, the whiteness. Ah! strange city! Wondrous Mount of Zion! wondrous Hill of Moriah! wonderful temple! Not temple of Jupiter,⁸² or of Venus,⁸³ or of Janus,⁸⁴ or of this or that monster or hero, but Temple, say they, of God! *The Temple of God!* What a sound the words have! What a sound! Homer's *Iliad*,⁸⁵ from beginning to end, is not so sublime as this one phrase, this tremendous and dread appellation. And there it stands, flaming against the morning sun, in green marble below, in white marble above, in breast-plates and pinnacles of gold; too proud to receive even light without repayment, and flinging floods of it back. And this is the land of the prophets whom I have at last read; yonder, beyond the wall, north, is Jeremiah's grotto! This, too, is the age, the time, the day, the hour, to which they all point, when the

IVET.

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God of whom they speak, and of whom the Sibyl also sang, is to come down into a visibly ruined and corrupted world, and to perform that which to do is in itself surely God-like.

"But one thing is dark even in the glooms of mystery. How can a God suffer?—be thwarted, be overcome, at least apparently so, by his own creatures, and these the very worst of them? What can these cries of grief and horror which the prophets utter mean?"

As Paulus thus mused, half-pronouncing now and then in words the thoughts, which we spare to record, some one passed him, going down the Mount of Olives, and in passing looked at him; and until Paulus died he never ceased to see that glance, and in dying he saw it yet, and with a smile thanked his Maker that he saw it then also—especially then.

The person who thus passed our hero was more than six feet in height. He was fair in complexion. His hair was light auburn, and large locks of it fell with a natural wave and return upon his neck. His head was bare. His dress was the long flowing robe of the Jews, girdled at the waist, and, as Paulus afterward fancied, the color of it was red. He was in the bloom of life. Our hero could see, as this person passed, that he was the very perfection of health, beauty, vigor, elegance, and of all the faculties of physical humanity; and even the odd, and strange, and wild, and somewhat mysterious thought flashed through Paulus's mind:

"My God," thought he, "if there was now an Adam to be created, to be the natural, or rather the supernatural,

king of the human race would not his appearance surely be as the appearance and the bearing of this person?"

And the person who passed was moreover thin, and a little emaciated. And he would have seem wan, only that the most delicate, faint blood-color mantled in his cheeks. And he looked at the hero Paulus with the look of him out of whose hand none hath power to take those whom he picks from a vast concourse and elects. And Paulus felt glad, and calm, and without anxiety for the future, and free from all bitterness for the past, and firm, yet grave; and, when his mind went actually forth to look upon the things that were around it, he saw nothing but the face and the glance.

Now I come to the strangest particular of all. Paulus felt that this beautiful and vigorous new Adam, fit to be the natural and even supernatural king of the world, was one who never could have laughed, and probably had never smiled. But no smile was so sweet as his gravity. And Paulus remembered another extraordinary and unparalleled circumstance; it was this—those beautiful and benignant eyes were so full of terror that it seemed they could scarcely hold in an equal degree any other expression in them except that which shone therein with what seemed to Paulus a celestial and divine lustre; I mean, first, love, and, next, unconquerable, and everlasting, and victorious courage. As though there was a work to do which none but he—from the creation to the day of doom—could ever accomplish; a dreadful work, a work unspeakable in shame, and in pain, and in horror, and yet a work entirely indispensable, and the most important and real and momentous that had ever been performed. And the subject

or hero of this tale, Paulus, wondered how in the same look and eyes, and in a single glance of them, two things so opposite as ineffable terror and yet God-like, adorable courage, could be combined.

But, nevertheless, they were both there ; and with this mighty and mysterious mental combination, Paulus also saw a sweetness so inexpressibly awful that, at once (and as if he had heard words formed within his own heart), the reflection arose within him : " How much more terrible would be the wrath of the lamb than the rage of the lion ! "

And the figure of this person passed onward, and was hidden from poor Paulus beyond the olive groves.

Our hero sat down on a jutting stone, half covered with herbage, and fell into a vague and somewhat sorrowful meditation. " Poor Longinus ! " said he to himself ; " it is really the queerest and most provoking thing in the world that perhaps the honestest, bravest, simplest, best fellow I ever knew.

" But these thoughts are useless ; I must fulfill Dionysius' commission, and write to him to say whether I have been able to discover in this mysterious land the presence, the memory, or so much as the expectation of any person whose name corresponds with that spelt out in the acrostic of Erythræa, the Sibyl. "

A rustle of the olives near him caused him to turn his head, and who, of all men in the world, should be at his side but Longinus the centurion !

" Why, " cried Paulus, " I thought you were at Rome ! "

" I have just arrived, my tribune, " returned the brave man, " with orders to report myself to Pontius Pilate, the

Procurator of Judea, or the Governor of Jerusalem. Cornelius, of the Italian band, also a centurion, as you know, my tribune, has been ordered to Cæsarea, and is there stationed."

"Well," said Paulus, "I am delighted to meet you again. How is Thellus?"

"Curiously enough," returned Longinus, he too is here stationed in Jerusalem. He was tired of too much quiet."

"Good!" exclaimed Paulus. "We must all often see each other, and talk of old days."

After a few more words interchanged, they began to descend Mount Olivet together.

"Did you meet any one," says Paulus to Longinus, "as you came up the hill?"

"I did," said Longinus very gravely; "But I know not who he is."

They proceeded silently in company till, in the valley of Jehoshaphat, at the bottom of the Mount of Olives, not far from the Golden Gate of the temple, a most beautiful youth, with rich fair locks, worn uncovered—like him whom Paulus had just seen—met them.

"Friends," quoth the stranger, "have you seen the Master coming down from the Hill of Olives?"

"I think" said Paulus, after a little reflection, "that I must have seen him whom you mean." And he described the person who had looked at him.

"That is he," said the beautiful youth. "Pray, which way was he going?"

Paulus told him, and the other, after thanking him, was moving swiftly away when Paulus cried after him :

"Stay one moment," said he. "What is the name of him you call the *Master*?"

"Know you not?" replied the youth, with a smile. "Why, you are, I now observe your dress, a Roman. His name is *Iesus*."

"What!" cried Paulus. "Then it is a reality. There is some one of this name that has appeared in this land! I will, this very day, send off a letter to Dionysius at Athens. And pray, fair youth, what is your name?"

"Ah!" returned the other, "I am nobody; but they call me John. "Yet," added he. "I ought not lightly to name such a name, for the greatest and holiest of mere men, now a prisoner of Herod's, is likewise called John; I mean John the Baptist, John the Prophet; yea more than a prophet; 'John the Angel of God'."

"I am," returned Paulus, "invited to a great entertainment at Herod's palace, this evening. Tell me, why is John the Prophet a prisoner at Herod's?"

Because he went on God's errand to Herod, to rebuke him for his incestuous marriage."

With this the youth went his way, and Paulus and Longinus went theirs.

Miles Gerald Keon.

ST. THOMAS OF CANTERBURY.

[*Characters*: ST. THOMAS A BECKET; *Archbishop of Sens*; JOHN of Salisbury; HERBERT of Bosham; IDONEA, a nun; and attendants.]

BECKET. [*Standing apart from the rest.*]

The night comes swiftly like a hunted man
Who cloaks his sin. The sea grows black beneath it;
There's not a crest that thunders on these sands
But sounds some seaman's knell.

The wan spume, racing o'er the death-hued waters,
This way and that way writhes a bickering lip.
As many winds as waves o'er-rush the deep,
Warring like fiends whose life is hate. Alas!
For him, the ship-boy, on the drowning deck!
Heart-sickness and the weariness of life
He never felt: he knew nor sin nor sorrow.—
Not thus I hoped to face my native land.
What means this sinking strange? Till now my worst
Was when I saw my sister in her shroud.

Death, when it comes, will not be stern as this:
Death is the least of that which lies before me.
This is mine hour of darknes, and ill powers
Usurp upon my manlier faculties,
Which in the void within me faint and fail,
Like stones that loosen in some high-built arch
Whereof the key-stone crumbles—

I can not stamp my foot upon the earth.
Where art Thou, Power Divine, my hope till now?
To what obscure and unimagined bourne
Beyond the infinitudes of measureless distance

Hast Thou withdrawn Thyself? This, this remains ;
Seeing no more God's glory on my path,
To tread it still as blindfold innocence
Walks 'twixt the burning shares.

John of Salisbury. [Joining Becket.]

Beware, my lord ! He would have you there
Who drave you thence long since.

Becket.

Our ends are diverse ;

Not less my way may lie with his.

John.

How far ?

Becket. It may be to my church of Canterbury ;
It may be to the northern transept there ;
It may be to that site I honored ever,
The altar of St. Benedict ; thus far
Our paths may blend—then part.

John.

Go not to England !

I mingled with the sailors of yon ship :
Their captain signed to me : then, with both hands
Laid on my shoulder, and wide, staring eyes,
Thus whispered :—" Lost ! undone ! Seek ye your deaths ?
All men may land in England—none return."

Becket. Behold, I give you warning in good time,
Lest anger one day pass the bounds of truth :
King Henry never schemed to shed my blood ;
Dungeons low-vaulted, and a life-long chain—
That was the royal dream. Return, my friend ;
You know your task. [*John of Salisbury departs.*]
Thank God, that cloud above my spirit clears !
Danger, when near, hath still a trumpet's sound :
It may be that I have not lived in vain ;

Let me stand once within the young king's presence,
And though the traitors should besiege him round,
Close as the birds yon rock——

Archbishop of Sens. [*arriving.*] My lord, God save you!

Becket. One kind act more—you come to say farewell.
My brother, and my lord, four years rush back
And choke my heart! We are both too old for weeping.
I am a shade that fleets. May centuries bless
That house so long my home!

Archbishop.

The see of Sens

Has had you for our guest;—our fair cathedral
And yours are sisters:—be the omen blest!
Perhaps in future ages men may say,
"Thomas of Canterbury, Sens' poor William—
These men, so far apart in gifts of grace,
Were one in mutual love."

Becket.

My lord, in heaven,

Not earth alone, that love shall be remembered.
Bear back my homage to your good French king,
That great and joyous Christian gentleman,
Who keeps in age his youth. In strength he walks
The royal road—faith, hope, and charity,
To throne more royal and a lordlier kingdom.
Pray him to live with Henry from this hour
In peace.

Archbishop. The king will ask of your intents.

Becket. Tell him we play at heads. God rules o'er all.
Farewell!

Archbishop. Good friend, and gracious lord, farewell!
[*Departs, with attendants.*]

Herbert f Boskam. As good to go to heaven by sea as
Sail we, my lord, this evening? [land,

Becket. Herbert, Herbert!
Before thou hast trod in England forty days,
All that thou hast right gladly wouldst thou give
To stand where now we stand. What sable shape
Is that which sits on yonder rock alone,
Nor heeds the wild sea-spray?

Herbert. My lord, Idonea;
She, too, makes way to England, and desires
Humbly your Grace's audience.

Becket. Lead her hither.

[*Herbert departs.*

Herbert and John—both gone—how few are like them!
God made me rich in friends. In Herbert still,
So holy and so infant-like his soul,
I found a mountain-spring of Christian love
Upbursting through the rock of fixed resolve—
A spring of healing strength; in John, a mind
That, keener than diplomatists of kings,
Was crafty only 'gainst the wiles of craft,
And, and stored with this world's wisdom, scorned to use it
Except for virtue's needs.

The end draws nigh. Nor John nor Herbert sees it.

[*His attendants approach with Idonea.*

Earth's tenderest spirit and bravest! Welcome, child!
Soft plant in bitter blast! Adieu, my friends;
This maid hath tidings for my private ear.

[*Attendants depart.*

My message reached you then, my child, at Rouen?
But what is this? Is that the countenance turned
So long to yon dark West?

Idonea.

Love reigns o'er all!—

My father, who but you should hear the tale?
 I had forsaken that fair Norman home,
 To seek my English convent, and those shores
 Denied me long. The first night of my journey
 There came to me a vision. All alone
 I roamed, methought, some forest lion-thronged,
 And dined all night by breakers of a sea
 Booming far off. In fear I raised my head:—
 T'ward me there moving two Forms, female in garb,
 In stature and in aspect more than human:
 The loftier wore a veil.

Becket.

You knew the other?

Idonea. The Empress! In that face, so sad of old,
 Was sadness more unlike that former sadness
 Than earthly joy could be. Within it lived
 A peace to earth unknown, and, with that peace,
 The hope serene of one whose heaven is sure.
 She placed within my hand a shining robe,
 And spake:—"For him whom most thou lov'st on earth."
 It was a shroud.

Becket.

A shroud?

Idonea.

And other none

Than that which, 'mid the snows of Pontigny,
 Enswathed your sister, as in death she lay
 Amid the waxlight sheen. It bore that cross
 I traced in sanguine silk before the burial.
 This is, my lord, men say, your day of triumph,
 Christ's foes subjected and His rights restored;
 Perhaps for that cause she, an empress once,
 Knowing that triumph is our chief of dangers,
 Sent you that holy warning.

Becket. I accept it.
Spake not that other ?

Idonea. Suddenly a glory
Forth burst, that lit huge trunk and gloomiest cave :
That queenlier Presence had upraised her veil.

Becket. You knew her face ?

Idonea. And learned what man shall be
When risen to incorrupt. It was your sister !

Becket. Great God ! I guessed it.

Idonea. In her hand she held
A crown whose radiance quenched the heavenly signs :
The star-crown of the elect who bore the Cross.
With act benign within my hand she placed it,
And spake :—" For him thou lov'st the most on earth."
It was her being spake—her total being—
Body and spirit, not her lips alone.
I heard : I saw. That vision by degrees
Ceased from before me ;—long the light remained :
A cloudless sun was rising, pale and dim,
In that great glory lost.

Becket. My daughter, tell me——

Idonea. This storm is nothing ; nor a world in storm !
The rage of nations, and the wrath of kings !
God sits above the roaring water-floods :
He in our petty tumults hath His peace,
And we our peace in His. Man's life is good ;
Death better far.

Becket. Was this a dream or vision ?

Idonea. A vision, and from God.

Becket. Both dream and vision
Have been His heralds oft——

Idonea. To make us strong

In duteous tasks, not lull the soul, or soften.
That vision past, tenfold in me there burned
The craving once again to tread our England,
Where fiercest is the battle of the faith.
Thither this night I sail.

Becket.

I three days I.

Ere then a perilous task must be discharged :
The Pope hath passed the sentence of suspension
On two schismatic bishops—London and York.
See you these parchments with the leaded seals ?
They must be lodged within the offenders' hands—
Chiefly the hands of York—and lodged moreover
While witnesses are by. Llewellen failed :
If this time he succeeds, and yet is captured,
Send tidings in his place.

Idonea.

Llewellen's known ;

Was late in England ;—all your friends are known.
Those prelates both are now, I think, in London :
On Sunday morning this poor hand of mine
Shall lodge that sentence, aye, and hold it fast,
Within the hand of York.

Becket.

The danger's great :

The habit of a nun might lull suspicion :
Not less, the deed accomplished—

Idonea.

Can they find

Dungeon so deep that God will not be there,
And those twain memories which beside me move,
My soul's defence, a mother's and a brother's ?
Or death ? One fears to die, for life is sin :
One fears not death. Your sister 'mid the snows
Upon this bosom died : she feared not death ;

While breath remained she thanked her God, and praised
 The Empress on this bosom died ;—death near, [Him.
 She was most humbly sad, most sweetly fearful ;
 But, closer as it drew, her hope rose high,
 And all was peace at last.

Becket. Then go, my child,
 You claim a great prize—meet it is you find it.
 May He who made, protect you. May His saints,
 Fair-flowering and full-fruited in His beam,
 Sustain you with their prayers ; His angel host
 In puissance¹ waft you to your earthly bourne,
 In splendor to your heavenly. Earth, I think,
 Hath many a destined work for that small hand ;
 Sigh not as yet for heaven.

Idonea. I will not, father :
 I wait His time.

Becket. The wind has changed to south ;
 The sea grows smoother, and a crimson light
 Shines on the sobbing sands. Beyond the cliff
 The sun sets red. This is the mandate, child ;
 Farewell, and pray for me !

[*Idonea kneels, kisses his hand, and departs.*

Herbert. [*Returning with the rest.*] Bad rumors thick-
 en—

Becket. In three days hence I thread my native shores.
Llewellen. With what intent ?

Becket. To stamp this foot of mine
 Upon the bosom of a waiting grave,
 And wake a slumbering realm.

1. Power.

Llewellen.

May it please your Grace—

Becket. My friends, seven years of exile are enough :
If into that fair church I served of old
I may not entrance make, a living man,
Let them who love me o'er its threshold lift
And lay my body dead.

Thomas Aubrey de Vere.

Require the pupil 1.—To note the passages of well-sustained elevated thought; 2.—To scan the opening passage; 3.—To point out and explain ten figures; 4.—To note verses remarkable for beauty and vigor; 5.—To give a literary analysis; 6.—To mention briefly the principal ideas; 7.—To state something concerning the author.

MARK ANTONY'S ORATION.

Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar !—Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men;)
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.—

He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause ;
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
O judgment ! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason !—Bear with me.—
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.—
But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong ;
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar ;

I found it in his closet: 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear his testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.—

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle ; I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look ! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See, what a rent the envious Casca made !
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus stabbed ;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it.
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noblest Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished : then burst his mighty heart ;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
While bloody treason flourished over us,

Oh, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here :
 Here is himself, marred, as you see with traitors.
 Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
 To such a sudden flood of mutiny
 They that have done this deed are honorable.
 What private griefs they have, alas ! I know not,
 That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,
 And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
 I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts :
 I am no orator, as Brutus is,
 But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
 That love my friend ; and that they know full well
 That gave me public leave to speak of him.
 For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
 Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
 To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on ;
 I tell you that which you yourselves do know :
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds—poor, poor dumb mouths—
 And bid them speak for me. But were I Brutus,
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

William Shakespeare.

- Require the pupil 1.—To point out ten peculiarities of expression ;*
2.—To explain historical allusions ; 3.—To scan the first ten lines ;
4.—To select verses noted for force or vigor, or beauty of expression ;
5.—To tell something of Shakespeare.

FRIENDSHIP.

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
 Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
 But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
 Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be:
 For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
 And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry
 This above all:—to thine own self be true,
 And it must follow, as the night the day,
 Thou canst not then be false to any man.

William Shakespeare.

GEMS.

MORNING.

But look, the morn, in russet mantle clad
 Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

DAYBREAK.

Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
 At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
 Troop home to church-yards.

DEW ON FLOWERS.

And the same dew which some time on the buds
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
 Stood now within the pretty floweret's eyes,
 Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

THE BLESSINGS OF A LOW STATION.

'Tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble lives in content,
 Than to be perked up in a glistering grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.

A FINE EVENING.

The weary sun hath made a golden set,
 And by the bright track of his fiery car,
 Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.

NIGHT.

Well might the ancient poets then confer
 On night the honor'd name of counsellor,
 Since struck with rays of prosperous fortune blind,
 We light alone in dark afflictions find.

DESTINY.

How easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,
 With full-spread sails to run before the wind!

A
 Be
 En
 (E
 Fore
 Mis,
 Out,
 Up
 With
 Count
 For
 A, ab,
 Ad
 (Ad,
 nant, f
 the wo
 gravate
 Am, or
 Ambo
 Ante
 Circum

PREFIXES, SUFFIXES AND ROOTS.

SAXON AND ENGLISH PREFIXES.

A	signifies <i>on</i> or <i>in</i> ;	as, afoot, abed.
Be	— <i>about, before</i>	.. besprinkle, bespeak.
En	— <i>in, on, making,</i>	.. enroll, encounter, enable.
(En is often changed into em ; .. embark, empower.)		
Fore	— <i>before</i>	.. foretell, forewarn.
Mis, un	— <i>negation</i>	.. misinform, undo.
Out, over	— <i>excess</i>	.. outstrip, overload.
Up	— <i>motion upwards</i>	.. upstart, upset.
With	— <i>from, or against</i>	.. withdraw, withstand.
Counter	— <i>contrary</i>	.. counteract, counterbalance.
For	— <i>not</i>	.. forbid, forget.

LATIN PREFIXES.

A, ab, abs,	signify <i>from away</i> , as, arise, abjure, abstract.
Ad	signifies <i>to</i> .. adore.
(Ad, in composition with words commencing with a consonant, frequently changes the <i>d</i> into the commencing letter of the word with which it is joined, viz., ascend, accuse, affix, aggravate, ally, annul, apply, arraign, assist, attain.)	
Am, or amb	— <i>about</i> .. ambient, ambition.
Ambo	— <i>both</i> .. ambidextrous.
Ante	— <i>before</i> .. antecedent, anticipate.
Circum	— <i>around</i> .. circumspect, circuit.

Cis	— on this side	.. cisalpine.
Con	— together	.. convene, contain.

(This prefix varies in composition as well as *ad*. As a general rule nearly all the prefixes are subject to some variation in composition.)

Contra	— against	.. contradict.
De	— down, of, from	.. depress, deject.
Dis, di	— asunder	.. distract, disarm, diffuse.
E, ex	— out of	.. egress, eject, exclude.
Extra	— beyond	.. extravagant, extraordinary.
In before an adj.	— not	.. inactive, infirm.
In before a verb	— in, into	.. inject, infuse.
Inter	— between	.. interrupt, intercede.
Intro	— within	.. introduce.
Juxta	— nigh	.. juxtaposition.
Ob	— in the way of	.. obstacle, obstruct, oppose.
Per	— through, thoroughly	.. permit, perforate, pellucid.
Post	— after	.. postpone.
Præ	— before	.. prefix, predict.
Præter	— beyond	.. preternatural, preterit.
Pro	— for, forward	.. pronoun, proceed
Re	— back, again	.. retract, regain, renovate.
Retro	— backward	.. retrograde, retrospect.
Se	— aside	.. seduce, secede.
Sine	— without	.. sinecure, simplicity.
Sub	— under	.. submit, suffuse, succeed.
Subter	— beneath	.. subterfuge.
Super	— over, above	.. superstructure.

(*Super* has sometimes the French form, *sur*, in composition with English words; as *surmount*, *surpass*.

Trans	— beyond, across	.. transact, transport.
Ultra	— beyond	.. ultramontane.

GREEK PREFIXES.

A	signifies <i>negation</i> or <i>privation</i> ; as, <i>apathetic</i> , <i>anonymous</i> .	
Amphi	— <i>both</i>	.. <i>amphibious</i> .
Ana	— <i>through, up</i>	.. <i>anatomy</i> .
Anti	— <i>against</i>	.. <i>Antichrist</i> , <i>antarctic</i> .
Apo	— <i>from, away</i>	.. <i>apostate</i> , <i>apostle</i> .
Auto	— <i>self</i>	.. <i>autograph</i> , <i>automaton</i> .
Cata	— <i>down</i>	.. <i>catapult</i> , <i>catarrh</i> .
Dia	— <i>through</i>	.. <i>diaphanous</i> , <i>diatribe</i> .
Epi	— <i>upon</i>	.. <i>epitaph</i> , <i>epigram</i> .
Hyper	— <i>over, above</i>	.. <i>hypercritical</i> , <i>hyperbole</i> .
Hypo	— <i>under</i>	.. <i>hypothesis</i> , <i>hypocrite</i> .
Meta	— <i>instead of, beyond</i>	<i>metaphor</i> , <i>metamorphose</i> .
Para	— <i>beside, from</i>	.. <i>parallel</i> , <i>parasol</i> .
Peri	— <i>about</i>	.. <i>perimeter</i> , <i>periphery</i> .
Syn	— <i>together</i>	.. <i>syntax</i> , <i>sympathy</i> .
Philo	— <i>friendly to</i>	.. <i>philanthropy</i> , <i>philosophy</i> .

AFFIXES OR TERMINATIONS.

Nouns ending in *an*, *ant*, *ar*, *ard*, *ary*, *eer*, *ent*, *er*, *ist*, *ive*, *or*, *ster*.—denote the *agent* or *doer*; as *comedian*, *accountant*, *liar*, *dotard*, *adversary*, *charioteer*, *student*, *maker*, *elocutionist*, *representative*, *professor*, *maltster*.

Nouns ending in *ate*, *ee*, *ite*.—denote the *person* or *thing* *acted upon*, being derived from the Latin and French terminations of the past participle,—*atus*, *itus*, and *ee*; as, *mandate*, *lessee*, *favorite*.

Nouns ending in *acy*, *age*, *ance*, *ancy*, *ence*, *ency*, *hood*, *tion* or *sion*, *ism*, *ment*, *mony*, *ness*, *ry*, *ship*, *th*, *tude*, *ty* or *ity*, *ure*, *y*.—denote *being*, or a *state of being*; as *effeminacy*, *heritage*, *inheritance*, *constancy*, *reference*, *excellency*, *neighborhood*, *combustion*, *heroism*, *judgment*, *parsimony*, *loudness*, *adversary*, *worship*, *health*, *latitude*, *plenty*, *judicature*, *butchery*.

Nouns ending in *dom*, *ic*, *ick*,—denote *jurisdiction*; as *dukedom*, *bishopric*, *bailiwick*.

Nouns ending in *logy*,—denote *treating of*; as, *conchology*.

Nouns ending in *let*, *kin*, *ling*, *ock*, *cle*,—denote *littleness*; as, *bracelet*, *lambkin*, *gosling*, *hillock*, *particle*.

ADJECTIVES ending in *ac*, *al*, *an*, *ar*, *ary*, *en*, *ic* or *ical*, *ile*, *ine*, *ory*, denote *of* or *belonging to*; as, *ammoniac*, *claustral*, *meridian*, *secular*, *military*, *brazen*, *excentric*, *puerile*, *masculine*, *transitory*.

Adjectives ending in *ate*, *ful*, *ose*, *ous*, *some*, *y*,—denote *possessing* or *abounding in*; as, *precipitate*, *skilful*, *verbose*, *pompous*, *irksome*, *pithy*.

Adjectives ending in *ish*, *ike*, *ly*,—denote *likeness*; as, *womanish*, *soldierlike*, *manly*.—*Ish* sometimes signifies *diminution*; as, *reddish*, a little red; in most cases it implies some degree of contempt.

Adjectives ending in *ent*, *ive*,—denote *active capacity*; as, *resplendent*, *persuasive*.

Adjectives ending in *able*, *ible*,—denote *passive capacity*; as, *amiable*, *referrible*.

Adjectives ending in *less*,—denote *privation*; as, *houseless*.

VERBS ending in *ate*, *en*, *fy*, *ish*, *ise*, *ize*,—denote *to make*, as *elongate*, *embolden*, *beautify*, *embellish*, *criticise*, *harmonize*.

Words ending in *escent*,—denote *progression*; as, *evanescent*.

Words ending in *ward*,—denote *direction*; as, *upward*.

Words ending in *ite*, *ote*, *ot*, *an*, *ish*, *ard*,—denote *of a particular nation, sect*; as, *Israelite*, *Sciote*, *Austrian*, *Irish*, *English*, *Savoyard*.

all
inf
for

Age
Ang
Ani
Ani
Ann
Aqua
Ambi
Arma
Ars,
Artus
Bellu
Caput
Caro,
Circus
Civis,
Cor.co
Corona
Corpus
Crimen
Crux,o
Culpa,
Cura,ca
Dens, a
Dies, a

EXERCISES.

Let a root be given to the pupil, to which he is to apply all the prefixes and affixes of which it is susceptible ; as Form, inform, conform, deform ; informer, deformity, conformation, formal.

LATIN AND GREEK ROOTS.

LATIN NOUNS.

Ager, a <i>field</i> , hence, agriculture.	Dominus, a <i>lord</i> , . . dominion.
Angulus, a <i>corner</i> . . angular.	Domus, a <i>house</i> , . . domestic.
Animus, the <i>mind</i> , . . unanimous.	Exemplum, an <i>example</i> , exemplary.
Anima, the <i>soul</i> , . . animate.	
Annus, a <i>year</i> , . . annual.	Facies, a <i>face</i> , . . surface.
Aqua, <i>water</i> , . . aqueduct.	Fama, a <i>report</i> , . . famous.
Arbiter, a <i>judge</i> , . . arbitrate.	Familia, a <i>family</i> , . . familiar.
Arma, <i>arms</i> , . . army.	Fanum, a <i>temple</i> , . . profane.
Ars, <i>artis, skill</i> , . . artist.	Ferrum, <i>iron</i> , . . ferrous.
Artus, a <i>joint</i> , . . article.	Femina, a <i>woman</i> , . . feminine.
Bellum, <i>war</i> , . . belligerent.	Finis, the <i>end</i> or limit. finite.
Caput, capitis, the <i>head</i> , capital.	Flamma, a <i>flame</i> , . . flambeau.
Caro, carnis, <i>flesh</i> . . carnal.	Flos, floris, a <i>flower</i> , florist.
Circus, a <i>circle</i> , . . circus.	Folium, a <i>leaf</i> , . . foliage.
Civis, a <i>citizen</i> , . . civil.	Forma, <i>form</i> , . . formation.
Cor, cordis, the <i>heart</i> , concord.	Fraus, <i>deceit</i> , . . fraud.
Corona, a <i>crown</i> , . . coronet.	Frigus, <i>cold</i> , . . frigid.
Corpus, a <i>body</i> , . . corporal.	Frons, the <i>forehead</i> , front.
Crimen, a <i>crime</i> , . . criminal.	Fumus, <i>smoke</i> , . . perfume.
Crux, crucis, a <i>cross</i> , crucify.	Grege, gregis, a <i>flock</i> , congregate.
Culpa, a <i>fault</i> , . . culpable.	Globus, a <i>ball</i> , . . globe.
Cura, care, <i>business</i> , . . curate.	Hæres, an <i>heir</i> , . . inherit.
Dens, a <i>tooth</i> , . . dentist.	Homo, a <i>man</i> , . . human.
Dies, a <i>day</i> , . . diary.	Honor, <i>honor</i> , . . honorable.

Hospes, a <i>host</i> , hence, hospitable.	Oss, ossis, a <i>bone</i> , . . ossify.
Hostis, an <i>enemy</i> , . . hostile.	Pars, partis, a <i>part</i> , . . particle.
Humus, the <i>ground</i> , humid.	Pater, <i>father</i> , . . paternal.
Ignis, <i>fire</i> , . . ignite.	Pax, pacis, <i>peace</i> . . pacific.
Insula, an <i>island</i> . . insular.	Pes, pedis, <i>foot</i> , . . pedestal.
Jus, <i>right</i> , . . just.	Planta, a <i>plant</i> , . . plantation.
Juris, <i>right</i> , . . jurisdiction.	Pœna, <i>punishment</i> , penal.
Lex, legis, <i>law</i> , . . legislate.	Pondus, <i>weight</i> , . . ponder.
Liber, a <i>book</i> , . . library.	Populus, the <i>people</i> , populate.
Libra, a <i>balance</i> , . . equilibrium.	Porta, a <i>gate</i> , . . portal.
Littera, a <i>letter</i> , . . literature.	Præda, <i>prey, booty</i> , predatory.
Locus, a <i>place</i> , . . local.	Pretium, <i>price or reward</i> , precious.
Luna, the <i>moon</i> , . . lunar.	Pugnus, the <i>fist</i> , pugnacious.
Lux, lucis, <i>light</i> , . . lucid.	Quies, <i>rest, ease</i> , . . quiescent.
Manus, the <i>hand</i> , . . manual.	Radius, a <i>ray</i> , . . radiant.
Mare, the <i>sea</i> , . . marine.	Radix, a <i>root</i> , . . radical.
Mater, <i>mother</i> , . . maternal.	Rota, a <i>wheel</i> , . . rotatory.
Merx, mercis, <i>merchandise</i> , merchant.	Salus, <i>health</i> , . . salutary.
Minister, a <i>servant</i> , ministry.	Semen, <i>seed</i> , disseminate.
Modus, a <i>manner</i> , . . model.	Signum, a <i>sign</i> , . . signify.
Mons, a <i>mountain</i> , . . mount.	Socius, a <i>companion</i> , social.
Mors, mortis, <i>death</i> , mortal.	Sonus, a <i>sound</i> , . . sonorous.
Munus, muneris, a <i>gift</i> , muni- ficence.	Stilla, a <i>drop</i> , . . instil.
Musa, a <i>song</i> , . . amuse.	Tempus, <i>time</i> , . . temporal.
Navis, a <i>ship</i> , . . naval.	Terra, the <i>earth</i> , . . terrene.
Nox, noctis, <i>night</i> . . nocturnal.	Testis, a <i>witness</i> , . . testify.
Numerus, a <i>number</i> , numerous.	Turba, a <i>crowd</i> , . . turbulent.
Oculus, the <i>eye</i> , . . oculist.	Unda, a <i>wave</i> , . . undulate.
Opus, operis, <i>work</i> , . . operate.	Verbum, a <i>word</i> , . . verb.
	Via, a <i>way</i> , . . deviate.

Ago, I
Actus,
Actio, I

LATIN ADJECTIVES.

Acer, <i>acris, sharp</i> , hence, acrid.	Latus, <i>broad</i> , hence latitude.
Æquus, <i>equal</i> , . . . equable.	Laxus, <i>loose</i> , . . . laxity.
Amplus, <i>large</i> , . . . amplify.	Levis, <i>light</i> , . . . levity.
Asper, <i>rough</i> , . . . asperity.	Liber, <i>free</i> , . . . liberty.
Bonus, <i>good</i> , . . . bounty.	Longus, <i>long</i> , . . . longitude.
Bene, <i>well</i> , . . . benefactor.	Magnus, <i>great</i> , . . . magnitude.
Brevis, <i>short</i> , . . . brevity.	Malus, <i>bad</i> , . . . malice.
Cavus, <i>hollow</i> , . . . concave.	Maturus, <i>ripe</i> , . . . maturity.
Celer, <i>swift</i> , . . . celerity.	Medius, <i>middle</i> , . . . medium.
Celeber, <i>renowned</i> , . . . celebrate.	Minor, <i>less</i> , . . . minority.
Centum, <i>a hundred</i> , . . . century.	Mirus, <i>wonderful</i> , . . . miracle.
Clarus, <i>clear</i> , . . . clarify.	Miser, <i>wretched</i> , . . . misery.
Clemens, <i>merciful</i> , . . . clemency.	Multus, <i>many</i> , . . . multitude.
Curvus, <i>crooked</i> , . . . curvature.	Novus, <i>new</i> , . . . novel.
Decem, <i>ten</i> , . . . decimal.	Par, <i>like</i> , . . . parity.
Densus, <i>thick</i> , . . . density.	Primus, <i>first</i> , . . . primeval.
Dignus, <i>worthy</i> , . . . dignity.	Privus, <i>single</i> , . . . private.
Dubious, <i>doubtful</i> , indubitable.	Probus, <i>honest</i> , . . . probity.
Darus, <i>hard</i> , . . . durance.	Quatuor, <i>four</i> , . . . quarter.
Felix, <i>happy</i> , . . . felicity.	Qualis, <i>of what kind</i> , quality.
Festus, <i>joyful</i> , . . . festive.	Sacer, <i>holy</i> , . . . sacred.
Firmus, <i>strong</i> , . . . firm.	Sagus, <i>knowing</i> , . . . sagacity.
Fortis, <i>brave</i> , . . . fortitude.	Senex, <i>old</i> , . . . senator.
Grandis, <i>great</i> , . . . grandeur.	Severus, <i>severe</i> , . . . severity.
Gratus, <i>grateful</i> , . . . gratitude.	Similis, <i>like</i> , . . . similar.
Gravis, <i>heavy</i> , . . . gravity.	Solidus, <i>solid</i> , . . . solidity.
Inanis, <i>empty</i> , . . . inanity.	Solus, <i>alone</i> , . . . solitary.
Integer, <i>whole</i> , . . . integrity.	Verus, <i>true</i> , . . . verity.

LATIN VERBS.

Ago, I do or act, hence, agent.	Apto, I fit, . . . adapt.
Actus, acted, . . . actor.	Arceo, I drive away, . . . coerce.
Amo, I love, . . . amiable.	Ardeo, I burn, . . . ardent.

Arguo, I <i>argue</i> , hence, argument.	Fallo, I <i>deceive</i> , hence, fallible.
Audio, I <i>hear</i> , . . . audible.	Facio, I <i>do or make</i> , . . . factory.
Augeo, I <i>increase</i> , . . . augment.	Fendo, I <i>strike</i> . . . defend.
Bibo, I <i>drink</i> , . . . imbibe.	Fero, I <i>carry</i> , . . . ferry.
Cado, I <i>fall</i> , . . . accident.	Ferveo, I <i>boil</i> , . . . fervor.
Cædeo, I <i>cut or beat</i> , suicide.	Fido, I <i>trust</i> , . . . fidelity.
Cando, I <i>burn</i> , . . . candle.	Flecto, I <i>bend</i> , . . . inflect.
Cano, I <i>sing</i> , . . .	Fligo, I <i>beat</i> , . . . afflict.
Cantus, <i>song</i> , } canticle.	Fluo, I <i>flow</i> , . . . fluid.
Capio, I <i>take</i> , . . . capable.	Frango, I <i>break</i> . . . fragment
Captus, <i>taken</i> , . . . captive.	Fractus, <i>broken</i> , . . . refract.
Cedo, I <i>yield</i> , . . . cede.	Fugio, I <i>fly</i> , . . . fugitive.
Cessus, <i>yielded</i> , . . . access.	Fulgeo, I <i>shine</i> , . . . fulgency
Censeo, I <i>judge</i> , . . . censor.	Fundo, I <i>pour out</i> , . . . refund.
Cerno, I <i>discern</i> , . . . certain.	Fusus, <i>poured out</i> , . . . fusion.
Citus, <i>roused</i> , . . . excite.	Genitus, <i>begotten</i> , . . . genial.
Clamo, I <i>call out</i> . . . declaim.	Gradior, I <i>step</i> , gradation.
Claudo, I <i>close</i> , . . . exclude.	Gressus, <i>stepped</i> , . . . ingress.
Clino, I <i>bend</i> , . . . decline.	Habeo, I <i>have or hold</i> , habita-
Colo, I <i>till</i> , . . . colony.	tion.
Cultus, <i>tilled</i> , . . . cultivate.	Hæreo, I <i>stick</i> , . . . adhere.
Credo, I <i>believe</i> , . . . credit.	Halo, I <i>breathe</i> , . . . exhale.
Creo, I <i>create</i> , . . . creator.	Jactus, <i>thrown</i> , . . . abject.
Cresco, I <i>grow</i> , . . . increase.	Junctus, <i>joined</i> , . . . adjunct.
Cubo or Cumbo, I <i>lie down</i> , re-	Lego, I <i>send away</i> , . . . legate.
cumbent.	Lego, I <i>read</i> , . . . legible.
Curro, I <i>run</i> . . . current.	Lectus, <i>read</i> , . . . lecture
Dico, I <i>say</i> , . . . predict.	Ligo, I <i>bind</i> , . . . ligament
Divido, I <i>divide</i> , . . . dividant.	Loquor, I <i>speak</i> , . . . eloquent
Do, I <i>give</i> , . . . donor.	Luo, I <i>wash away</i> . . . ablution
Docceo, I <i>teach</i> , . . . docile.	Mando, I <i>command</i> , mandate.
Duco, I <i>lead or draw</i> , ductile.	Maneo, I <i>stay</i> , . . . mansion.
Emo, I <i>buy</i> , . . . redeem.	Medeor, I <i>cure</i> , . . . medicine
Erro, I <i>wander</i> , . . . error.	Memini, I <i>remember</i> , memory.

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Pati
Pass
Pello
Pello
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Peto,
Place
Plaud
Pleo,
Plico,
Plecto
Pono,
Positus
Porto,

e, fallible.
factory.
defend.
ferry.
fervor.
fidelity.
inflect.
afflict.
fluid.
fragment
refract.
fugitive.
fulgency
refund.
fusion.
genial.
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ingress.
habita-

adhere.
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legate.
legible.
lecture
ligament
eloquent
ablution
mandate.
mansion.
medicine
memory.

Mergo, I *plunge*, hence, emerge. Prehendo, I *seize*, hence, apprehend.
Metior, I *measure*, .. mete.
Mensus, *measured*, .. mensuration. Pressus, *pressed*, .. impress.
Migro, I *remove*, .. emigrant. Pungo, I *sting*, .. pungent.
Misceo, I *mix*, .. miscellany. Puto, I *think*, .. computed.
Mitto, I *send*, .. admit. Quæro, I *seek*, .. require.
Missus, *sent*, .. mission. Quæsitus, *sought*, .. question.
Moneo, I *advise*, .. monitor. Quassus, *shaken*, .. discuss.
Moveo, I *move*, .. remove. Rapio, I *snatch*, .. rapine.
Muto, I *change*, .. mutable. Rego, I *rule*, .. regent.
Nascor, I *am born*, .. nascent. Rectus, *ruled*, .. rectitude.
Natus, *born*, .. native. Rideo, I *laugh*, .. deride.
Noceo, I *hurt*, .. innocent. Rogo, I *ask*, .. rogation.
Notus, *known*, .. notice. Ruptus, *broken*, .. abrupt.
Nuncio, I *announce*, enunciate. Scando, I *mount*, .. ascend.
Oro, I *pray*, .. oration. Scio, I *know*, .. science.
Paro, I *make or prepare*, separate. Scribo, I *write*, .. scribe.
Pasco, I *feed*, .. pastor. Seco, I *cut*, .. section.
Patior, I *suffer*, .. patience. Sedeo, I *sit*, .. sedate.
Passus, *suffered*, .. passion. Sentio, I *perceive*, .. sensation.
Pello, I *call*, .. appeal. Sequor, I *follow*, .. series.
Pello, I *drive*, .. repel. Sero, I *connect*, .. series.
Pendeo, I *hang*, .. impend. Servo, I *preserve*, .. servant.
Peto, I *seek*, .. petition. Solvo, I *loosen*, .. dissolve.
Placeo, I *please*, .. placid. Spargo, I *sprinkle*, .. asperse.
Plaudo, I *praise*, .. plaudit. Specio, I *see*, .. spectacle.
Pleo, I *fill*, .. plenary. Spiro, I *breathe*, .. aspire.
Plico, I *fold*, .. implicate. Spondeo, I *promise*, sponsor.
Plecto, I *twist*, .. perplex. Statuo, I *place*, .. statue.
Pono, I *place*, .. postpone. Stino, I *fix*, .. destine.
Positus, *placed*, .. position. Stinguo, I *put out*, extinguish.
Porto, I *carry*, .. porter. Sto, I *stand*, .. station.
Stringo, I *grasp hard*, astringent.

Strictus, <i>grasped</i> , . . .	hence, strict.	Veho, I <i>carry</i> , . . .	hence, vehicle.
Struo, I <i>build</i> , . . .	structure.	Venio, I <i>come</i> , . . .	convene.
Sumo, I <i>take</i> , . . .	assume.	Verto, I <i>turn</i> , . . .	avert.
Tango, I <i>touch</i> , . . .	tangent.	Video, I <i>see</i> , . . .	evident.
Tendo, I <i>stretch</i> , . . .	extend.	Visus, <i>seen</i> , . . .	vision.
Tensus, <i>stretched</i> , . . .	intense.	Vinco, I <i>conquer</i> , . . .	vincible.
Teneo, I <i>hold</i> , . . .	tenacious.	Vivo, I <i>live</i> , . . .	vivify.
Texo, I <i>weave</i> , . . .	texture.	Voco, I <i>call</i> , . . .	vocal.
Torqueo, I <i>twist</i> , . . .	torture.	Volvo, I <i>roll up</i> , . . .	involve.
Tribuo, I <i>give or ascribe</i> , . . .	tribute.	Volo, I <i>wish</i> , . . .	voluntary.
Tractus, <i>drawn</i> , . . .	extract.	Voro, I <i>devour</i> , . . .	voracious.
Trudo, I <i>thrust</i> , . . .	intrude.	Votus, <i>vowed</i> , . . .	votive.
Vado, I <i>go</i> , . . .	evade.	Utor, I <i>use</i> , . . .	utensil.
Valeo, I <i>am strong</i> , . . .	value.	Usus, <i>used</i> , . . .	usage.

GREEK ROOTS.

Aer, the <i>air</i> , . . .	hence, aerial.	Botane, a <i>plant</i> , . . .	hence, botanist.
Angelos, ¹ a <i>messenger</i> , . . .	angel.	Chole, <i>bile</i> , . . .	choleric.
Agogos, a <i>leader</i> , . . .	demagogue.	Christos, <i>anointed</i> , . . .	Christian.
Agon, <i>strife</i> , . . .	agony.	Chroma, a <i>color</i> , . . .	chromatics.
Anthos, a <i>flower</i> , . . .	anthology.	Chronos, <i>time</i> , . . .	chronicle.
Anthropos, a <i>man</i> , . . .	philanthropy.	Chrysos, <i>gold</i> , . . .	chrysalis.
Arche, the <i>beginning</i> , . . .	government, anarchy.	Demos, the <i>people</i> , . . .	democracy.
Argos, <i>white</i> , . . .	argent.	Doxa, <i>glory</i> , . . .	doxology.
Aroma, <i>odor</i> , . . .	aromatic.	Dromos, a <i>course</i> , . . .	diadrom.
Astron, a <i>star</i> , . . .	astronomy.	Dunamis, <i>power</i> , . . .	dynasty.
Autos, <i>one's self</i> , . . .	autocrat.	Ergon, <i>work</i> , . . .	energy.
Ballo, I <i>throw or give</i> , . . .	ball.	Ge, ² the <i>earth</i> , . . .	geography.
Bapto, I <i>wash</i> , . . .	baptism.	Genn, I <i>produce</i> , . . .	hydrogen.
Biblos, a <i>book</i> , . . .	bible.	Geno, <i>kind</i> , . . .	heterogeneous.
Bios, <i>life</i> , . . .	biography.	Gnoo, I <i>know</i> , . . .	gnomoe.
Bolbos, an <i>onion</i> , . . .	bulbous.	Gonia, an <i>angle</i> , . . .	trigon.
		Granma, a <i>letter</i> , . . .	grammar.

1. Pronounced, *angellos*,—*g* hard.2. *G*, in Greek, always sounds hard, as in *get*.

Grapho, I write,	hence, graphic.	Lethe, forgetfulness.	hence,
Gymnos, naked,	gymnasium.	lethargy.	
Hedra, a seat,	.. cathedral.	Lepsis, a taking,	.. analeptic
Harmonia, agreement,	harmony.	Lithos, a stone,	lithography
Hebdomas, a week,	hebdomadal.	Logos, a word,	.. logic.
Hekaton, a hundred,	hecatomb.	Luo, I dissolve,	.. analysis.
Helios, the sun,	.. aphelion.	Mache, a battle.	monomachy
Hemera, a day,	ephemeral	Mama, madness,	.. maniac.
Hemi, half,	hemisphere.	Mantis, a prophet,	necromancy
Hepta, seven,	.. heptarchy	Martyr, a witness,	martyrdom
Heteros, dissimilar,	heterodox.	Mathesis, learning,	mathematics
Hex, six,	.. hexagon.	Mechane, a machine	mechanist
Hieros, holy,	.. hierarchy.	Melan, black,	melancholy
Holos, the whole,	.. catholic.	Metros, a mother,	metropolis
Hodos, a way,	.. method.	Metron, a measure,	metre.
Homos, like,	homogeneous.	Mikros, a little,	microscope
Hydor, water,	.. hydrogen.	Misos, hatred,	misanthrope
Hygros, moist,	hygrometer.	Mneme, memory,	mnemonics
Ichthys, a fish,	ichthyology.	Monos, alone,	monosyllable
Idios, peculiar,	.. idiomatic.	Morphe, shape,	metamorphosis
Kakos, bad,	cacography.	Mythos, a fable,	mythology
Kalos, beautiful,	.. calligraphy	Naus, a ship,	.. nautical
Kalypto, I cover,	.. apocalypse	Neos, new,	.. neophyte.
Kanon, a rule,	.. canonical.	Nesos, an island	Peloponnesus
Kardia, the heart,	.. cardiac.	Neuron, a nerve,	.. aneurism.
Kephale, the head,	.. cephalic.	Nomos, a rule or law,	economy
Kosmos, the world,	cosmography	Ode, a poem or song,	melody.
Kranion, the skull,	cranium.	Odos, a way,	.. Exodus.
Kratos, power,	.. aristocracy	Oikesis, a dwelling.	diocese.
Krino, I discern,	.. criterion	Oligos, few,	.. oligarchy
Krypto, I hide,	.. crypt.	Onoma, a name,	anonymous
Kyklos, a circle,	.. cylinder.	Optomai, I see,	.. optic.
Laos, the people	.. laity.	Orama, a view,	.. diorama.
Lego, I speak or read,	elegy.	Orthos, right,	.. orthodox

Osteon, a <i>bone</i> , hence, osteology.	Pteron, a <i>wing</i> , hence, diptera.
Ostrakon, a <i>shell</i> . . ostracism.	Pyr, <i>fire</i> . . pyre.
Oxys, <i>acid</i> , . . oxygen.	Rheo, I <i>flow</i> , . . rhetoric.
Pagos, a <i>hill</i> . . . areopagus	Sarx, <i>flesh</i> . . . sarcasm.
Pais, paidos, a <i>boy</i> , pedagogue.	Skelos, the <i>leg</i> , . . isosceles.
Pan, <i>all</i> , . . panacea.	Skopeo, I <i>see</i> , . . microscope.
Pathos, <i>feeling</i> , . . pathetic.	Sepo, I <i>putrefy</i> , . . antiseptic.
Petalon, a <i>leaf</i> . . . petals.	Sophia, <i>wisdom</i> , . . philosophy.
Petros, a <i>stone</i> , . . petrify.	Stereos, <i>solid, firm</i> , . . stereotype.
Phago, I <i>eat</i> , . . sarcophagus.	Stello, I <i>send</i> , . . apostle.
Phaino, I <i>show</i> , . . phasis.	Stichos, a <i>line or verse</i> , distich.
Pharmakon, a <i>remedy</i> , pharmacy	Stratos, an <i>army</i> , . . stratagem.
Philos a <i>lover</i> , . . philosopher.	Strophe, a <i>turning</i> , . . antistrophe
Phone, a <i>sound</i> , . . euphony.	Taphos, a <i>tomb</i> , . . cenotaph
Phos, <i>light</i> , . . phospher	Tautos, the <i>same</i> , . . tautology.
Phrasis, a <i>phrase</i> , . . antiphrasis.	Techne, <i>art</i> , . . technical.
Phrenos, the <i>mind</i> , . . phrenology.	Telos, <i>distance</i> , . . telescope.
Phyton, a <i>plant</i> , . . zoöphyte	Tetras, <i>four</i> , . . tetrarchy.
Phusis, <i>nature</i> , . . physics.	Teuchos, a <i>book</i> , . . pentateuch.
Plasso, I <i>form</i> , . . plastic.	Thema, a <i>thing put forth</i> , . .
Pneuma, the <i>wind</i> , . . pneumatics.	theme.
Polemos, <i>war</i> , . . polemics	Thesis, a <i>position</i> , . . hypothesis.
Poleo, I <i>sell</i> , . . monopoly.	Theos, <i>God</i> , . . theism.
Polis, a <i>city</i> , . . policy.	Tomos, a <i>section, a cutting</i> , . .
Polya, <i>many</i> , . . polyanthus.	anatomy.
Potamos, a <i>river</i> , . . potamology.	Tonos, a <i>tone</i> , . . intonation.
Pous, podos, a <i>foot</i> , . . antipodes.	Topos, a <i>place</i> , . . topical.
Praktos, <i>done</i> . . . practical	Trope, a <i>turning</i> , . . tropic.
Protos, <i>first</i> , . . protocol.	Typos, a <i>figure, a pattern</i> , . . a type
Psyche, the <i>soul</i> , . . psychology.	Zoön, an <i>animal</i> , . . zodiac.

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HINTS.

1. **Hesperides**, the celebrated guardians of the golden apples. Their parentage is differently related. They are called the daughters either of Night, or of Phoreys and Cato, or of Atlas and Hesperis, whence their names Atlantides or Hesperides. Some traditions mention three Hesperides, namely, Agle, Arethusa, and Hesperia. The poets describe them as possessing the power of sweet song. It was one of the labors of Hercules to obtain possession of these apples.

Hercules, the most celebrated of all the heroes of antiquity. His exploits were celebrated not only in all the countries round the Mediterranean, but even in the most distant lands of the ancient world. The twelve great feats of Hercules are 1. The fight with the Nemean Lion; 2. The fight against the Lernean hydra; 3. The capture of the Arcadian stag; 4. The destruction of the Erymanthian boar; 5. The cleansing of the stables of Augeas; 6. The destruction of the Stymphalian birds; 7. The capture of the Cretan bull; 8. The capture of the mares of the Thracian Diomedes; 9. The seizure of the girdle of the queen of the Amazons; 10. The capture of the oxen of Geryones in Erythia; 11. The fetching of the golden apples of the Hesperides; 12. The bringing of Cerberus from the lower world.

2. The **Sonata** in **F** is so called because it is written in the key of **F**. The Moonlight Sonata is perhaps one of the best known.—A movement, in *music*, is any single strain or part having the same measure or time.

3. The **Thirteenth Century** was remarkable for its many great and eminent saints and scholars. Universities were largely attended, and Catholic princes vied with one another in endowing them. Philosophy was taught by the ablest professors; theology by the

most learned divines; and literature was being sedulously cultivated. Poets of no mean ability were singing their sweetest notes; now varying their strains in accordance with nature whose beauty and grandeur they proclaimed; and, then, in deep-toned and mellow notes sounded the depths of Christian truths, the sublimity of the Divinity, and the unspeakable greatness and dazzling brightness and purity of the uncreated Beauty and Love.

4. We may also instance the courageous heroine, **Jeanne Hachette** of Beauvais, France. In 1472, the city was besieged by the Duke of Burgundy, Charles the Bold. It is said that during the siege, she, at the head of several other valiant women, went upon the ramparts, and cut down the enemy's standard which a Burgundian soldier had already erected. Some historians are of opinion that her real name was Jeanne *Fouquet*; while others maintain that she derived her name from the ax (*hachette*) with which she was armed during the siege.

5. Reference is here made to David who slew his boasting adversary, the Giant Goliath.—Bethulia was saved by the pious and God-fearing Judith.

6. **Judea**, the ancient kingdom of Judea, forming the southern part of Palestine or the Holy Land, having North, Samaria, West the country of the Philistines, (Phœnicians,) South, Arabia, and East, the dead Sea and the River Jordan.

7. A village of France, department of Vosges, 7 miles N. of Neuf-chateau, on the left bank of the Meuse. The house of Joan of Arc is preserved as a national relic. Opposite to it is a handsome monument, with a colossal bust of the heroine. She is known in history as the "Maid of Orleans."

8. A town of France in the department of Meuse.

9. **Charles VII.**, surnamed the *Victorious*, asserted his right to the throne of France, while Henry VI., of England was proclaimed King of France under the regency of his uncle, the Duke of Bedford. The English laid siege to Orleans, a place of the greatest importance, and so successful were they in their warfare that France began to tremble for her safety. They were, however, suddenly restored by one of the most extraordinary events recorded in History. Joan of Arc was

the inspired person who saved the city and placed Charles VII., upon the throne. He died in 1464; he was a prince of acknowledged virtue, justice, and discretion.

10. **Alexander III.**, surnamed the Great, King of Macedonia, and son of Philip II., was born at Pella, B. C., 356. He was the greatest conqueror of ancient times. He died in the spring of life, being only 33 years of age. His death resulted from dissipated habits. In one of his drunken fits he killed his friends Clitus. Alexandria, a city of Egypt, was founded by him.

11. **Charles XII.**, King of Sweden, a celebrated conqueror, born at Stockholm, June 27, 1682, and was killed by a ball at the siege of Frederickshall situated on the Gulf of Swinesgund in Norway and 58 miles S.E. of Christiania, December 11, 1718.

12. **Marcus Aurelius Antoninus**, sometimes surnamed *The Philosopher*, a Roman emperor, celebrated for his wisdom, learning, and virtue, was born at Rome, April, 121, A. D.; he died, March, 180, A. D. His "Meditations" written in Greek are highly esteemed. The Christians were persecuted in his reign.

13. **Socrates**, the illustrious founder of Grecian philosophy, was born at Athens about 470 B.C. He left no writings. What we have of his teachings was given to us by his two great disciples, Plato and Xenophon. Plato, however, was the only one who really understood the philosophy of his master. His ungrateful countrymen condemned him to drink the juice of hemlock. They believed him guilty of corrupting the youth of Athens.

14. **Prince Eugene**, or more fully Francis Eugene de Savoy, one of the most celebrated generals of modern times, was born in Paris, 1663; and died, 1736.

15. **Caius Julius Cæsar**, one of the greatest men of ancient times, was born, July, 100, B.C.; and was killed by Brutus, on the Ides of March, 44, B.C.

16. The **Rubicon**, a small river in Italy, falling into the Adriatic. It is celebrated in History on account of Cæsar's passage across it at the head of his army, by which act he declared war against the Republic. This act gave rise to the proverb "The die is cast!"

17. **Peppermint-Water.**—This scented liquid is obtained from the plant called mint. The name by which we know the plant is Spear Mint. It is generally cultivated in gardens, but sometimes the seeds are swept by the wind into moist places where they take root and grow in a wild state.

Spear Mint produces purple-colored flowers, its leaves are long and slender. The essence of peppermint is produced from the leaves and flowers which are highly scented.

It is sold by grocers, and is used to flavor confectionery. Lozenges owe their agreeable flavor to the essence of peppermint.

18. **Essence of cloves** is derived from the Latin *clavus*, a nail. Cloves resemble small nails, and in all countries where they are used, are designated by a term which means nail. The French call cloves *Clou de Girofle*, or "Clove-Nails." The Chinese call them "fragrant nails," and the Germans "scented nails." They are imported to this country from the Moluca Islands, where they grow on trees from forty to sixty feet high. Essence of Cloves is manufactured from Clove seeds. It appears like scented water, but water is not used to dissolve the oil of Cloves or other scented plants. The oil of those plants is generally dissolved in alcohol.

19. **Lavender-Water** is a plant of the Mint family. The flowers of this plant are highly scented, and from them is produced the oil from which Lavender-Water is made.

20. **Glycerine** is a colorless transparent sweet syrup obtained from the fatty parts of animal bodies.

It was discovered by Scheele in 1779, and it exists in large quantities. In the manufacture of soap, large quantities of Glycerine are extracted from the animal matter employed. It is used in soap and perfumery.

Glycerine has been extensively used in medicine for the past half century.

21. **Motes**, are very small particles of matter; they can be seen if we look through the rays of sunlight entering a room.

22. This selection is taken from Mark Twain's "Roughing It." The ludicrous may be found in the use of words which develop two meanings—one of them absurdly opposite to the one intended; or it

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may be found in actions which are very inadequate for the purpose intended. Note the efforts of the dog in this piece.

The humor of this selection turns for the most part on the human consciousness, which the author gives to the coyote and to the dog. Note in the description, the expressions 'ignoble,' 'swindle,' 'pretending a threat,' 'apologizing for it,' 'smile a fraudulent smile,' 'encouragement and worldly ambition.' Explain 'the sudden splitting of a long crack through the atmosphere.'

23. Jean Baptiste de la Salle was born at Reims, France, April 30, 1651; died at Saint-Yon, April 7, 1719. He was the originator of 1. A Treatise on School Management; 2. The Simultaneous Method, 1682, although ascribed to Lancaster and Pestalozzi; 3. Primary Schools, properly so called; 4. Normal Schools (Reims, 1684); 5. Technical Schools and Schools of Design (Paris, 1699; Saint-Yon, 1705); 6. Boarding-Schools and Academies (Paris, 1698; Saint-Yon, 1705); 7. Reformatory Schools (Saint-Yon, 1705); 8. Sunday Schools (Paris, 1699); 9. The popular Methods of Teaching: Catechetical, Socratic and Practical. Object-Lessons have also been anticipated by him, though Froebel is accredited the honor. A recent writer in the Boston Journal of Education says: "Unlike some school reformers of the present day, he did not limit himself to destructive criticism. His mission was to build, and he laid the foundations deep and broad and firm that, after many storms and sieges, after some alterations and additions, it is still a noble, commanding, and symmetrical structure."

24. James II., son of Charles I., and younger brother of Charles II., was born at St. James' Palace, London, 1633, and soon after was created Duke of York and died at St. Germain's, Paris, September, 1701. As a King, he was brave, determined, and energetic. He did much for the improvement of the English navy. He was dethroned by his own daughter, Mary II., and her Consort, William III., Prince of Orange. He was a sincere, devout, and earnest Roman Catholic, and did much to aid the poor and needy. His disposition was noble and generous.

25. Cardinal de Noailles, Archbishop of Chalons-sur-Marne, France.

26. **Trotté de la Chetardt**, Parish Priest of St. Sulpice, Paris.

27. "The force of this simile," says Bowering in his *Specimens of the Russian Poets*, "can hardly be imagined by those who have never witnessed the sun shining, with unclouded splendor, in a cold of twenty or thirty degrees of Reaumur. A thousand and ten thousand sparkling stars of ice, brighter than the brightest diamond, play on the surface of the frozen snow; and the slightest breeze acts myriads of icy atoms in motion, whose glancing light, and beautiful rainbow hues, dazzle and weary the eye."

28. **St. Francis Xavier**, the Apostle of the Indies and Japan, and one of the first members of the *Society of Jesus*, was born in Navarre, April 7, 1506; and died in the Island of San Chan, near Mæas, China, December 2, 1552.

29. Although the account which the heroine has given of the defense of the fort of Vercheres, and assigning it to the year 1696, is however believed to have taken place in 1692. In the baptismal record of Sorel, we find that she was baptized, April 17, 1678, which fact gives us fourteen years to 1692. This agrees with Parkman's account. Louis XIV., was then King of France.

30. For an excellent account see "Hand-book of the Dominion of Canada," by S. E. Dawson.

31. The **Iroquois** was a confederacy of five tribes of Indians, namely, Mohawks, Senecas, Onondagas, Cayuagas and Oneidas.

32. Whilst she was returning to the fort, balls were whizzing through the air, and not one touched her. Another author who gives her own version of the thrilling history says that she recited this prayer: "Mother of My God, I have always loved thee as my dearest Mother, do not abandon me in this moment of peril. Let me rather die a thousand deaths than fall into the hands of these savages."

33. The object of this book is to show that, if all the physical wants were supplied as fast as they arose, still man could be unhappy, because of a spiritual want. He investigates different occupations of men, and discusses them with a profound insight.

34. The original of this poem contained only eighteen lines. Poe

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changed it three times before he gave it to the world in its present finished state. This merely shows the gradual development of an idea in the mind of a man of genius.

35. **Apollyon**, the fiend that Christian had fought in the *Valley of Humiliation*.

36. **Vanity Fair**, where Christian's companion, Faithful, had been put to death and when Hopeful had joined him.

37. In one particular and most difficult department of writing, Allegory, John Bunyan stands unrivalled, not only in English, but in all literature. Shakespeare is not so clearly the first of Dramatists, as is John Bunyan the Prince of Dreamers. His *Dream, Pilgrim's Progress* is confessedly the greatest of Allegories, ancient or modern. It is said upon good authority that a monk had written a similar work some years before John Bunyan; he owes his inspirations to Catholic Literature as does Milton. In fact there are many striking passages in the master-piece of Milton that bear a close resemblance to the Catholic Dutch poet, Von der Wondel.

38. **Pope Gregory XVI.**, Maurs Capellari, born at Bellnus, 1765; and died, 1846. He was created Cardinal by Leo XII., in 1825; he was entrusted with a diplomatic mission to Prussia by Pius VIII., and was elected Pope, 1831.

39. **Nicholas Pavlovitch I.**, Emperor of Russia, born at St. Petersburg, July, 1796; and died, March 2, 1855. In his reign, the memorable Crimean war took place. He was opposed in this war by France and England. The French and English fleets entered the Black Sea, and landed the allied armies in Crimea, September, 1854. The Russian's were defeated.

40. A similar thought is expressed in Edwin Arnold's beautiful poem, "The Light of Asia."

41. The champion of Scottish liberty was executed by order of Edward I., in London, 1305.

42. They were famous navigators from the Norwegian Peninsula.

43. **Fossil**, is from the Latin word *Fodere*, to dig, and means something found by digging. Animal or vegetable organisms that

have been turned into stone; or rather, whose tissues have been replaced by stone, leaving their shapes perfectly preserved. Impressions of such organisms made in a substance originally soft, and afterward hardened and thus preserved, are also called fossils.

44. That is, saw the correspondence of things natural and things spiritual.

45. Applied to natural things.

46. Some lines from the beginning and a long quotation toward the end of Part I, have been omitted.

47. A species of rose; the sweet brier. Milton, however, implies here the honeysuckle.

48. Noted for learned dramas.

49. Reference is made to the various metrical improvements, especially the scale or *mode* of music called *Lydian*, and the form of the lyre called *mafiadis*.

50. A mythical personage, was regarded by the Greeks as the most celebrated of the early poets. Presented with the lyre by Apollo and instructed by the Muses in its use, he enchanted with its music not only wild beasts, but the trees and rocks upon Olympus, so that they moved from their places to follow the sound of his golden harp.

51. Pertaining to the Elysian fields; exceedingly delightful. Homer places it in the west and describes it as a happy land.

52. The giver of wealth, at first a surname of Hades, the god of the lower world.

53. In mythology, the wife of Orpheus.

54. Omission of thirty of lines from the beginning and eighteen from the middle of this poem.

55. A surname of Venus, from the island of Cyprus.

56. Having reference to Jupiter.

57. The moon, drives a yoke of dragons attached to her chariot.

58. "**Hermes Trismegistus**" the famous mystical work, studied for its deeply concealed wisdom.

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59. The Grecian Philosopher was born at Athens about 429 B.C. He has been called the *Divine* on account of his sublime teachings. See St. Augustine's "City of God," Vol. I.

60. This refers to Plato's doctrine of the descent of the soul, as presented in the "Phædo."

61. **Tragedy** is an exhibition of the character and behavior of men in some of the most trying critical situations of life, and describes their passions, virtues, crimes, and sufferings. Tragedy, when properly written, points out to men the consequences of their own actions, shows the direful effects which ambition, jealousy, love, resentment, and other strong emotions, when misguided or left unrestrained, produce upon the human life.

62. This refers to ancient **Thebes**. Pelops, grandson of Jupiter. The name of Pelops was so celebrated that it was constantly used by the poets in connection with his descendants and the cities they inhabited.

63. This refers to ancient **Troy**, so celebrated in Homer's "Iliad."

64. **Mirth** and **Melancholy** would not content Milton as titles for these poems, because one word has for its original meaning "softness" and is akin to marrow, the soft fat in bones; the other word, based on an old false theory of humors in man, traces the grave mood to black bile. The poems themselves use the English words with the definition of the sense in which alone each is accepted:

"These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live."

"These pleasures, Melancholy give,
And I with thee will choose to live."

The Italian titles to the poems represented in each case the real source of these delights and pleasure. Milton's Mirth was the joy in all cheerful sights and sounds of nature, and in social converse natural to the man whose bosom's lord sits lightly on his throne; and L'Allegro is defined as "one who has in his heart cause for contentment, which shows itself in serenity of countenance." "Il Penseroso," whose name is derived from a word meaning *to weigh*, is the man grave, not through ill-humor, but while his reason is employed

in weighing and considering that which invites his contemplation. With his companion sketches of this true lightness of heart and this true gravity, Milton blends a banning of the false mirth of the thoughtfulness—"vain deluding joys, the brood of folly"—and the black dog, the loathed Melancholy "of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born." To commendation of the true he joins condemnation of the false; and by transferring his condemnation of a baseless joy to the opening of that poem which paints gravity of thoughtfulness, and his condemnation of a Stygian gloom to that poem which paints innocent enjoyment, he heightens the effect of each poem by contrast, and links the two together more completely. The poems are exactly parallel in structure.—*John Henry Morley.*

65. **Dyak** is a name given to the natives of the Island of Borneo.

66. **Midas** is said to have been a wealthy but effeminate king of Phrygia. His wealth is alluded to in a story connected with his childhood, for it is said that while a child, ants carried grains of wheat into his mouth, to indicate that one day he should be the richest of all mortals.

67. The **Northern Light** or the **Aurora Borealis** is a luminous phenomenon of great beauty, beheld in the northern sky. It consists, when most brilliantly displayed, of a dark segment, bordered by a luminous arch, which is subject to constant changes. Now at one extremity, and now at another, and again at intermediate points, clouds of light suddenly appear, and stream upward from the arch like tongues of fire. These luminous streamers, glaring with tints of crimson, yellow, and green, move back and forth upon the auroral bow, and, darting far up into the sky, with a tremulous motion, apparently unite, forming a brilliant mass of light, called the crown. It is supposed to be electric in its origin.

68. **Hemp** is the fibrous covering of a plant, and is used in making cloth or cordage.

69. **Linen** is thread or cloth made from flax or hemp.

70. **Beticule** is a small bag to be carried in the hand.

71. The **agave** or **American aloe** is a plant requiring from ten to seventy years to reach maturity. It then produces a gigantic

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flower-stem forty feet high, and perishes. It is commonly called the century plant.

72. The **esparto** is a kind of rush grown in Spain, and used in the making of ropes, baskets, shoes, and the like.

73. **Julia**, daughter of Augustus, by Scribonia, and his only child was born 39, B.C. She was educated with great strictness, but grew up one of the most profligate women of her age. Augustus, incensed at her conduct, banished her to Pandataria, an island off the coast of Campania. Tiberius at his accession to the throne (A.D. 14) deprived her of almost all the necessities of life, and she died in the course of the same year.

74. **Valeria Messalina**, daughter of Valerius Messala Barbatus, was the third wife of the Emperor Claudius. Her profligacy and licentiousness are notorious; and the absence of virtue was not concealed. She was as cruel as she was profligate; and many members of the most illustrious families of Rome were sacrificed to her fears or her hatred.

75. **St. Cyril**, as the papal delegate, presided at this Council. It was at this Council that the third part of the "Hail Mary" was composed. It was held in June, 431, during the Pontificate of Celestine I.

76. **Pope Pius IX.**, December 8, 1854.

77. Means **Alps' stick**, and is a long staff pointed with iron, used in travelling among the Alps and other mountains.

78. **Organic slime** is a soft, moist earth or sticky mud, containing the lowest forms of animal or plant life.

79. He was a celebrated Italian artist born in 1500; and died at Florence, 1576. He was employed by Pope Clement VII., as engraver to the mint, and he engraved medals with great success. He afterwards worked in Paris for Francis I., and in Florence for Cosimo de Medici. Among his master-pieces is a bronze group of "Perseus and Medusa."

80. **Son of Neptune**, and one of the Cyclopes in Sicily. He is represented as a gigantic monster, having one eye in the center of

his forehead, caring nought for gods and devouring human flesh. He dwelt in a cave near Mount *Ætna*.

81. **Psyche.**—This is a Greek word and means *the soul*, and obscures in the latter times of antiquity as a personification of the human soul.

82. **Jupiter**, the supreme deity of the Romans, was the greatest of all the gods of classic mythology, and was supposed to control all earthly and human affairs and to foresee the future. He is usually represented as seated on a throne, with a thunderbolt in his right hand, in his left a sceptre, and near him his favorite bird, the eagle.

83. **Venus**, the goddess of love and beauty, in classic mythology, was said to be the daughter of Jupiter.

84. **Janus**, an ancient Latin deity, represented with two faces, and was regarded as the opener of the day and as having charge of the gates of heaven. The temple of Janus at Rome was kept open in time of war and closed in time of peace.

85. **Homer**, the reputed author of the two great Epics, the "*Iliad*" and the "*Odyssey*," and the most celebrated poet of ancient times, was born at Smyrna or Chios, about one thousand before the Christian era. The subject of the "*Iliad*" is the Trojan war; that of the "*Odyssey*" the search of Ulysses, the wise. The "*Iliad*" is perhaps the best epic poem ever written.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

ADDISON, JOSEPH,

An English author pre-eminent as an essayist, humorist, and moralist, was born at Milston, Wiltshire, May 1, 1672; and died, June 17, 1719. "Whoever," says Johnson, "wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant, but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the study of Addison." "He is entitled," says Macaulay, "to be considered, not only as the greatest of English Essayists, but as the forerunner of the great English Novelists. His best essays approach near to absolute perfection; nor is their excellence more wonderful than their variety."

ARNOLD, MATTHEW,

An English scholar, poet and critic, was born at Laleham, in Middlesex, Dec. 24, 1822. He is unquestionably one of the best English writers of the day. His style is marked by great purity, and deserves careful study. His "Essays in Criticism," "Culture and Anarchy," "New Poems," will give the reader a fair idea of his writings.

AUDUBON, JOHN JAMES,

An American ornithologist of great eminence; born in Louisiana, May 4, 1780; and died in New York City, January, 1851. He visited France in 1828, and was received with great honor by Cuvier, Humbolt, and other learned men. He obtained numerous subscribers, at one thousand dollars a copy, for his magnificent work, entitled "The Birds of America." It is illustrated with about four

hundred plates of one thousand and sixty-five species of birds of the natural size, beautifully colored. It is in five volumes. Cuvier said "it is the most magnificent monument that art has ever erected to ornithology." His style and language are pleasing and graphic.

BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VON,

One of the greatest composers, was born at Bonn, in Prussia, Dec. 17, 1776; and died at Vienna, March, 1827. He composed many symphonies, overtures, cantatas, sonatas, which attest the originality and sublimity of his genius.

BROWNSON, ORESTES AUGUSTUS,

Undoubtedly the most philosophic writer and thinker and critic of America, was born, Stockbridge, Vermont, September 16, 1803; died in Detroit, Michigan, April 17, 1876. He was converted to the Catholic Faith, October 20, 1844. Nearly all his philosophical and political essays were written in "Brownson's Quarterly Review," which he began in 1838 and continued till within a few months of his death. His "Convert" is a clear exposition and a logical account of his search after Truth. "The Spirit Rapper," "The American Republic," and "Liberalism and the Church" are works worthy of the genius and learning of his pen. His essays and writings have been systematically arranged and edited by his distinguished son, Henry. They are a complete library in themselves.

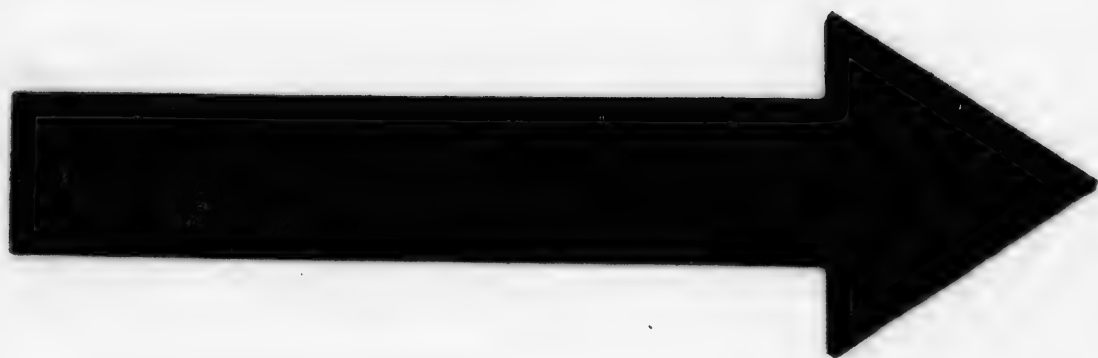
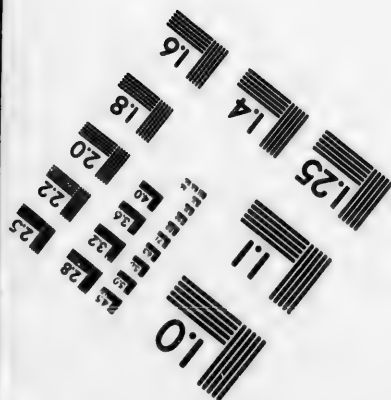
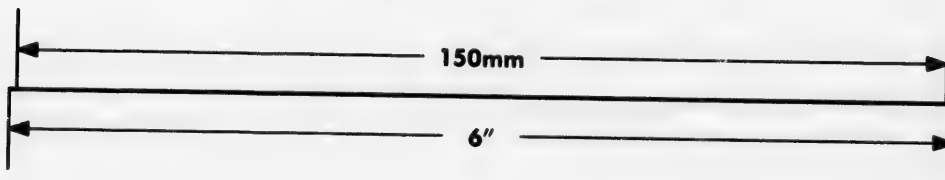
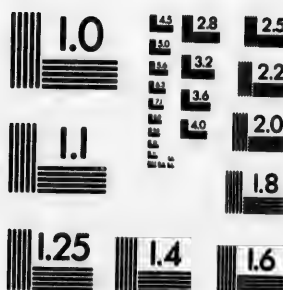
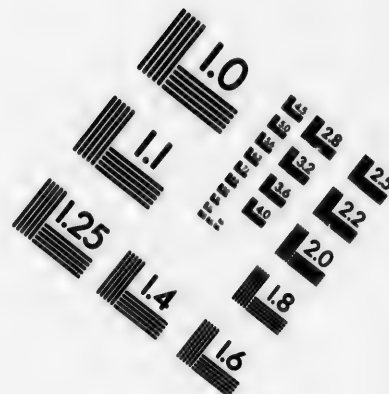
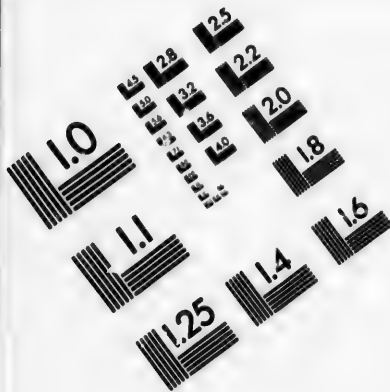


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BUNYAN, JOHN,

The celebrated author of "Pilgrim's Progress," was born at Elston, near Bedford, in England, 1628; and died, 1688. "He had no suspicion," says Macaulay, "that he was producing a masterpiece. He could not guess what place his allegory would occupy in English literature; for of English literature he knew nothing." The language is noted for its simplicity and the great use of anglo-saxon words.

BURNS, ROBERT,

One of Scotland's greatest poets, was born near the town Ayr, January 25, 1759; and died July 21, 1796. The most striking characteristics of Burns' poetry are simplicity and intensity. Some of his expressions are like brilliant flashes of light: in an instant the thought or sentiment is impressed upon the mind, never to be forgotten. His power of concentration is perfectly marvellous. "His political experiment," says Campbell, "was that of fitful transports rather than steady inspiration." "No poet," says Scott, "except Shakespeare, ever possessed the power of exciting the most varied and discordant emotions with such rapid transitions." He is best known by his lyrics. Shakespeare and Burns are appreciated as much, if not more, in Germany, than any of the great bards of Fatherland.

BYRON, LORD,

(See George Gordon)

CHATEAUBRIAND, RENE A.,

One of the most eminent French authors and writers, was born at Saint-Malo, France, September 4, 1768; and died, July 4, 1848. The "Genius of Christianity" which marks the conversion of its noble author from skepticism and infidelity, is the book upon which his chief glory rests. For of all his works, this had the happiest influence upon his age and country. The style is

charming and as limpid as the running brook at noon day. Among his other works may be mentioned "Rene," "The Martyrs," "Historical Studies," "Essays on English Literature," a translation of Milton's "Paradise Lost," "Memoirs beyond the Grave," and "Atala."

CHAUER, GEOFFREY,

The father of English poetry, was born, 1328; and died, 1400. "Our greatest poet of the middle ages, beyond comparison," says Hallam, "was Chaucer; and I do not know that any other country, except Italy produced one of equal variety in invention, acuteness of observation, or felicity of expression." His celebrated "Canterbury Tales," is an immortal poem. His last will and testament bespeak his deep religious feelings, and his undying attachment to Mother Church.

COLERIDGE, SAMUEL T.,

An eminent English writer, poet, philosopher, and critic, was born at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire, 1772; and died, July 25, 1834. His poetic fame rests on two poems, both of singular, almost supernatural power; yet one, "Christabel," is only a fragment, the other, the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner," more nearly complete in itself, is only a part of an incomplete whole. Besides the works mentioned, his "Lectures on Shakespeare," "Essays on his Own Time," "Table-Talk," "Biographia Literaria," and "Literary Remains," are deserving of careful study.

COWLEY, ABRAHAM,

An English poet of some reputation, born in London, 1618; and died, 1667. "The Mistress," says Hallam, "is the most celebrated performance of miscalled metaphysical poets." There is much conceit and affectation in the poems of Cowley. His prose writings are more simple and pleasing. "The Pindaric Odes," "Davidiades," and "Poetic Blossoms" are among his principal works.

COWPER, WILLIAM,

One of the eminent and popular of English poets, was born at Great Berkhamstead, in Hertfordshire, November 26, 1731; and died, April 25, 1800. "The great merit of a writer," says Lord Jeffrey, "appears to us to consist in the boldness and originality of his composition, and in the fortunate audacity with which he has carried the dominion of poetry into regions that had been considered as inaccessible to her ambition." Prominent among his principal works may be mentioned "The Task" and "John Gilpin."

CRASHAW, RICHARD,

An English Catholic poet of some distinction, was born about 1616; and died 1636. His principal works are "Steps to the Temple" and "Sacred Poems." In his poem on the miracle of Cana, occurs the beautiful and much admired line:

"Lympha pudica Deum vidit et erubuit"

"The modest water saw its God and blushed."

His poems display a rich imagination. He was Canon of the Church of Loretto, Italy.

DANTE ALLIGHIERI,

An illustrious Italian poet, regarded as the greatest poetical genius that flourished between the Augustan and Elizabethan age, was born in Florence, May, 1265; and died at Ravenna, September 14, 1321. He was instructed in liberal studies and arts by Brunetto and Latini, and other eminent scholars, and was well versed in Philosophy and Theology. His "Divina Comedia" is a masterpiece, and for sublimity of thought has hardly been equalled.

DE QUINCY, THOMAS,

An eminent English author, sometimes called "The English Opium-Eater" was born in a suburb of Manchester, August 15, 1785; and died in Edinburgh, Dec. 6,

1859. His style is superb, his powers of reasoning unsurpassed, his imagination is warm and brilliant, and his humor both masculine and delicate. He was noted for his great conversational powers and varied stock of information.

DERZHAVIN, GABRIEL R.,

A celebrated lyric poet of Russia, born at Kazan, 1743; and died, 1816. He has produced a number of admirable odes, one of which is the "Ode to the Almighty," ("Oda Bogu,"), and has been translated into several Eastern and European languages. This will bear comparison with even the sublime creations of Milton. He also wrote an excellent treatise on Lyric Poetry.

DE VERE, SIR AUBREY,

An Irish poet and dramatist, born, 1807; and died, 1846. He published "The Song of Faith," "The Waldenses," "Mary Tudor," a drama, and other works.

DE VERE, THOMAS AUBREY,

An eminent Irish author and poet, third son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, was born at Currah Chase, county Limerick, January 10, 1814. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and in 1851 became a Roman Catholic. Among his works are "Poems," "Irish Odes," "Alexander the Great" and "St. Thomas of Canterbury," two dramas, "Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey," and "Constitutional and Unconstitutional Political Action." His style is remarkable for beauty and vigor, and his subjects are noble and full of sustained elevated thought. He seems to have inherited a true dramatic spirit.

DICKENS, CHARLES,

One of the most popular of English novelists, was born at Loudport, Portsmouth, February, 1812; and died, 1870. "He was," says the Dublin Review, "certainly a moral writer, and lauded the household virtues; but their is a

higher aspect of morality, one in which Catholic readers are bound to regard every book which professes to deal with the condition of man; and so regarded, Mr. Dickens's works are false as any of those of the undisguised materialistic writers of the day."

DRYDEN, JOHN,

A celebrated English Catholic poet and critic, born at Aldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, August 9, 1631; and died, May 1, 1700. In reference to his satire, "Absalom and Archithophel," Lilliam says: "The spontaneous ease of expression, the rapid transition, the general elasticity and movement, have never been excelled." Macaulay says that "with him died the secret of the old poetical diction of England,—the art of producing rich efforts by familiar words. He was an incomparable reasoner in verse." Some critics esteem his "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" the finest ode in the language. His "Hind and the Panther" is another remarkable illustration of his power of reasoning and satire. "Essay on Dramatic Poesy" merited for him according to Johnson the title of father of English criticism.

FREEMAN, EDWARD A.,

An English historian, was born at Horborne, Staffordshire, 1823; and died, 1886. He published besides other works, "The History and Conquests of the Saracens," "The History of Federal Government," "History of the Norman Conquest," probably his best work, "Old English History," and "The Ottoman Power in Europe."

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER,

An eminent Irish poet and miscellaneous writer, was born at Pallas, in the County Longford, 1728; and died, April 4, 1774. Speaking of the comedy "She stoops to Conquer," Dr. Johnson said that "he knew of no comedy for many years that had answered so much the great end of comedy—making an au-

dience merry." His style is easy, natural, and graceful. He is the author of the "Chinese Letters," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," and the "History of the Earth and Animated Nature."

GORDON, GEORGE,

An English poet of rare genius, born in London, January 22, 1788; and died at Missolonghi April 19, 1824. Byron was the first poet of his time. "Never has any writer," says Macaulay, "so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy and despair. . . From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation, there is not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master." Unfortunately his dissipated life, want of faith and the moral virtues detract much from his works. Among his best works are "Childe Harold," "Mazeppa," "Manfred," "The Giaour," (Infidel,) "Cain a Mystery," and "Don Juan."

GOSSE, PHILIP H.,

An English naturalist, born at Worcester, 1810. He made a scientific tour through Canada, the United States and Jamaica, and published on his return "The Canadian Naturalist," "The Birds of Jamaica," and a "Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica." The style of Gosse is clear and pleasing, and the enthusiasm of the scientist pervades every page of his writings.

GRAY, JOHN H.,

Was for many years a resident of China. His style is pleasing. His principal work "China" is accurate.

GRAY, THOMAS,

A classic English poet, born in London, 1716; and died, July, 1771. He occupies a very high rank in English literature, not only as a poet, but as an elegant prose writer and an accomplished scholar. He delighted in knowledge for its own sake, and his profound and varied

learning embraced, in addition to classical and scientific studies, those of antiquities and the fine arts. His popular poem is the "Elegy."

GRIFFIN, GERALD,

A distinguished writer and poet, was born at Limerick, 1803; and died, 1840. Two years before his death, he became a Christian Brother. Had he not been carried off at an early age, we might have expected from his pen, works of the highest order. Among his works are "The Collegians," "The Invasion," "The Duke of Monmouth," "Tales of Munster Festivals," "The Rivals," and "Poems."

IRVING, WASHINGTON,

A distinguished American author and humorist, was born in the City of New York, April 3, 1783; and died at Sunnyside, on the Hudson, November 28, 1859. For an easy elegant style, he has no superior, perhaps no equal, among the prose writers of America. If Hawthorne excels him in variety, in earnestness and in force, he is perhaps inferior to him in facility and grace, while he can make no claim to that genial, lambent humor which beams in almost every page of "Geoffrey Crayon." He has been aptly styled the Goldsmith of America. His works comprise twenty-six volumes.

JOHNSON, SAMUEL,

One of the most eminent English writers, was born at Litchfield, September 18, 1709; and died, 1784. He was great in all the branches of literature to which he devoted his attention. Few men have exerted so great an influence while living, an influence which will probably be felt far into the future. His powers which are chiefly descriptive and satirical, have been greatly admired by some of the most eminent critics. Byron says of the "Vanity of Human Wishes:—" 'Tis a great poem, all the examples and mode of giving them sublime.' His most important critical works are "Pro-

face and Notes to Shakespeare," and the "Lives of the British Poets." "Rasselas" is a much admired work. "The Rambler and Idler" once exerted a great influence, and we may say does, in a measure, even now.

JONSON, BEN,

One of the most celebrated English poets and dramatists, was born at Westminster, 1574; and died, 1637. It is said that whilst he was in prison, he was converted to the Catholic Faith, but that he subsequently fell again. 'I think him,' says Dryden, "the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had.. If I would compare him to Shakespeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, Shakespeare the greater wit. Shakespeare was the Homer or father of dramatic poetry. Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writings. I admire him, but I love Shakespeare." Among the most important of his dramas are "Cynthia's Revels," "Sejanus," "Volpone," "The Alchemist," and "Catiline's Conspiracy." He was the poet-laureate in the reign of James I. He was also probably the first author of an English Grammar.

KNOWLES, JAMES S.,

A popular dramatist, born at Cork, Ireland, 1784; and died, 1862. His principal works are "The Chevalier de Crillon," "Leo the Gipsy," "Virgilius," "Caius Gracchus," and "The Hunchback."

LEIBNITZ, GATTFRIED WILHELM VON,

A German philosopher and mathematician of the first order, pre-eminent among the moderns as a universal genius was born at Leipzig, July 6, 1646; and died at Hanover, November 14, 1716. He was a truly religious mind. Between 1690 and 1700 he was engaged in long epistolary correspondence with the celebrated Bossuet, the eagle of Meaux, for the purpose of restoring the unity be-

tween the Catholic and Protestant Churches. This gave rise to Bossuet's well-known "History of the Variations of Protestant Churches." Leibnitz, simultaneously with Newton, was the discoverer of Calculus. The crowning work of this great thinker was his "Systema Theologicum." It is, as it were, the summa of his philosophical principles. In many instances he speaks in a charming and truthful manner of Catholic doctrines.

LONGFELLOW, HENRY W.,

An eminent American poet and scholar, born at Portland, Maine, February 27, 1807; and died at Cambridge, Massachusetts, March 24, 1882. As a poet, he is characterized by tenderness and depth of feeling, to the expression of which the picturesque and graceful simplicity of his language often imparts an indescribable charm. Heseldom or never attempts to excite admiration by far-sought conceits, by wild or lofty flights of imagination, or by the exhibition of dark and terrible passions. Among his best works are "Evangeline," "Hiawatha," "Hyperion," a scholarly translation of Dante's "Divina Comedia," and "Tales of a Wayside Inn."

LUBBOCK, SIR JOHN,

An English banker and eminent physiologist, was born in 1834. Besides his several scientific memoirs, he is the author of two important works, "Prehistoric Times," and the "Origin of Civilization;" or "The Primitive Condition of Man." He possesses a charming style.

MALIBRAN, MADAME,

The celebrated singer, was born in Paris, 1808 and died, 1836. While she was still very young her reputation as a singer extended over Europe, and she was everywhere received with the greatest enthusiasm. The admiration which she won as a vocalist, was increased by

the many kind acts done by her in private life.

MARSHALL, THOMAS W. M.,

An English theological writer, born, 1815; and died at Surbiton, Surrey, December 14, 1877. In 1845, he became a Roman Catholic, and in his "Comedy of Convocation" and "My Clerical Friends and their Relations to Modern Thought," he showed himself a vigorous writer and satirist. But his "Christian Missions" is universally read and admired.

MARTINKAU, HARRIET,

An English miscellaneous writer, born at Norwich, 1802; and died, June 27, 1876. She was descended from a French Huguenot family, and in some instances allows her prejudice to sway her better sense of feeling. Among his works we find "Biographical Sketches," "Life in a Sick Room," "The Hour and the Man," "Retrospect of Western Travel," "Society in America," and "Traditions of Palestine." She was a writer of some force and keen observation.

MAURY, MATTHEW F.,

An American hydrographer, and naval officer, was born at Spotsylvania county, Virginia, 1806; and died, 1873. He published a "Treatise on Navigation," "Letters on the Amazon and the Atlantic Slopes of South America," "Relation between Magnetism and the Circulation of the Atmosphere," "Astronomical Observations," and a "Physical Geography of the Sea," a work which has been highly praised by competent judges.

MILTON, JOHN,

An immortal poet, and if we except Shakespeare, the most illustrious name in English literature, was born in Bread Street, London, December 9, 1608; and died, November 8, 1674. "It is certain," says Hume, "that this author, when in a happy mood and employed in a noble subject, is the most wonderfully sublime of any poet in any language, Homer and

Lucretius and Tasso not excepted. More concise than Homer, more simple than Tasso, more nervous than Lucretius, had he lived in a later age and learned to polish some rudeness in his verses, had he enjoyed better fortune and possessed leisure to watch the returns of genius in himself, he had attained the pinnacle of perfection and born away the palm of epic poetry." Chateaubriand says: "From the very opening of the poem, Milton declares himself a Socinian by the famous expression 'till one greater man restores us!'" Milton seems to incline to Arianism. Still his "Paradise Lost" will ever be read with pleasure and admiration.

NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL.

Was born in London, 1801. He is an acknowledged leader among the great English divines of the present day. His eminent abilities as a thinker and a writer are recognized equally by those who dissent from his opinions and those who agree with him. As a writer of the mother tongue, Cardinal Newman is, perhaps unsurpassed for ease and grace of expression, and for general purity of style. His life and writings, while of deep literary interest, constitute, in their theological aspect, an era in the history of opinion of a considerable part of the English-speaking race.

O'LEARY, CORNELIUS M.,

A contemporary writer of some force, was born in the County Cork, Ireland, 1830. He is the esteemed professor of Philosophy at Manhattan College, New York, and is a regular contributor to the leading magazines of the country.

PAKEMAN, FRANÇOIS,

An American writer, born at Boston, 1823. His principal works are "History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac," "The Old Regime of Canada," "The Pioneers of France in the New World," "The Jesuits in North America," "Count

Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.," and "Montcalm and Wolfe." His works have enjoyed a great and deserved popularity.

POE, EDGAR ALLAN,

An American poet of some genius, was born in Boston, 1811; and died in Baltimore, October, 7, 1849. His "Raven" and other small poems have been much admired. "His poems," says R. W. Griswold, "are constructed with wonderful ingenuity and finished with consummate art. They illustrate a morbid sensitiveness of feeling, a shadowy and gloomy imagination, and a taste almost faultless in the apprehension of that sort of beauty most agreeable to his temper."

POPE, ALEXANDER,

A popular English poet and critic, born in London, May 22, 1688; and died in May, 1744. "He was," says Macaulay, "a great writer of invective and sarcasm. He could dissect a character in terse and sonorous couplets brilliant with antithesis." His talent for satire is conspicuous in the "Dunciad," a poetical work of much critical merit. He and Dryden were instrumental in bringing a revolution in poetry in the beginning of the eighteenth century. They swayed the sceptre throughout that century. Pope was a complete master of the poetic art. He lived and died a Roman Catholic. His principal works are the "Essay on Man," "Essay on Criticism," "Pastorals," "Messiah," the translation of Homer's Iliad.

PRESCOTT, WILLIAM H.,

An eminent American historian, born at Salem, Massachusetts, May 8, 1796; and died, January 28, 1859. His merits as an historian are of the highest order. In vigor of thought and in grandeur of style he has undoubtedly been surpassed by many of the great masters of historical composition; but he possessed other qualities, which, if less imposing, are far more essential to the character

of a perfect historian. His principal works are "History of Ferdinand and Isabella," "Conquest of Mexico," "Conquest of Peru," "History of the Reign of Phillip II., of Spain," and his book of "Miscellanies." Though noted for research and impartiality, it must be stated that he does not always represent the Catholic side of the question with an unprejudiced mind.

ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL,

An English painter and poet, born in London, 1828; and died, April 11, 1882. He was the leader of the movement called The *Raphaelitism*, an attempt to revive the Italian school of parasites who preceded Raphael. He produced "The Early Italian Poets, from *Cuillo d'Alcamo* to Dante," a series of translations in the original meters, and original "Ballads and other Poems." He won distinctions as a painter and poet, although he used his pen more effectively than the brush.

RUSKIN, JOHN,

An English artist and eminent writer, on art and nature, was born in London, February, 1814. He is probably the greatest art-critic of England. There is a deep vein of religious feeling pervading all his writings. His principal works are "Modern Painters," "The Stones of Venice," "The Ethics of the Dust," "The Crown of Wild Olives," "The Queen of the Air," "Frondees Agvestes," and "Arrows of the Chace." He sometimes allows his prejudice against Catholicism prevail against his better feelings. "Mr. Ruskin," said Charlotte Bronte, "seems to me one of the few genuine writers, as distinguished from book-makers of this age."

RYAN, THE REV. ABRAM J.,

An American Catholic poet and writer, was born in Virginia, 1840 and died, 1893. Among his works are, "Poems" and "A Crown to our Queen." There is

an underlying current of pensiveness in nearly all his poems.

SAXE, JOHN GODFREY,

A distinguished American humorous poet, born in Franklin Co., Vermont, 1816. He excels in light, easy verse, and in unexpected, if not absolutely punning, turns of expression. In the general style and effect of certain of his comic pieces he strongly reminds one of Thomas Hood. Prominent among his poems are "Progress," "The Money King," "Rhyme of the Rail," "The Flying Dutchman," and "The Proud Miss McBride."

SCHILLER, JOHANN CHRISTOPH F. VON,

An eminent German poet and author, born at Marbach, in Wurtemberg, 1759, and died at Weimar, 1805. His best works are "Wallenstein," "Mary Stuart," "The Maid of Orleans," "The Brigands," "The Affianced." The beauty of Schiller's writings consists in the naturalness of characters, truthfulness of description, power and grace of sentiment, choice of language, the animation of the dialogues and brilliancy of imagination.

SCHLEGEL, KARL F. VON,

An eminent German scholar and writer and philosopher, was born at Hanover, March 10, 1772; and died at Dresden, 1829. His first important work was "Greeks and Romans." In 1808, he was converted to the Catholic Faith, and then removed to Vienna. There he delivered several courses of his scholarly lectures, as "Lectures on the Philosophy of History," "Lectures on the Philosophy of Life." He wrote a "History of Ancient and Modern Literature." He did much to inspire his countrymen with a renewed energy for their religion, and succeeded in forming a nucleus of literary men who did much toward the intellectual development of young men. His was a great mind.

SCOTT, SIR WALTER.

A celebrated novelist and poet, was born in Edinburgh August 15. 1771; and died at Abbotsford September 21, 1832. Among those writers of whatever country or age, who have successfully attempted the delineation of character, Scott may justly claim to stand in the foremost rank. "Sir Walter Scott," says a writer, "did for literature, what Shakespeare did for the drama." He has often been called, on account of his marvellous power of creating illusions, "the Great Enchanter." Among his principal works are "Waverley," "Guy Mannering," "Ivanhoe," "Kenilworth," "The Talisman," "The Monastery," "Tale of a Grandfather," "Lady of the Lake," "The Lay," "Marmion" and "The Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border."

SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM.

Unquestionably one of the greatest poets of any age or country was born at Stratford-on-Avon, April 23 1564, was baptized, April 26; and died April 23, 1616. Whatever faults an eager criticism may detect in the plays of Shakespeare, the characters themselves will ever remain as embodiments of the most wonderful poetic imagination. In the background of all lies the poet's wonderful style, his way of looking at things and expressing himself. There is no other style that in the least resembles it. Its peculiarity does not consist so much in an exact use or arrangement of words, although no writer ever used or arranged words more scrupulously, as in a peculiarly Shakesperian turn of phrase and thought. He has been aptly styled the "myriad-minded" poet and philosopher. Some excellent and able critics assert that there is sufficient internal evidence in his works to warrant the statement that he was a Catholic.

SHKELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE.

An eminent English poet was born at Field Place, Sussex August 4, 1792 and

died, July 8, 1822. He is, of all English poets, the poet of imagination and sensibility. The odes to the "Skylark" and "The Cloud" are as pure, as poetical and as elevated as any similar poetry in the language. His principal poetical works are "Prometheus Unbound," "Alaster, or the Spirit of Solitude," "Queen Mab," "The Revolt of Islam," and the "Cenci," a tragedy.

SOUTHWELL, ROBERT.

An English Catholic poet, born in 1560. He was prefect of the English Jesuits' College in Rouen, and was afterwards sent a missionary to England. He was a victim to the persecuting laws of the period. He was executed in 1595, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. Ben Jonson says of this selection that it is so well written that he could destroy many of his own.

SOUVENSTRE, EMILE.

A French writer and a journalist of a high reputation, born at Morlaix, in Brittany, 1806; and died in Paris, 1834. He was the associate editor of the well-known periodical, the "Revue des deux Mondes." Among his best productions, many of which appeared first in the leading Parisian journals, we may name "The Confessions of a workman," "Pierre et Jean," "Travels in Finistère," and "Le Philosophe sous les toits." His works are highly commended for their moral purity.

SPENSER, EDMUND.

An illustrious English poet, was born in East Smithfield, London, 1553; and died, 1599. "He threw the soul," says Campbell, "of harmony into our verse, and made it more warmly, tenderly and magnificently descriptive than it ever was before, or with a few exceptions, than it has ever been since. His 'Fairy Queen' is his immortal poem and places him among the poets of the first order.

SWETCHINE, SOPHIA E.,

A Russian lady and writer, born at Moscow, 1782; and died, in Paris, September 10, 1837. She removed to Paris in 1810, became a Roman Catholic, and was distinguished by her poetry and talents.

TENNYSON, ALFRED,

The poet laureate of England, was born in Gomerly, 1809. "It seems to me," say Clarence Stedman, "that the only just estimate of Tennyson's position is that which declares him to be, by eminence the representative poet of the recent era; not like one or another of his contemporaries, representative of the melody, wisdom, passion, or other partial phase of the era, but of the time itself, with its diverse elements in harmonious conjunction." His principal poetical works are "The Princess," "Locksley Hall," "In memoriam," "Idylls of the King," "Morte d'Arthur," and "Maud and other Poems." His recent poems are certainly inferior.

THOMSON, JAMES,

An English poet, born in Roxburghshire, Scotland, 1700; and died, 1748. Campbell observes: "The unvaried pomp of Thomson's diction suggests a most unfavorable comparison with the manly and idiomatic simplicity of Cowper; at the same time, the pervading spirit and feeling of his poetry is in general more bland and delightful than that of his great rival in rural description." His principal works are "The Seasons;" his tragedies "Sophonisba," "Agamemnon," and "Edward and Eleanora;" and his poems "Liberty" and "Castle of Indolence."

TRENCH, RICHARD C.,

An eminent English ecclesiastic and philologist and Protestant Archbishop of Dublin was born, 1807; and died 1887. His principal works are "The Story of Justin Martyr," a poem, "Poems from Eastern Sources," "Genoveva," "On the

Study of Words," and "Lectures on Mediaeval History."

TWAIN, MARK, (Samuel L. Clemens,)

Was born at Florida, Missouri, November 30, 1835. His works are all humorous. His "Innocents Abroad," "Roughing It," "Life on the Mississippi;" and, a story and drama each called "The Gilded Age" were written by him in conjunction with Charles Dudley Warner.

TYNDALL, JOHN,

A distinguished physicist, born in Ireland about 1820. He has done much for science. His works on "Light," "Electricity," "Sound," "Heat," "The Forms of Water in Clouds and Rivers, Ice and Glaciers," are considered as standards. However his views on Religion are not sound and are tinged with materialism and evolutionism. His style is pleasing.

WALLACE, ALFRED R.,

An eminent English naturalist and biologist, born at Usk, in Monmouthshire, January 8, 1822. His principal works are "Travels on the Amazon and Rio Negro," "Palm Trees of the Amazon," "The Malay Archipelago," "Geographical Distribution of Animals," "Tropical Nature," "Island Life," and "Australasia." He strongly inclines to evolutionism.

WARBURTON, WILLIAM,

An eminent English writer, was born at Newark, December 24, 1698; and died, at Gloucester, June, 1779. "He was," says Dr. Johnson, "a man of vigorous faculties, a mind fervid and vehement, supplied by incessant and unlimited inquiry, with a wonderful extent and variety of knowledge, which yet had not oppressed his imagination or clouded his perspicacity." Among his works are "The Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated," and a "Critical and Philosophical Inquiry into the Causes of Pro-

digies and Miracles as related by Historians."

WEBSTER, DANIEL,

A celebrated American statesman, jurist, and orator, was born at Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782; and died at Marshfield, October 24, 1852. "He was the greatest orator that has ever lived in the Western hemisphere. Less vehement than Calhoun, less persuasive than Clay, he was yet more grand and powerful than either." Hallam says of him: "He approaches as nearly to the 'beau-ideal' of a republican orator as any man that I have ever seen in the course of my life; worthy of Rome or Venice, rather than of our noisy and wrangling generation."

WHITE, HENRY KIRK,

An English poet, born at Nottingham, 1785 and died in October, 1806. As a child he was remarkable for precocity of intellect; and distinguished himself by his attainments in the ancient and modern languages, music, and natural sciences. His volume of poetry, entitled "Clifton Grove" was severely criticized by the London Monthly Review that it affected his health. His best known pieces are "The Star of Bethlehem," "To an Early Primrose," "Song of the Consumptive," and "Savoyard's Return."

WILLIS, NATHANIEL P.,

A distinguished American poet and miscellaneous writer, born at Portland, Maine, 1807; and died January, 1867. His poetry is musical in structure and delicate in sentiment. Among his best works are "Pencilings by the Way," "Inklings by the Way," "Famous Persons and Places," "Scriptural Poems" and "Lady Jane."

WISEMAN, NICHOLAS, CARDINAL,

A distinguished linguist and theologian, scholar and author, of English

extraction, was born at Seville, Spain, August 2, 1802; and died, February 15, 1865. He was consecrated Archbishop of Westminster, London, 1830, and created Cardinal. The assumption of the title of Archbishop of Westminster met with great opposition from the Protestants in England, and an act was passed making such titles penal. This was the re-establishment of the English Hierarchy. Happily the great learning, talents, and general popularity did much to allay the hostility of his opponents. His principal works are "Lectures on the Relation between Science and Revealed Religion," "Treatise on the Holy Eucharist," "Letters on Catholic Unity," "Recollections of the Last Four Popes," "The Cerenonies of Holy Week." He was unquestionably one of the ablest men of this century, and was noted for his brilliant and learned controversy.

WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM,

An illustrious English poet, born at Cockermouth, in Cumberland, April 17, 1770; and died at Rydal Mount, on Lake Windermere, April 23, 1850. His poetry is remarkable as evincing an exquisite sensibility of the beauties of nature under every form; and one result of this mental peculiarity was that nearly all his poems were, as he tells us, composed in the open air. "He was more original and philosophical than any of his contemporaries, and he has sent forth strains that recall the genius of Milton." Many critics are of opinion that his future rank and position as a poet, will be with Milton. His principal works are "The excursion," "The Prelude," "Peter Bell," "Lyrical Ballads," and a book of "Sonnets."

YOUNG, EDWARD,

An eminent English poet, born at Upham, in Hampshire, 1684; and died at Wellwyn, April, 1765. In his "Night Thoughts," says Dr. Samuel Johnson,

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